THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ed Weekly
Fo by Benj. Franklin

Volume 196, Number 34

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

FEBRUARY 23, 1924

Susan Meriwether Boogher—Ida M. Evans—P. G. Wodehouse—Floyd W. Parsons
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Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

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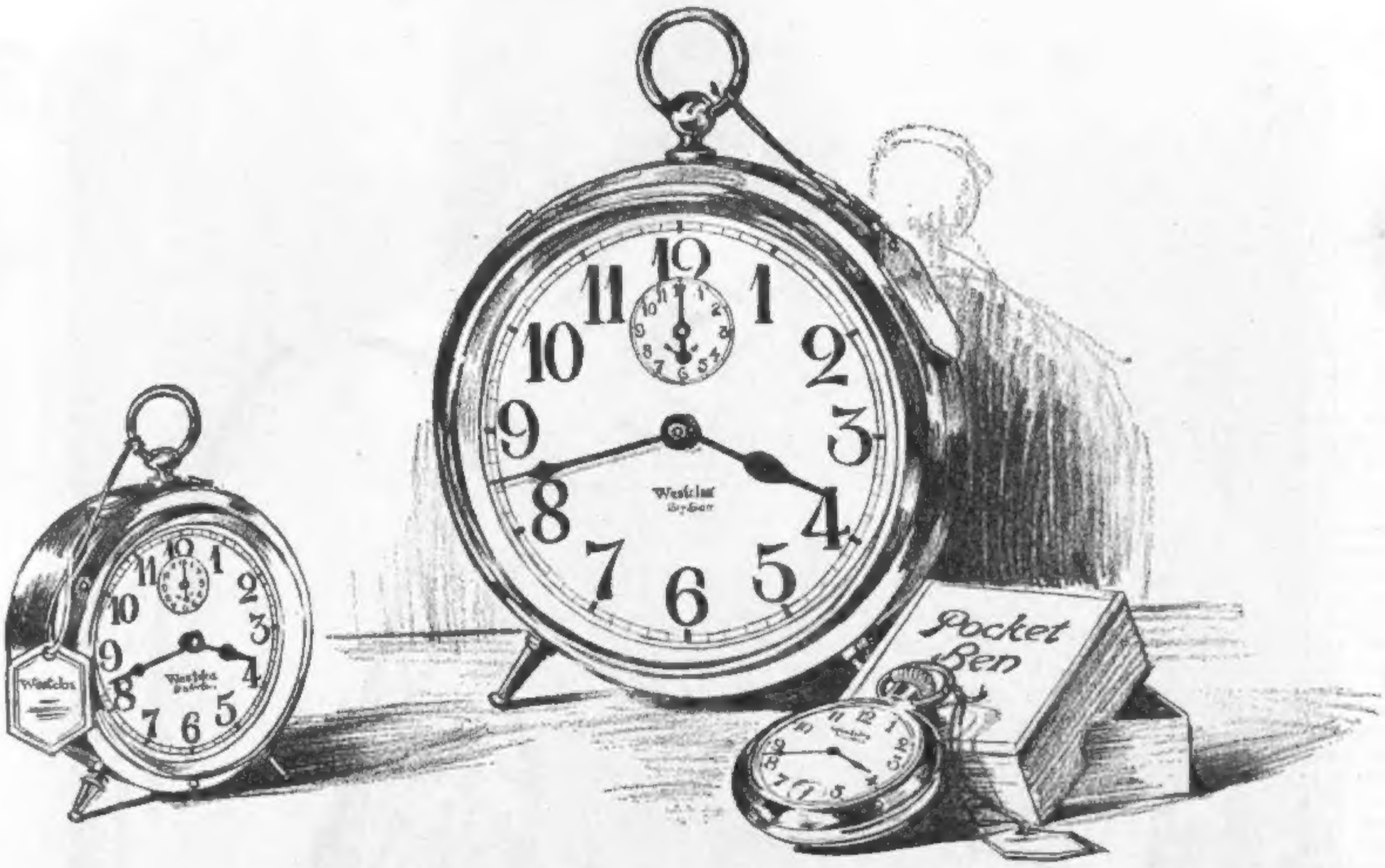
Westclox



When the bed pulls

IF we only knew when we were enjoying sleep, how much more of it there'd be. The only time we really appreciate sleep is just as we are wakened, and must get up. The bed never seems so comfortable, the covers so warm and cozy, sleep so desirable.

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Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

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"Foolish!"

"Well, I AM foolish over my lovely new COMMUNITY PLATE."

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 23, 1924 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 34

FEAR

By SUSAN MERIWETHER BOOGHER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

BENJAMIN SHELDON toyed with a handful of warm sand, letting it sift through his fingers. When the last grains had gone, he lifted his gaze where, on a level with his eyes, breakers were careening along the beach like wild horses tossing fierce manes against a fiercer sky. The glitter of the August day was blinding. For an instant he knew a sensation of breathlessness, caught here in the fierceness of sand and sea and sun.

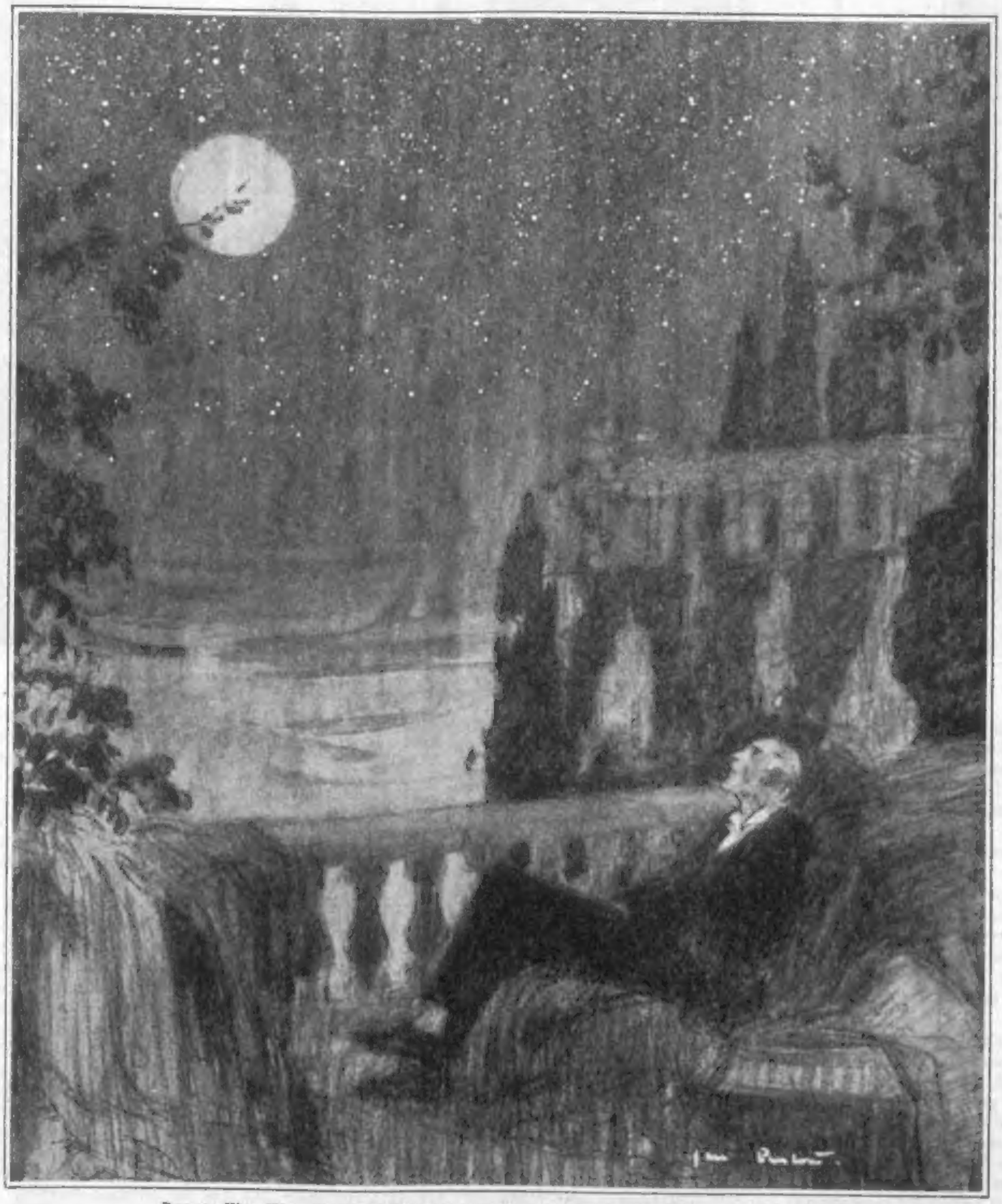
A faint nausea attacked him and passed. He closed his eyes against the burning beach, against the blindingness about him, and was aware immediately of a sense of growing comfort; the sand was pleasantly warm, the sunshine warmer. A relaxation stole upon him, a lassitude delightfully languorous. He was glad that he had come here to spend the afternoon.

A thought of Frances and Francie embarking without him on their cruise up the St. Lawrence vanished strayingly through his mind. If it hadn't been for the maturing of his life-insurance policy and the events that had followed he would be with them now.

For a time he gave himself up to a consideration of the events that had transpired since Friday. That day he had come into possession of the one policy he carried that matured before his death. Quite naturally, he had decided to take out more insurance. At this point he thought of old man Hamilton, who was president of the silk company of which Benjamin was general manager; he thought of the old man's business methods, his refusal to permit his associates to own any of the company stock. That was why Benjamin, years ago, had had this particular policy written—a sort of old-age pension in case his other frugal investments went wrong.

A queer little smile twisted his lips at the phrase in his thoughts; twenty years ago fifty had seemed quite old, which was ridiculous. He felt as young now—younger—than when he had had the policy written. What could the doctor have meant by refusing him more insurance, by suggesting that he see a heart specialist? He wished specialists weren't so difficult to get appointments with. To have to wait until Tuesday meant three days of his vacation lost.

Benjamin Sheldon, stretched prone in the warm sand of the beach, sat suddenly upright. The thought had come to him that lolling here alone was pleasanter really than being with his wife. A multitude of chaotic fancies were tumbling pell-mell through his consciousness—he'd been tied to Frances' apron strings their entire married life; it was she who planned his vacations, arranged his engagements, chose his friends.



Beauty Was His. He Gave Himself to It as a Swimmer Gives Himself to the Sea

At the thought he opened his eyes and sat up to regard the ocean. Set against the incoming tide, the crashing breakers, he saw kaleidoscopically the holiday crowd. Heedlessly men and girls and children were romping into the fierceness of the churning sea.

Simultaneously some intangible panic seized the throng. He was aware of an instantaneous change in the faces about him, a tenseness in the bodies, a swift running. And against the uproar of the waves an ominous stillness of all these else shrill voices.

In the moment's registering of the impression, he had risen to his feet, drawn toward the oncoming waves where the crowds were gathering. And then, out beyond the last barrage of breakers, he saw, black against the dazzle, a bobbing head.

At once two life-savers plunged into the surf, and with swift up-arm strokes swam rapidly into the wild horses of the waves. For all the swiftness of the up-arm swimming strokes they seemed to make no progress toward the bobbing head.

Benjamin had for a time the impression of an enchantment; as if he and the bobbing head and all these silent waiting others were held spellbound, and only those up-arm

Benjamin found himself blinking very hard, and presently the chaotic fancies subsided. Presently he assured himself it was quite natural that when this needing to see the specialist came up he hadn't mentioned it to Frances. He himself didn't in the least believe there was anything wrong with his heart; the insurance companies were overly particular with men his age. He had simply told her business demanded his presence in town over the week-end, and that he'd join her by rail in time for a portion of the cruise.

Lassitude was growing upon him, Benjamin noted with a sense of acquiescence. Beneath him the sand seemed warmer, about him the sunshine was intensifying in heat. The noise of the waves was becoming a deafening thing. Here, on a level with them, eyes closed to diverting sights, he realized their roar to the full. The air was moving in a swift wind about him, so swift that it was almost cold—an amazing contrast to the steady warmth of the sunshine. The tumult of the sea was so terrific that no other sound impinged upon his consciousness.

Although he was aware, through closed eyelids, of innumerable passing, crowding figures, he heard nothing of them.

After a while his consciousness of warmth and wind and tumult died into nothingness; he was for a time lost in some deeper oblivion than sleep. A sensation as of wild beating drums recalled him sharply to himself. The roar of the waves was increasing; almost he fancied there was an ominous sound somewhere in their tumult.

swimming strokes against the fierceness of the waves were stirring in a tremendous waste of stillness.

As he stood rooted there, the bobbing head was gone.

Benjamin was conscious of holding his breath in an effort to help that swimmer sunk beneath the sea. For an instant he was swept by a confused curiosity about him, about his circumstances, life, the woman he perhaps had loved. And then he saw the life-savers had reached the spot where the bobbing head had sunk. With an intuition of futility, he watched them diving, diving, diving.

It was then he heard a voice say to him, "Isn't there—oughtn't we—do something?"

Benjamin turned his strained eyes to the voice. A girl was pressed close against him in the crowd. He held a momentary illusion of disembodied eyes and a halo of shining hair. And then his attention was caught by two men at the margin of the sea, engaged in launching a surfboat. Against the oncoming fierceness the frail boat leaped forward.

Again Benjamin held the illusion of an enchantment as he watched with frozen wonder this other effort to rescue that swimmer sunk beneath the sea. Incredibly, the boat had surmounted all but the last wild cataracts of foam, when by some mischance it was caught and turned completely upside down, washed over its oarsman's submerged body and thrown like a toy back upon the beach.

"A dead man out there," a voice said, passing Benjamin. "The tide's running like a race horse; he's yards down the beach by now. No earthly hope. His body'll wash up miles from here."

The fragmentary remarks caught at Benjamin's consciousness and stuck like burs; he had a sense of personal disaster. And then his gaze focused on the disembodied eyes beneath a halo of bright hair. Benjamin saw, as the crowd loosened round them, how white the girl's legs and arms were against the vivid green of her bathing suit.

"Nothing to be done," he heard himself saying in answer to the question she had asked him he did not know how long a time ago.

She regarded him with old-child eyes, a little choking catch strangled along her throat. As he looked at her, Benjamin saw the sun vanish behind a cloud and all the glittering dazzle of the day go gray. For an instant he was conscious of an interval of distorted sensation. The sea seemed killingly loud in its roaring, the breakers towering high, tossing more furious wild manes. Against the acuteness of his perception was no human sound; it was as if the throngs about him, as if he himself were dumb.

The grayness of the sand and sea and sky, the uproar of the waters seemed suddenly to Benjamin an utterly sinister thing. He found himself thinking of the dead man out there in the grayness of the sinister sea. In the midst of this thought he was aware, with a curious annoyance, that the girl who had spoken to him was still standing at his side. He looked at her with a feeling of utter detachment, wondering irrelevantly how he could have thought her flying hair a halo; now, in the leaden grayness of the day, it was drab and colorless; her flesh was drab against the crude green of her suit. Benjamin's gaze lifted from her.

"Too bad," he said unemotionally, and moved away.

He decided at once to leave, take the first train to New York; and with this thought in mind he went directly to his bathhouse to dress. As he walked along the narrow aisle between the cell-like rooms, a catching memory of the dead man sunk beneath the sea dragged at his consciousness; he found himself looking at each door he passed, wondering if it were his.

No one, apparently, knew who the dead man was; no one could know until all these crowding bathers had dressed and gone.

The habitually musty smell of bathhouses set against the salt freshness of the sea-swept air was acrid to his nostrils as he dressed; a small twilight shut him in with the clothes he was putting on. He was thinking of other garments, tenantless now, their wearer sunk forever beneath deep seas.

When he was ready he mounted at once to the concrete walk above the beach and turned in the direction of the trains. Others were leaving too. As he neared the station the crowd grew in numbers. An extremely fat woman was immediately ahead of him. The way she waddled from side to side with the gait of a comic-opera sailor annoyed Benjamin. Her companion was odious too—a skeleton-like man with red whiskers. And somewhere in the throng a young infant was wailing. Benjamin found himself wishing he might tell the parents to stay at home until the child was older. Near him he noticed a young girl who was, he decided, tubercular; and simultaneously with his thought she coughed distressingly. Benjamin was conscious of holding his breath until the air she had tainted was blown away. The crowds were narrowing now at the gateway to the train tracks. The tubercular girl was wedged close to his side.

He found himself at last on the train, released from the crowding throng through which he had pressed forward to this comparative spaciousness. No one sat down beside him. Benjamin was confusedly thankful for that; he wanted to be quite alone. He felt, indeed, that he was quite alone. An amazing reaction was upon him. In some unaccountable and fantastic way it was as if the bobbing head sunk beneath the sea were his head; he felt as if he were sunk beneath some sea. As alone as that.

Not until the train drew into New York did Benjamin realize someone was sitting in the seat beside him. As he turned to rise, he recognized the girl who had spoken to him on the beach. She looked quite different in her street clothes; she looked older—less a child. He acknowledged at once that her hair did shine.

Almost immediately they were wedged together in the car aisle, moving congestedly toward the door. Benjamin, as if it were sound, became aware of the silence about them. And then her voice said, "Anyway, he won't have to come back."

As she said the words she stepped across the tiny chasm between the car platform and the concrete runway of the station, and in the throng was instantly lost. The words reverberated like thunder in Benjamin's ears—she had spoken his very thought!

Benjamin wanted to talk to the girl who had said such words to him. If only he could forge ahead against this mass of people he might overtake her, but she was slipping through the crowds—such a little thing.

"He won't have to come back!"

The words were still reverberating in his ears when Benjamin knew suddenly the sensation of exploding rockets and was stabbingly aware of a sharp pain that changed into an overbearing heaviness and crashed him down in the narrowed entrance to the stairs. It seemed to him that people tramped over him. But instantly he lost all count of anything but the necessity to counteract the pain rocketing through him.

He stretched his arms out, beating the floor upon which he knelt—beating the floor, beating it, beating it in an instinctive, blind, mad, desperate effort to know another agony than this tearing at his heart.

And then, with a crashing crescendo of pain, the figures about him, the place, the world, telescoped into oblivion.

It Was Then That Frances Collapsed Unexpectedly in a Chair Near at Hand; Her Arms Flew Out in a Gesture of Inexplicable Chagrin

When Benjamin Sheldon reached home after his attack in the railway station and his stay at the hospital, he was conscious of a sense of strangeness. The house he hadn't seen for almost two weeks wore in some inexplicable way an unfamiliar look. As he mounted the steps his sense of strangeness increased; and when he had inserted his latchkey and opened the door it was as if a volition other than his own propelled him over the threshold.

He passed at once to the library and sat down. Across from him the desk that had been his since early youth wore a look of orderliness and disuse that filled him with a faint sadness. The mail that had accumulated during his absence was piled neatly to one side; than that, there was nothing on its spotless expanse of blotter. For him, after a few tomorrows, there would be nothing any more on that expanse of blotter.

No one, except the doctors and nurses, knew of his illness. Frances and little Francie, gone since the day before it occurred, on their cruise up the St. Lawrence, could know nothing of it. His business associates, thinking he had joined his wife, knew nothing of it. For the length of almost two weeks he had dropped out of life.

Staring at his spotless blotter, he told himself to have dropped out of life for two weeks was to have dropped out of life virtually forever.

And now, clearly, he knew that that was what he meant to do—to drop out of life for the few months that remained to him, to drop out of his business and social and family life; all the life that he had known. A complete realization of the thing that had been in the background of his mind these last few days of convalescence was an illuminating experience. It seemed to fortify him with courage. He felt himself entirely capable of the tasks it meant, of severing the ties that had in reality been severed long ago.

An empty desk —— With a curious little smile of detachment and of poignancy he rose from the chair where he had seated himself and approached it. Never to sit behind it again and go over the mails, the accumulation of bills, the tax report!

Sicily—Etna smoking in the distance, vineyards, the songs of gay Italians somewhere round about, warm sand

sifting through his fingers as he lolled on a warm beach looking to the blue Mediterranean.

With a determined shrug he shook off his vision and began at once to clear his desk of the accumulation of the years. For an instant it was borne in upon him how little accumulation the years had brought—two drawers of letters and an album filled with college snapshots. One he paused over. It was a picture of himself and his roommate in riding togs. The unutterable youngness of the two faces astounded Benjamin. For some minutes he regarded the face that had once been his.

And then he turned the page. A girl's profile leaped at him. She wore the balloon sleeves of the period and her hair was done in an absurd pompadoured way, entirely obliterating the contours of her head; but momentarily the ghost of the thrill she once had been was his again. There were other pictures—girls labeled Elsie, Margaret, Virginia, whose last names he could not recall. And there were three men whom he still saw occasionally—the youngness, the blankness of their pictured faces a mocking challenge to the sculptor, Time. The last few pages of the book were empty. Benjamin found himself turning the empty pages as carefully as he had turned the others.

With a hasty gesture he rose from his chair, crossed to the fireplace, kindled a small flame and consigned this pictured collection of his youth to the mounting blaze.

At his desk again, he fell to examining the bundles of old letters tied with rotting string. There were letters from his father, his grandfather, other relatives. And several were in Francie's first handwriting—"Dear daddy" they sprawled over a diminutive page with a spray of forget-me-nots in the corner.

A package of letters in an unremembered feminine handwriting filled him with a faint interest. He thought he would try reading one before he tossed them into the fire. "Dearest Benjy," it began, and plunged immediately into the midst of some vivid urgency. Benjamin sat motionless for some seconds, considering the letter in his hand. The thought came to him how quaint it is to possess documentary evidence of something we have forgotten. Here was irrefutable testimony of an episode of his youth—its urgency, its author lost in the oblivion of the years. He smiled at last, a faintly tragic smile. And then the letters fed the dying blaze that had consumed his pictured youth.

Than these few things there was nothing in the desk except canceled checks, finished check books and innumerable folders, neatly calendared, of receipted bills. The bills, except those of the last three years, he destroyed too. He rose when he had finished; a glow of accomplishment was upon him.

"I who am about to die salute you," he seemed to himself to be saying as he stood an instant regarding the emptied desk before him.

In the fireplace the last of the receipted bills and canceled checks were smoldering to ash. He stood immobile until the dying sparks had flickered into nothingness. Then, with something of an elasticity in his tread he had not known for years, he crossed to the door and passed out.

Besides the break with his business associates and Frances and little Francie, there was his deposit box to go over and the matter of the insurance-policy money to be placed in a trust fund for his maintenance. He must purchase his passage to Italy too.

At the trust company it was amazing with what swiftness and ease the matter of the trust fund was accomplished. No one, apparently, thought strangely of his plan, or questioned it in any way.

The official who turned him over to a clerk to attend to the details merely said, "Hope you enjoy your trip, Mr. Sheldon. Rest assured the income from this fund will reach you with promptness and safety."

And then Benjamin had followed the young man into a small office, signed a paper and the thing was done.

In the vaults of the building, when he was locked in the tiny compartment with the long slim box that contained his worldly goods, he smiled anew at the ease with which he was accomplishing so radical a thing for him—for any man—to do.

Then he fell to work assorting the bonds and certificates of stocks that he owned. He was not a rich man, Benjamin reflected with something almost of pride in the realization; everything here had been earned slowly, carefully, laboriously, and treasured through the years. For an instant his fingers paused in their task of sorting the folders. He was thinking of the long years he had worked, the details, the ceaseless constant press of affairs. Old Mr. Hamilton's face was before him as he thought of business.

And suddenly Benjamin dropped the bonds he held in his hands; an access of inconsequential emotion lifted him to his feet, set him pacing the length of the tiny cell. Out of the depth of his consciousness had flooded blackly a bitter fury against Mr. Hamilton, against business. For an instant very clearly he saw himself as submerged by business, eaten by it, destroyed—hard, grinding, grueling work. Well, he had progressed; there was no one old Hamilton so depended upon.

But he had made his son, just out of college, vice president!

The fury upon Benjamin was so unexpectedly intense that he found himself beating the polished paneling of his tiny cage. But it passed as swiftly as it had come. With a conviction of absurdity, he reseated himself at his lock box, a faint apology in his manner. He told himself that of course the old man had made the boy vice president. Didn't he own all the stock? Hadn't he kept it a close corporation all these years for this very thing? Hadn't he, Benjamin, known always that this was going to happen? Had he really expected to be made vice president? Had he ever really expected it?

And at once he answered, "No!" He wasn't the type for such a position. If he had been a showier man, more of a fighter, more domineering, he might have forced this recognition from old Hamilton.

When he had looked clear through this matter that always he had found it expedient to shunt off, he experienced a feeling of satisfaction—another angle of things faced and braved and conquered. It was with something like a thrill of expectancy that he finished his labeling and arranging and rose to leave.

Tomorrow early he would go to the office, present his resignation to old Mr. Hamilton. Let him think what he pleased.

When Benjamin had gone through his mail he leaned forward to the bell at the corner of his desk. His secretary answered at once, and he said, "Will you see if Mr. Hamilton has come in yet? And tell him I want to speak to him"—he glanced at his watch—"at 9:30."

The girl nodded and left the room.

Benjamin rose from his desk and crossed to stand at one of the windows that looked down upon the street. Directly opposite was a factory building. He could see the girls ironing what seemed to be folded nightdresses or chemises, and slipping sheets of blue tissue paper into the fronts that they had ironed. Benjamin had seen the girls at work thus for unrecorded years, but he noticed them today consciously for the first time. One was a little thing. She looked almost a child, and her eyes were superlatively large for her small face. Benjamin noted how quick her fingers were in their tasks with the iron and sheets of tissue paper. He found himself wondering about these girls, separated from him by the width of a narrow street—and all the distance of the universe.

He would, he realized, never see any of them again in all his life—his life. A short time only.

With a sense of lingering regret, he turned away from the window and the sight of the little girl with superlatively big eyes and such swift fingers, and reapproached his desk. He had finished the accumulation of his mail. There would not be, for him, another mail.

A sense of happiness swamped him with warmth. He tried—and failed—to remember ever having felt as he was feeling now; the release of it was like a wine gone to his head.

His eye swept the office. Across from him, on a level with his gaze, was a picture of his college campus, its trees misty with spring. And with an irrelevant vividness he remembered an occasion shortly before graduation when he and some of the fellows had roamed about all night in a mood of exaltation and alcohol. Momentarily the perfumes of that unforgotten spring were his again—syringa and lilac and leafing trees. He was glad, ridiculously, that his college demanded no break.

And then he saw that it was almost half past nine. He rose and left the inclosure of his office, passing swiftly the length of the main floor between counters where were piled innumerable bundles. A clerk, he noted, was unrolling a bolt of blue-green silk, billowing it from its board with quick little tossing gestures. For a moment the blue-green silk created in Benjamin's mind an illusion of waves. It occurred to him that here was an ocean of silk, that all his life he had been submerged in an ocean of silk, sunk beneath it.

But he had come to the president's door. Mr. Hamilton looked up with his near-sighted glance as Benjamin entered.

(Continued on Page 95)

"Your Mother Needs You, Francie," Benjamin Told Her

EAST IS EAST — By Kenneth L. Roberts

A Group of Swedish Emigrants in Stockholm Waiting for Their American Visas

IN SOME respects the distance between Eastern Europe and Northern Europe isn't great. One can travel from the capital of Poland to the capitals of Denmark and Sweden in a day and a half or two days, or by air in six hours or so; but the east of Europe is separated from the north by other differences that are less rapidly overcome—wide differences, for example, of manners, habits, political principles and other things.

There are many explanations as to why these differences exist. There are even people who deny that they exist at all. Yet for some reason American immigration authorities, day after day, are confronted by attempts to break down and evade our immigration laws; and the attempts are usually made by Eastern and Southern Europeans in behalf of other Eastern and Southern Europeans—seldom by Northern Europeans.

Naturalization records show that a large percentage of Northern Europeans become American citizens, but that a small percentage of Southeastern Europeans become American citizens.

Contrasting Characteristics

TESTS conducted by the United States Army showed that the mental ability of the Southeastern European is below that of the Northern and Western European.

Northern and Western Europeans govern themselves better than Southern and Eastern Europeans govern themselves.

The opposition to restrictive immigration laws, when based on racial grounds, comes from the representatives of Southeastern European groups and not from representatives of Northern or Western European groups.

American consuls in Europe daily encounter, among the Southeastern Europeans, forgeries, falsifications and attempts at bribery as a part of their campaign to beat the American laws; but American consuls don't discover these things among Northern and Western Europeans.

There may be controversy over these statements in America; but there is no controversy over them in Europe. They are common knowledge, as incontrovertible as the statement that Roquefort cheese has an offensive odor.

There are differences between Poland and Sweden in the eyes of Europe; but in the eyes of the American immigration laws the differences scarcely exist, for each country is allowed to send to America 3 per cent of the number of its people who resided in America at the time of the census of 1910.

Let us glance at Poland and Sweden from an immigration viewpoint. They are worth the glance, for by grace of the 3 per cent law Poland sends to America nearly 26,000 emigrants each year—enough to pile up into a city the size of Boston in thirty years' time; while Sweden is permitted to send 20,000 of her citizens to America each year.

This discrepancy seems unreasonable when the 1920 census shows that 69 per cent of all Swedes living in the United States at the time of the census had become American citizens, while 28 per cent of those from Poland had become citizens.

One finds difficulty in understanding why our legislators, after coming to the conclusion that America was getting too many unassimilable aliens, and after nerving themselves to cut down the numbers, as they did in 1921, should admit a large number from a country whose emigrants obviously don't readily become a part of the American people and let in a smaller number from a country whose emigrants equally obviously do become a part of the American people.

The road from Warsaw to Cracow, like the roads from Warsaw to Russia or to the Baltic or to Germany or any of the other main roads of Poland, runs with undeviating monotony across endless flat plains. If one travels this road or any other Polish road at harvest time, he encounters both of the peoples that have poured into America from Poland by the hundreds of thousands in the past forty years; and it does not take him long to realize that they do not answer to George Washington's characterization of the citizens of America in his Farewell Address, as being persons who, "with slight shades of differences, have the same . . . manners, habits and political principles."

On each side of the road, cutting the wheat, binding it and stacking it, are the Polish peasants—the producers. The women and the girls work side by side in the fields, hour after hour, day after day and harvest after harvest. They are great workers, these women and girls; broad-faced, with the high, wide cheek bones of the Slav; broad-shouldered, straight-backed, deep-bosomed, wide-hipped, big-thighed, thick-ankled: slow-moving and slow-thinking, but veritable draft horses for work, and accustomed to the work of draft horses, they and their mothers and their grandmothers and their great-grandmothers before them, and even more distant ancestresses moving slowly and stolidly behind the fog from which the peoples of Central Europe emerged.

The Itinerant Trading Class

THEY are good people, lovable people, like all the peasants of Europe; but different in their manners, habits and political principles from the people who settled America and freed it from the grip of the French and the British and laid down its form of government.

Traveling up and down the road in the morning and the late afternoon are the traders and middlemen, crowded into their springless and seatless carts, drawn by wrecks of horseflesh, going from the smaller towns to the larger towns in search of things that may be bought and sold at a profit, or returning to their homes after a day of trading.

It is they who buy the harvest which the Polish women and girls are reaping, and carry it in their carts to the market places of the towns. They travel the Polish roads by thousands and tens of thousands, buying and selling, selling and buying, all very different in their manners, habits and political principles from the Americans of George Washington's day, but anxious to leave Poland and go to America, where the buying and selling are brisker and more widespread today than in any other country in the world.

As one travels along the Cracow road from Warsaw one passes through small towns here and there; and eventually, after a couple of hours of riding,

Polish Traders in the Rag Market at Warsaw Who are Anxious to Emigrate to America

one reaches the town of Grojec, which is a replica of hundreds of Polish towns. The cobbled market place straddles the main road. Around the market place are grouped the shops of the town, decorated with pictorial signboards purporting to convey to the most illiterate a correct impression of the shops' activities.

On market days the market place is crowded with merchants, dealers in everything salable and many things that appear unsalable—such things as scraps of tin and bits of string and discarded boxes and the tongues or eyelets of shoes and buckles from harness and broken combs and old cans and suchlike oddments. Each merchant has his booth, and among the booths wander the Polish peasants who come to buy.

In winter the market place of Grojec is bitter cold. On a dry summer day it is hot and dusty and filthy, and on a wet or even moist summer day the cobblestones are covered with a black slime so that the locality seems a trifle more filthy than on a dry summer day.

The business prospects of the peddlers who fill the market places are very poor, just as they always have been, for competition has always been very great and their clientele has always been very poor. The ablest and most astute traders graduate from the booths of the market places to the banks and money-changing houses of the towns and cities; and those who are left in the market places are almost uniformly unsuccessful, wretched and willing to take desperate chances to improve their condition.

It is in the market places of the towns and cities in Poland, from Grojec up to the great Rag Market in Warsaw, that one finds the most articulate of the many residents of Poland who hope some day to emigrate to America.

Why They Want to Come

ANY American who appears in these market places is instantly surrounded by eager prospective emigrants, young and old, men, women and children; and all of them, without knowing the American's occupation or his reason for being in Poland, at once take it for granted that he can supply them with complete information concerning their prospects for getting to America at an early date. Their violent and determined interest becomes embarrassing in the extreme, for in their eagerness they press ardently against the American and follow him so closely that he finds it difficult to escape the fragrant and vermin-haunted contact.

I visited Grojec last summer in the company of a young man from the Warsaw consulate. After investigating the market place we adventured in narrow alleyways whose sides sloped dangerously and abruptly to the narrow open sewers that ran down their centers. The alleyways led into small foul courtyards surrounded by squalid dwellings, and out of the dwellings swarmed wretched women and children to see the strangers and then to inquire concerning America and the possibility of getting there soon.

Whole families and sometimes two or three families lived in each of the small, noisome, barren rooms of these ancient buildings; and the mothers of the children had in their childhood lived in similar congestion and filth, as had their grandmothers and great-grandmothers and more distant ancestors before them.

Men materialized rapidly also, probably brought in from the market place by a chance rumor or some subtle sixth sense. Some of the men were going to America and their passage had already been paid by relatives in America. Practically all of them, men and women, claimed to have relatives in America. Every one wanted to go to America. Said one bearded patriarch, "If we had money we would all go."

Polish Peasant Girls Harvesting a Crop of Wheat

Typical Traders Traveling on the Warsaw-Cracow Road

The Cobbled Market Place of Grojec, Poland

Another bearded patriarch, who seemed to be the buddy of the first bearded patriarch, thrust out his lips with a whoosh of protest.

"No!" said he. "Money doesn't count! We can always find money. All we want is permission to go."

A third asked anxiously what chance there was that the American immigration law would be made easier. Another drew my companion from the consulate to one side, extracted a roll of American dollars from his pocket and offered to pay him well if he would help him to obtain an American visa from the Warsaw consulate without going through the necessary formalities.

Men and women alike declared that their chief reason for wanting to go to America was the very bad business conditions in Poland, coupled with the high cost of clothes and food.

Grojec, Kaluszyn, Skierniewice, Warsaw—all the towns of Poland are almost exactly alike in the percentages and the types of people who would go from them to America if they were permitted to do so by the American immigration laws.

When the American consulate in Warsaw was filling the quota for 1923–4 it requested applicants for visas to fill out questionnaires; and from these questionnaires the following information was obtained: From more than 18,000 applicants for American visas in Poland, nearly 12,000 were women and a little more than 6000 were men. Only 519 paid their own steamship passages, so that the passages of 17,500 were paid by relatives and friends in America. Nearly 14,000 were unmarried.

Little Skilled Labor

NEARLY 9500 had no occupation, 2500 were domestics, 3800 claimed to be skilled workmen, and 2208 followed miscellaneous occupations such as farm laborer, laborer and merchant.

Among the skilled workmen, the largest divisions were 154 bakers, 131 barbers, 184 clerks, 810 dressmakers, 107 milliners, 408 seamstresses, 316 shoemakers and 573 tailors.

Whether there is a crying need in America for barbers, dressmakers, seamstresses and tailors is not definitely known, but the chances are a thousand to one that there is not; and furthermore, the impression has sprung up in recent months, because of the loud and pitiful cries of sundry large manufacturers, that the country's needs—if any—run more to engineers and miners and plasterers and plumbers and laborers, and so on, than to milliners and barbers.

Thirteen persons out of the 18,000 who filled out the questionnaire were engineers, seventeen were masons, six were miners, four were paper hangers, five were plasterers and five were plumbers—scarcely a sufficiently large proportion of the 18,000 to alleviate the suffering of the large manufacturers.

Now it has been pretty well established through several years of reliable investigation of one sort and another that a large number of the immigrants who have come to America from Poland in the past few decades have been undesirable.

There are some who still argue the point with more or less heat; but if the question is put up to unbiased Americans who are in a position to know—consular officers, let us say, and diplomatic representatives and newspaper men, and so on—they are quick to state in loud, penetrating, emphatic tones, and with a noticeable lack of conservatism, that most of those who have been emigrating from Poland to America of late years are not at all desirable.

Furthermore, it is a fairly well recognized fact that one seldom gets what he wants unless he knows what he wants. In the matter of immigration, America has a fairly good idea

(Continued on Page 138)

RODNEY FAILS TO QUALIFY

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"I Wish Mother Would Take Me to Algiers Next Winter. It Would Do Her Rheumatism So Much Good"

THERE was a sound of revelry by night, for the first Saturday in June had arrived and the golf club was holding its monthly dance. Fairy lanterns festooned the branches of the chestnut trees on the terrace above the ninth green, and from the big dining room, cleared now of its tables and chairs, came a muffled slithering of feet and the plaintive sound of saxophones moaning softly like a man who has just missed a short putt. In a basket chair in the shadows the Oldest Member puffed a cigar and listened, well content. His was the peace of the man who has reached the age when he is no longer expected to dance.

A door opened and a young man came out of the clubhouse. He stood on the steps with folded arms, gazing to left and right. The Oldest Member, watching him from the darkness, noted that he wore an air of gloom. His brow was furrowed and he had the indefinable look of one who has been smitten in the spiritual solar plexus.

Yes, where all around him was joy, jollity and song, this young man brooded.

The sound of a high tenor voice, talking rapidly and entertainingly on the subject of modern Russian thought, now obtruded itself on the peace of the night. From the further end of the terrace a girl came into the light of the lanterns, her arm in that of a second young man. She was small and pretty, he tall and intellectual. The light shone on his high forehead and glittered on his tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. The girl was gazing up at him with reverence and adoration, and at the sight of these twain the youth on the steps appeared to undergo some sort of spasm. His face became contorted and he wabbled. Then, with a gesture of sublime despair, he tripped over the mat and stumbled back into the clubhouse.

The couple passed on and disappeared, and the Oldest Member had the night to himself, until the door opened once more and the club's courteous and efficient secretary trotted down the steps. The scent of the cigar drew him to where the Oldest Member sat, and he dropped into the chair beside him.

"Seen young Ramage tonight?" asked the secretary.

"He was standing on those steps only a moment ago," replied the Oldest Member. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought perhaps you might have had a talk with him and found out what's the matter. Can't think what's come to him tonight. Nice, civil boy as a rule, but just now when I was trying to tell him about my short approach on the fifth this afternoon he was positively abrupt. Gave a sort of hollow gasp and dashed away in the middle of a sentence."

The Oldest Member sighed.

"You must overlook his brusqueness," he said. "The poor lad is passing through a trying time. A short while back I was the spectator of a little drama that explains everything. Mabel Patmore is flirting disgracefully with that young fellow Purvis."

"Purvis? Oh, you mean the man who won the club bowls championship last week?"

"I can quite believe that he may have disgraced himself in the manner you describe," said the Sage coldly. "I know he plays that noxious game. And it is for that reason that I hate to see a nice girl like Mabel Patmore, who only needs a little more steadiness off the tee to become a very fair golfer, wasting her time on him. I suppose his attraction lies in the fact that he has a great flow of conversation, while poor Ramage is, one must admit, more or less of a dumb Isaac. Girls are too often snared by a glib tongue. Still, it is a pity, a great pity. The whole affair recalls irresistibly to my mind the story ——"

The secretary rose with a whir like a rocketing pheasant.

"—— the story," continued the Sage, "of Jane Packard, William Bates and Rodney Spelvin, which, as you have never heard it, I will now proceed to relate."

"Can't stop now, much as I should like ——"

"It is a theory of mine," proceeded the Oldest Member, attaching himself to the other's coat tails and pulling him gently back into his seat, "that nothing but misery can come of the union between a golfer and an outcast whose soul has not been purified by the noblest of games. This is well exemplified by the story of Jane Packard, William Bates and Rodney Spelvin."

"All sorts of things to look after ——"

"That is why I am hoping so sincerely that there is nothing more serious than a temporary flirtation in this business of Mabel Patmore and bowls-playing Purvis. A girl in whose life golf has become a factor would be mad to trust her happiness to a blister whose idea of enjoyment is trundling wooden balls across a lawn. Sooner or later he is certain to fail her in some crisis.

"Lucky for her if this failure occurs before the marriage knot has been inextricably tied and so opens her eyes to his inadequacy—as was the case in the matter of Jane Packard, William Bates and Rodney Spelvin. I will now," said the Oldest Member, "tell you all about Jane Packard, William Bates and Rodney Spelvin."

The secretary uttered a choking groan.

"I shall miss the next dance," he pleaded.

"A bit of luck for some nice girl," said the Sage equably.

He tightened his grip on the other's arm.

Jane Packard and William Bates—said the Oldest Member—were not, you must understand, officially engaged. They had grown up together from childhood, and there existed between them a sort of understanding—the understanding being that, if ever William could speed himself up enough to propose, Jane would accept him and they would settle down and live stodgily and happily ever after. For William was not one of your rapid wooers. In his affair of the heart he moved slowly and ponderously, like a motor truck, an object which both in physique and temperament he greatly resembled. He was an extraordinarily large, powerful, oxlike young man, who required plenty of time to make up his mind about any given problem. I have seen him in the club dining room musing with a thoughtful frown for fifteen minutes on end while endeavoring to weigh the rival merits of a chump chop and a sirloin steak as a luncheon dish. A placid, leisurely man. I might almost call him lymphatic. I will call him lymphatic. He was lymphatic.

The first glimmering of an idea that Jane might possibly be a suitable wife for him had come to William some three years before this story opens. Having brooded on the matter tensely for six months, he then sent her a bunch of roses. In the October of the following year, nothing having occurred to alter his growing conviction that she was an attractive girl, he presented her with a two-pound box of assorted chocolates. And from then on his progress, though not rapid, was continuous; and there seemed little reason to doubt that, should nothing come about to weaken Jane's regard for him, another five years or so would see the matter settled.

And it did not appear likely that anything would weaken Jane's regard. They had much in common, for she was a calm, slow-moving person too. They had a mutual devotion to golf, and played together every day; and the fact that their handicaps were practically level formed a strong bond. Most divorces, as you know, spring from the fact that the husband is too markedly superior to his wife at golf; this leading him, when she starts criticizing his relations, to say bitter and unforgivable things about her mashie shots. Nothing of this kind could happen with William and Jane. They would build their life on a solid foundation of sympathy and understanding. The years would find them consoling and encouraging each other, happy married lovers—if, that is to say, William ever got round to proposing.

It was not until the fourth year of this romance that I detected the first sign of any alteration in the schedule. I had happened to call on the Packards one afternoon and found them all out except Jane. She gave me tea and conversed for a while, but she seemed distrait. I had known her since she wore rompers, so felt entitled to ask if there was anything wrong.

"Not exactly wrong," said Jane, and she heaved a sigh.

"Tell me," I said.

She heaved another sigh.

"Have you ever read The Love That Scorches, by Luella Periton Phipps?" she asked.

I said I had not.

"I got it out of the library yesterday," said Jane dreamily, "and finished it at three this morning in bed. It is a very, very beautiful book. It is all about the desert and people riding on camels and a wonderful Arab chief with stern yet tender eyes, and a girl called Angela and oases

With Painful Steps, Tripping

and dates and mirages and all like that. There is a chapter where the Arab chief seizes the girl and clasps her in his arms and she feels his hot breath searing her face, and he flings her on his horse and they ride off, and all around was sand and night and the mysterious stars. And somehow—oh, I don't know ——"

She gazed yearningly at the chandelier.

"I wish mother would take me to Algiers next winter," she murmured absently. "It would do her rheumatism so much good."

I went away, frankly uneasy These novelists, I felt, ought to be more careful. They put ideas into girls' heads and made them dissatisfied. I determined to look William up and give him a kindly word of advice. It was no business of mine, you may say, but they were so ideally suited to each other that it seemed a tragedy that anything should come between them. And Jane was in a strange mood. At any moment, I felt, she might take a good, square look at William and wonder what she could ever have seen in him. I hurried to the boy's cottage.

"William," I said, "as one who dandled you on his knee when you were a baby, I wish to ask you a personal question. Answer me this, and make it snappy. Do you love Jane Packard?"

A look of surprise came into his face, followed by one of intense thought. He was silent for a space.

"Who, me?" he said at length.

"Yes, you."

"Jane Packard?"

"Yes, Jane Packard."

"Do I love Jane Packard?" said William, assembling the material and arranging it neatly in his mind. He pondered for five minutes. "Why, of course I do," he said.

"Splendid!"

"Devotedly, dash it!"

"Capital!"

"You might say madly."

I tapped him on his barrel-like chest.

"Then my advice to you, William Bates, is to tell her so."

"Now that's rather a brainy scheme," said William, looking at me admiringly. "I see exactly what you're driving at. You mean it would kind of settle things and all that?"

"Precisely."

"Well, I've got to go away for a couple of days tomorrow—it's the Invitation Tournament at Squashy Hollow—but I'll be back on Wednesday. Suppose I take her out on the links on Wednesday and propose?"

"A very good idea."

"At the sixth hole, say?"

"At the sixth hole would do excellently."

"Or the seventh?"

"The sixth would be better The ground slopes from the tee and you would be hidden from view by the dog-leg turn."

"Something in that."

"My own suggestion would be that you somehow contrive to lead her into that large bunker to the left of the seventh fairway."

"Why?"

"I have reason to believe that Jane would respond more readily to your wooing were it conducted in some vast sandy waste. And there is another thing," I proceeded earnestly, "which I must impress upon you. See that there is nothing tame or tepid about your behavior when you propose. You must show zip and romance. In fact, I strongly recommend you, before you even say a word to her, to seize her and clasp her in your arms and let your hot breath scar her face."

"Who, me?" said William

"Believe me, it is what will appeal to her most "

"But, I say! Hot breath, I mean! Dash it all, you know, what!"

"I assure you it is indispensable."

"Seize her?" said William blankly.

"Precisely."

"Clasp her in my arms?"

"Just so."

William plunged into silent thought once more.

"Well, you know, I suppose," he said at length. "You've had experience, I take it. Still — Oh, all right, I'll have a stab at it."

"There spoke the true William Bates!" I said. "Go to it, lad, and heaven speed your wooing!"

In all human schemes—and it is this that so often brings failure to the subtlest strategists—there is always the chance of the unknown factor popping up, that unforeseen *x* for which we have made no allowance and which throws our whole plan of campaign out of gear. I had not anticipated anything of the kind coming along to mar the arrangements on the present occasion; but when I reached the first tee on the Wednesday afternoon to give William Bates that last word of encouragement which means so much, I saw that I had been too sanguine. William had not yet arrived, but Jane was there, and with her a tall, slim, dark-haired, sickeningly romantic-looking youth in faultlessly fitting serge. A stranger to me. He was talking to her in a musical undertone, and she seemed to be hanging on his words. Her beautiful eyes were fixed on his face and her lips slightly parted. So absorbed was she that it was not until I spoke that she became aware of my presence.

Jane Spun Round in Anguish

"William not arrived yet?"

She turned with a start.

"William? Hasn't he? Oh! No, not yet. I want to introduce you to Mr. Spelvin. He has come to stay with the Wyndhams for a few weeks. He is going to walk round with us."

Naturally this information came as a shock to me, but I masked my feelings and greeted the young man with a well-assumed cordiality

"Mr. George Spelvin, the actor?" I asked, shaking hands.

"My cousin," he said. "My name is Rodney Spelvin. I do not share George's histrionic ambitions. If I have any claim to may I say renown?—it is as a maker of harmonies."

"A composer, eh?"

"Verbal harmonies," explained Mr. Spelvin. "I am, in my humble fashion, a poet."

"He writes the most beautiful poetry," said Jane. "He has just been reciting some of it to me."

"Oh, that little thing?" said Mr. Spelvin deprecatingly. "A mere *morceau*. One of my juvenilia."

"It was too cute for words," persisted Jane.

"Oh, you," said Mr. Spelvin, "have the soul to appreciate it. I could wish that there were more like you, Miss Packard. We singers have much to put up with in a crass and materialistic world. Only last week a man, a coarse editor, asked me what my sonnet, Wine of Desire, meant." He laughed indulgently. "I gave him answer, 'twas a sonnet, not a mining prospectus."

"It would have served him right," said Jane warmly, "if you had pasted him one on the snoot!"

At this point a low whistle behind me attracted my attention, and I turned to perceive William Bates towering against the sky line.

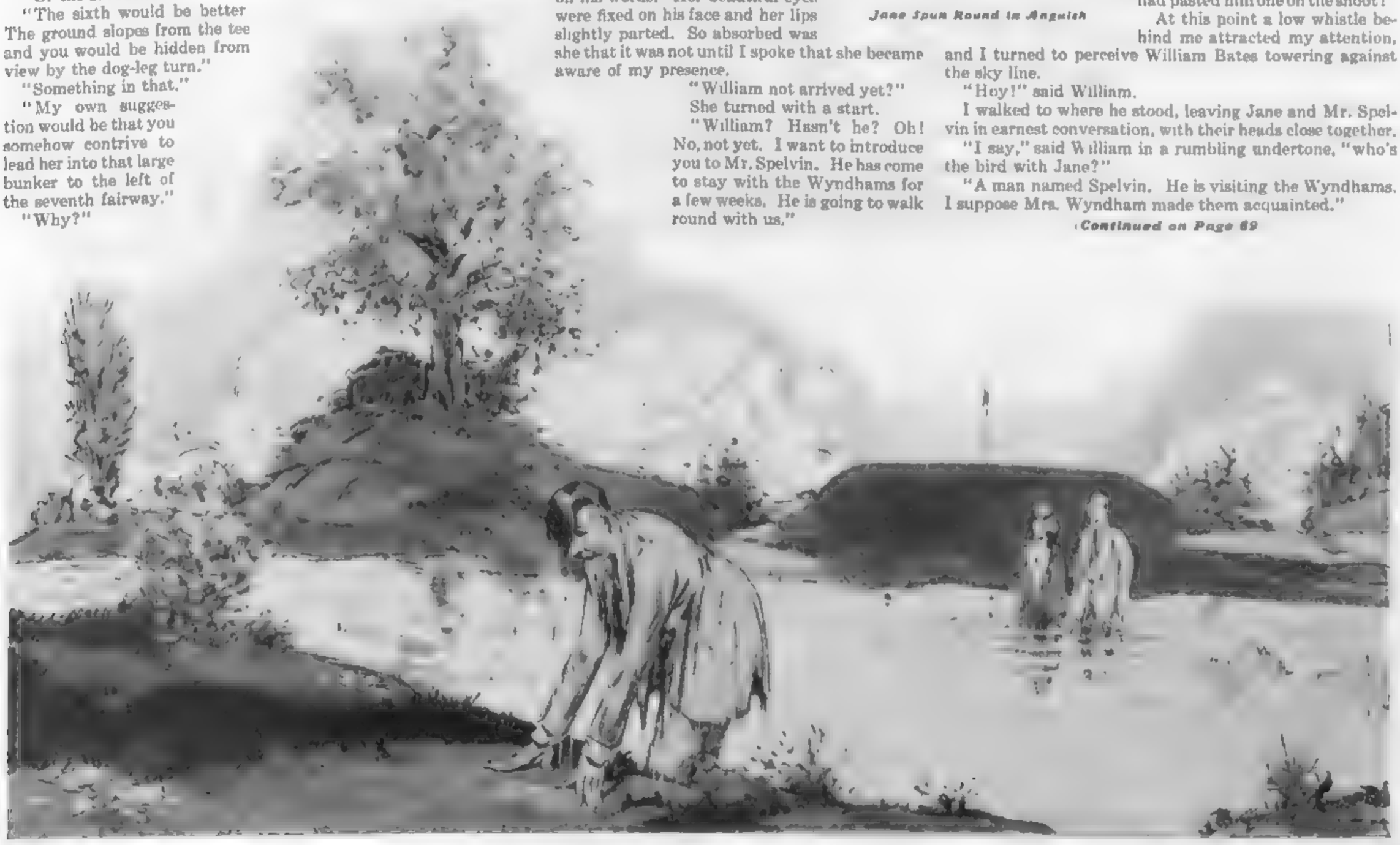
"Hoy!" said William.

I walked to where he stood, leaving Jane and Mr. Spelvin in earnest conversation, with their heads close together.

"I say," said William in a rumbling undertone, "who's the bird with Jane?"

"A man named Spelvin. He is visiting the Wyndhams. I suppose Mrs. Wyndham made them acquainted."

Continued on Page 69



From Time to Time, He Sloshed to the Shore. For a Moment He Paused on the Bank, Silhouetted Against the Summer Sky

SENTENCE REMITTED

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

HARVEY FLAGG, JR., switched his tan riding boot with his smart new riding crop and ascended the porch steps with a smart jingling of new spurs. He lowered his light eyebrows, puffed out his fair and downy cheeks and glared at a stout old gentleman who was sitting in a rocker and oiling a fishing reel.

"Come here, governor," he said sternly. "I want to talk to you."

"Coming, Junior, coming," murmured his father, continuing to work on the reel.

Junior clenched his retreating underjaw. He was angry, and he would have assumed a black and daunting frown if his immature features had permitted of that grimace; he succeeded in looking very peevish

He was angry with his father because that procrastinating old gentleman had not yet bought him a horse to ride on and had put him off with a riding costume.

Junior was sick and tired of his father's dodges, and now at last he was in a position to have it out with him.

"Governor," he said in a rising tone, "when I call you I insist upon you coming promptly. I do not wish to speak to you constantly about this. Come here at once!"

He threw himself into a chair, stretched out his legs to be switched, and puffed out his stomach.

"Coming," said the old gentleman leisurely. "Don't get mad, Junior. I want to keep these ball bearings all together and not be looking for them. You've let this reel get rusted up, Junior, and it wants to be ready for you tomorrow morning. Going to drift off Staten Island for flounders, are you, Junior? Well, they do say the weaks have struck in off St. George, but ——"

"It Was All Your Fault, Governor." "Don't You Call Me Governor Again, You Miserable Young Loafer!"

"Come here!" shrieked Junior, refusing to be beguiled into a glance across New York Bay from his place on the front porch of the little cottage on the westerly slope of Bay Ridge. "And stop that confounded 'coming,' and try to talk like a gentleman. You're not a waiter now and I don't propose to put up with it. Do you understand?"

"Coming, Junior, coming," said his father, approaching on flat feet. "Here we are. And now what was it about? Tell his father what's troubling the boy. Do you want money, Junior? That's it, no doubt. Well, boys will be boys. A fellow has got to spend a bit and keep up his end. You just let them know you're as good as they are, Junior. Keep up your end like a gentleman. If they say A, you say B. How much?"

"I guess I don't need to ask you for my own money," said Junior, maintaining his quarrelsome tone. "Keep still, and don't talk like an old fool."

He pouted wickedly. His father kept cautiously silent, knowing that his son, who was high-spirited and gallant of temper, would fly into an utter fury if opposed. He would throw himself upon the floor and kick; he would butt his head against a wall and would glare through tears. It is true that old Harvey had not witnessed such a tantrum in several years, having consistently quailed at the prospect of inciting one. His father's complaisance appeased Junior somewhat. Now he put off his combativeness and returned to the grim and commanding tone in which he had begun the conversation. His father—a stout old gentleman with clean-shaven red face and wistful blue eyes—sat upright to evince attentiveness, and lifted and let fall his large and flat feet.

"Yesterday, governor," said Junior, drawing a legal document from the breast of his jacket and opening it, "I was twenty-one. Where is it here about my being twenty-one? Oh, yes, this is it; right here in my mother's will. There it is. It says, 'Until my son Harvey shall have reached the age of twenty-one, when this trust shall cease and determine.' Cease and determine, governor—that means you; twenty-one—that means me. Yes, governor, you're going to cease and determine, like mamma wanted, because yesterday I was twenty-one."

"Is that what it says?" said the old gentleman, venturing a glance past the lad's narrow and lumpy-fingered hand. Having seen for himself, he let himself sink into a more comfortable attitude, which chanced to bring his hand across his mouth. He took his thick forefinger between his lips and massaged it reflectively.

"Well," he mumbled slowly, "all right, Junior, if that's what it says. All right, whatever mamma said—whatever it means. I never read it. I never gave it a thought. Twenty-one—to think of it! Twenty-one! Little Junior is twenty-one. Well, well, time goes by."

"Twenty-one past," said Junior. "I was twenty-one yesterday, and now I'm over it. I'm a man now, governor, since yesterday. I guess I could have been the President of the United States since yesterday. Yes, sir-ree! Then maybe you'd treat me like a man and not be taking advantage of me, and living off me and robbing me, for all I know"

"Robbing you!" repeated the old man, aghast.

"How do I know?" snapped Junior. "You've been living on my money, haven't you, ever since mamma died nearly six years ago" How do I know what you've been doing with the money? It was all mamma's money, wasn't it?"

"I gave it to her," protested his father.

"That's a very mean remark, governor," said Junior. "If you gave it to her it was hers, and you oughtn't to have the meanness to throw it up to her, particularly since she is dead. It's what a cad would say. The money was hers and she gave it all to me; not that I begrudge you anything you've had of it. I think until he's twenty-one a man ought to support his father, at all events. Though it isn't like as if you weren't plenty able to support yourself if you weren't able to lay around."

"Stop it, Junior!" cried the old gentleman, bristling, but not at all through anger at his son. "Who put such damnable notions in my boy's head? You've been talking to someone. Who's been talking to you, Junior?"

"Nobody," said Junior. "I guess I got a head of my own. And who could talk to me out here in Brooklyn, where people only come to sleep? Say, governor, do you know why they put the Subway under the river instead of on a bridge? So's people could come over here without being seen. Ha-ha! I guess that's enough for this one-horse town. You won't see me here any longer than the wait between cars. I'm going over to New York. Say, governor, Brooklyn is where the wise people come from. Yeah, and New York is where they go!"

These ancient vaudevillainies—which are tickling to Brooklyn audiences when stated with a difference—rather staggered the old gentleman. He had no quick retort, and Junior launched unopposed into what was probably a set speech.

"When a man is twenty-one, governor," he said, "it's about time for him to be master in his own house. He can take charge of his own money, and if he loses it, that's his lookout. He should begin to live his own life and not be a child any more. I'm very grateful to you, governor, and all that sort of rot; but every tub has got to stand on its own bottom, and I'm going to do the same. Being that I am twenty-one past, and seeing that all the money belonged to mamma anyway, I don't need you any more; but you are quite welcome to hang around—if you don't interfere with my plans. I might as well tell you that I notified the trust company yesterday that they'd have me to deal with after this. You can draw a check to my order for whatever money you got in the bank; I had all that explained to me by—never you mind.

"The opportunities that you've let pass by to make big money are something wicked, but I'll show you a thing or two from now on. I don't believe you handled the estate right at all; I'll bet it isn't much bigger now than it was when mamma died; and just pick up any old newspaper and look at what I would be worth if you'd had the common horse sense to buy when the market was down! A born fool would know the market was coming back."

"Junior," said his father in an uncertain voice, "did you notify the trust company for sure? You don't mean all this you're saying, do you, Junior? You're just fooling, aren't you?"

"For goodness sake, don't be childish about this, governor," said Junior, beginning to pout again. "I'm talking business now, man to man. I've got to live my own life and show independence of character. Of course, I wouldn't be

small about it; your clothes belong to you, I guess or do they?"

Old Harvey arose and walked to the house door; he looked at the clouds darkening the sky over New Jersey; his lips quivered as though feeling for the words

"Looks mighty like rain," he said quietly. "If you go fishing, you want to watch out crossing the steamer track, those tugs go belting along and don't care. There'll be a fog. Good—good-by, Junior. Take care of yourself."

He was still staring at the clouds; now he turned with an effect of haste and entered the house. Junior's hands had tightened on the arms of his chair; now they relaxed. He sprang up, ran down the front steps and so to a corner drug store. He called up a number on the Broad Street exchange.

"Hello, Parrott," he said. "This is Flagg—Harvey Flagg, you know, over in Brooklyn. . . . Oh, sure, that's all right . Say, Parrott, I told the governor, like you said. . . . Well, a little bit. . . . No, he wouldn't fight; you don't know the governor, but he knows me. . . . Yes, I did feel a little rotten about it. I'm funny that way; but, of course, business is business. See you tomorrow?"

II

"VIOLET," said Junior to Miss Violet Trefusis, squeezing her shapely hand, "you've certainly made an awful hit with me. I'll bet you're a good sport too!"

"Red-hot," confessed Miss Trefusis, and she raised her large and candid blue eyes and let Junior's vampire glance sink and drown in their depths.

She did not withdraw her hand; rather, she clutched Junior's more firmly, until it ceased wriggling and holding. She raised his subdued digits and inspected them critically in the light from the rose-shaded lamp that stood on her marble-topped table. Miss Trefusis knew a great deal about hands. She had held the capacious hands of big business men, the nervous and elegant hands of artists, pickpockets and gamblers, the massive maulers of pianists and pugilists. She didn't think much of Junior's fist; she thrust it into a bowl of water and told him to keep it there.

"You're a rogue, Arf-and-Arf," she said. "All Wall Street men are. But I'll say you have the life of Riley. I see you in here at all hours."

"A man has to be well groomed to do business on the Street," said Junior, passing his other hand over his smooth cheek, on which an electric massage had just induced a becoming bloom. "A man's appearance counts a lot in our business."

"Particularly the hands," said Miss Trefusis as she fished the hand from the bowl and dried it on a little towel. She smeared the nails with rose paste prefatory to burnishing them. "You ought to have your nails done every day, they're so delicate. You got such nice nails, too, if they were only attended to right."

"Say, Violet," said Junior, "what are you doing tonight?"

"I'm taking my mother to the movies," said Miss Trefusis. "My mother is the best friend I got in the world and I would do anything for her. Gee, what I think of my mother! She's crippled and I'm taking care of her. Some job to take care of her, too, I'll say, out of the salary I get in this dump. Three dollars a week. Can you imagine? Of course, there's the tips."

"Of course," said Junior, looking serious.

"How do you like the job?"

"I think they look swell They're nice nails now that you're done with them."

"The best tippers," said Miss Trefusis, putting her tools aside, "are Wall Street men. They're awful hard to please, but when you satisfy them they do the right thing. They're red-hot sports; I'll give them that. Anyways, what's a dollar or so to a Wall Street man that makes such big money, hey?"

"Of course," said Junior.

"I wouldn't care if you never gave me a cent. You know I don't mean anything like that, Harvey. Only I was just saying. The way I am I wouldn't take a tip from anybody, only I need every cent I can get on account of supporting my mother. Gee, if you knew what I thought of my mother! Say, she's my best friend. I don't know how I could get along at all if it wasn't for my mother. She's crippled, too, and the way them doctors charge is a caution. Oh, thank you, Harvey! You didn't have to do that, you know. Say, boy, there's nothing half-and-half about you, if I do spoof you a bit about your name"

"Come on out for a bite, will you?" invited Junior.

"K. O., if we make it snappy," said Miss Trefusis, consulting the clock on the wall of the gleaming barber shop. "It's six now and I got to get home to my mother. She worries"

She rose, arched her back to get the kinks out of it and walked with a queenly gait to the rear of the shop. Her figure was queenly, if queens are generically young ladies in the prime of health and strength. Her full face was excellently colored, her mouth was large, her nose was lumpy, her eyes were set in at an angle; but Miss Trefusis was very pretty, provocative.

She was far removed from the facial standard of Greek beauty. Miss Trefusis titillated men's gallantry, caused them to prance and to feel their oats, brightened their eyes, hastened their pulses, made them pull down their vests and cough. The sight of a bony-nosed and hard-faced Greek goddess could not have been so tonic.

She pulled a turban down over her copper-hued hair, slapped her face several times and was ready to go out to dinner.

The waiter in a fashionable Broadway restaurant handed her a dinner card

"Cherrystones?" suggested Junior. "Or will we have oyster cocktails?"

"I don't care much for shellfish," she said doubtfully. "Well, I guess I will have both, and that will settle it. Say, where does it say here 'Royal porterhouse with onions and potatoes lyonnaise'? Lead me there, Arf-and-Arf And then we will have—let me see. Say, you don't mind if I lay back my ears a bit, do you? Say, the air in that shop always makes me hungry. It's mountain air when you come right down to it, because the shop is aired by a pipe that comes down from the roof. Cigarette smoke and steaming towels don't more than flavor it. I wonder if the bluefish is good here? Well, we will try it and find out The way I am, I will try everything once. Say, how would it be if we had a calf's head vinaigrette as a side dish, so we could hit it if we missed our stroke on the bluefish? What's that? Oh, no, I am not up to desserts yet; but you could tell him to put aside a jot of Nesselrode pudding anyways."

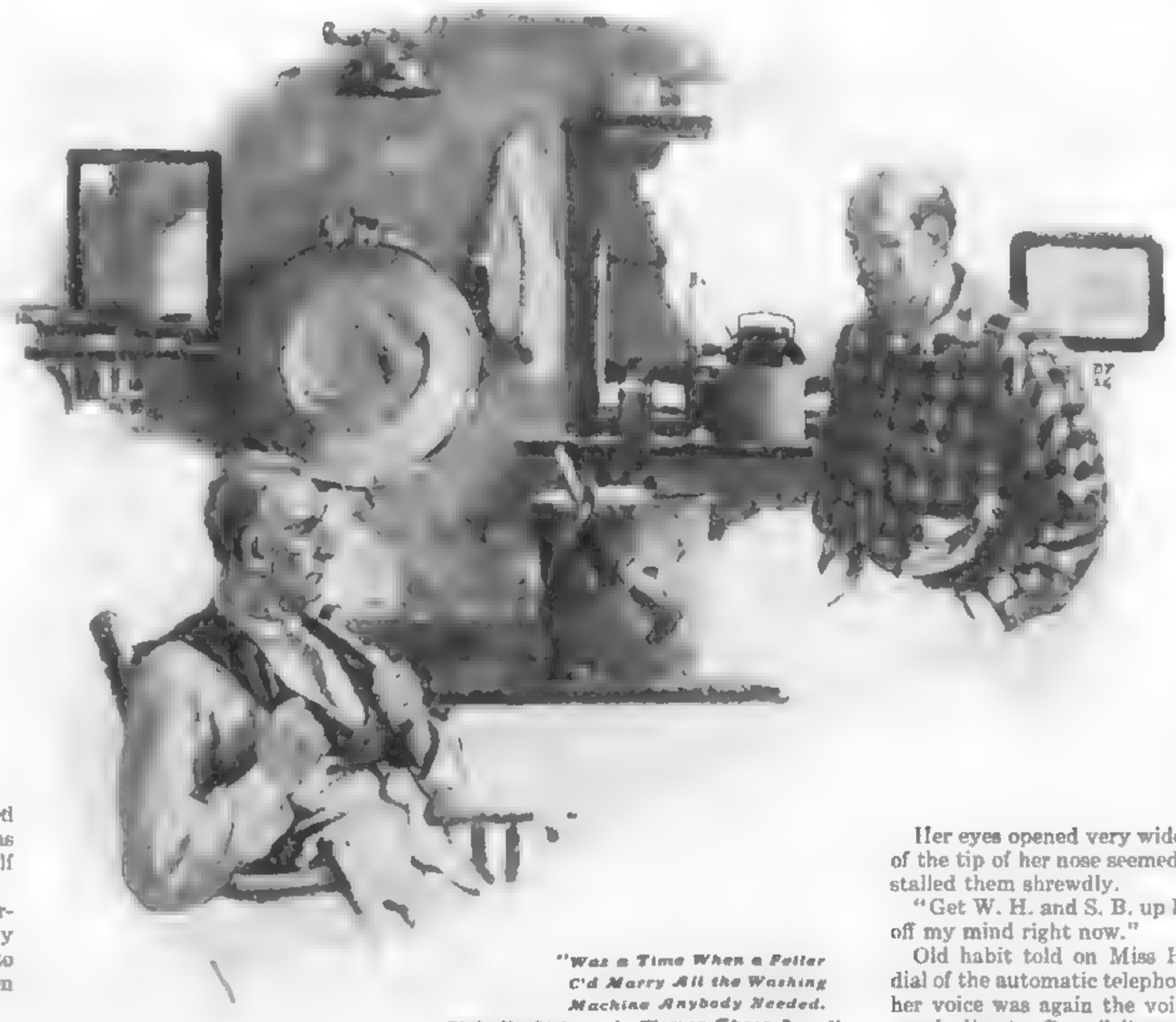
Continued on Page 104

"Who are You?" He Demanded Brusquely. "The Name is Parrott, Mr. Bates"

REST

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



"Was a Time When a Feller C'd Marry All the Washing Machine Anybody Needed. Ain't No Pitch to the Women These Days"

AS HIS daughter-in-law moved her head in a pretty gesture of refusal, John Powell's conscience reproached him for the ungracious thought that he'd enjoy his breakfasts better if Amy weren't so faithful about getting down in time to pour his coffee. He ought to be grateful. There weren't many girls, these days, who'd bother to be nice to a short-tempered old fellow. It wasn't mercenary either, for Amy had more money of her own than he'd leave either of the boys. She denied him the third cup of coffee for his own good, and that savage impulse to snarl at her only showed that his nerves were getting worse and worse.

He pushed back his chair and submitted to a kiss on each cheek, resisting a fierce desire to squirm. He recognized this new symptom with a morose pleasure. When a man got so old that he hated having a girl—an all-fired pretty girl—kiss him, he might as well atop trying to tell himself that he was as spry as ever.

"Do have a little pity on yourself today, won't you?" Amy patted his cheek. "I just hate to let you go near the old office when you look so tired."

John Powell managed to laugh, but the sound was harsh and hollow even in his own ears. Tired, before he even started his day's work! He surveyed himself in the hall mirror as Sugden helped him tenderly into his coat, and the image startled him. No wonder Amy had noticed it! Tired? He surrendered the feeble word; he looked a whole lot worse than that! They were right, Amy and the boys and that businesslike kid doctor, with his rubber-faced hammer tapping at your knees and that do-funny strapped around your arm to see if you had any blood pressure or some other newfangled excuse for a hundred-dollar fee.

Yes, they had the right of it. Even this six-hour day to which they'd persuaded him was too long now for old John Powell; he wasn't fit any more to ride downtown in his limousine at half past nine, like a stock gambler! He was through—all through. No use trying to pretend he wasn't.

Leaning back in the cunning ease of the cushions, John Powell pitied himself, aghast at the discovery that he didn't want to reach the end of the drive, that he actually hated the thought of his office and the weight of responsibility that would lower on his shoulders when he passed the doorway. He'd earned a rest, he told himself, a real rest, complete and permanent; it was only fair for Bill and Sam to take their turn now. For just a moment he was jealous of them. They'd had a pretty soft life of it so far, everything they wanted—easy, padded years of school and college; long, lazy holidays in Maine while the old man sweated in the city; ready-made jobs waiting for them when they drifted home from the final vacation in Europe; all the money they could spend ever since. They wouldn't have any right to grumble if John Powell dropped his burdens now for them to lift and carry; he'd earned his title to a little rest before he died.

He detested the sight of his office. The big still room oppressed and suffocated him with a sense of prison. He glowered at his desk with only a sullen approval of its bare plate-glass top, the fresh blotter and the shining silver inkwells. A clear desk, the sign and symbol of executive efficiency—there wouldn't be any ragtag and bobtail left for a successor to clean up. He felt a lift in his mood as he touched one of the pearl buttons inset in the dull mahogany and greeted the responding secretary with his normal abrupt courtesy.

She placed a thin sheaf of letters before him and seated herself beside the desk. She was not in the least like Amy—a brisk, firm-jawed woman in severely businesslike shirt waist and skirt, and yet something in her glance reminded John Powell mysteriously of his daughter-in-law.

"I'm sorry there are so many," she said. "I did my best to sort out all that didn't need your personal attention, but ——"

Powell nodded. "I guess I can handle these." He dealt deliberately with six entreaties for funds with which to relieve Armenians from as many assorted disasters, with an opportunity to endow a chair of social science at Mariposa University, with an invitation to prepare his autobiography for publication in Method's big series entitled Dynamo Men, and lifted a penciled scrawl on a sheet of cheap ruled paper that was the last of the heap.

Dear sir: I got your check alright and the place looks good only for the weeds. They'd ought to be cut so they don't go to seed. I can hire it done reasonable and oblidge yrs truely

JAY F. DUNLAP.

Against his will, John Powell felt his mouth relax as he read the letter through again while Miss Hegan's pencil stood patiently at attention. His self-pity lessened, yielding to an approving realization of his foresight about even this. Plenty of good business men took it for granted that when they were ready to rest they could do it anywhere, anyhow, and when the time came found themselves facing a new job utterly unprepared. Some of them, for want of a definite plan, lingered on in harness till they dropped; some of them tried to get interested in collecting dreary junk; some of them fell back on golf, doddering old nuisances about country clubs, their names a byword and hissing in the mouths of the young squirts they envied.

Not John Powell! He'd worked all his life with the idea of getting some real rest at the far end of it, and he'd been canny enough to foresee that resting couldn't be properly done offhand by a man who had never tried it, to prepare for it just as he had provided against every other predictable emergency. John Powell wouldn't have to drag his tired old legs after a golf ball in the name of pleasure, or strain his eyes to see the difference between real wormholes and the handmade sort. If his time to rest had come at last he was ready for it, ready to rest as he had worked, with all his might—with an efficiency, he told himself, of something like 98 per cent.

Jay Dunlap's letter inspired him with a certain eagerness, deepened his feeling of impending escape from the pressure of affairs. He resented Miss Hegan's presence, as if in some fashion she personified all the rest of the men and women who, nominally at work for John Powell, had become his insatiable taskmasters, demanding an ever-growing effort from his swiftly failing strength.

"That's all," he snapped. "I'm not going to answer this one." He folded it and slipped it into his pocket. She hesitated uneasily. To Powell, her capable features seemed to imply disapproval. "Well, well," he prompted, "what is it now?"

The tip of Miss Hegan's efficient nose quivered strangely.

"You—you look so tired!" Amazingly, under Powell's unbelieving stare, she exhibited the phenomenon of tears. "It just k-kills me, Mr. Powell! You're wearing yourself out."

"There, there now." He was abashed by the display of emotion, ashamed of himself for enjoying its evidence of a purely personal loyalty. "If that's all that worries you, cheer up. I'll tell you something—I'm quitting right away. I know when I've got enough—nobody has to tell me how tired I am!"

Her eyes opened very wide. Again the eloquent tremor of the tip of her nose seemed to presage tears, and he forestalled them shrewdly.

"Get W. H. and S. B. up here," he ordered. "I'll get it off my mind right now."

Old habit told on Miss Hegan. She manipulated the dial of the automatic telephone with a sure, swift hand, and her voice was again the voice of the office, quiet, impersonal, direct. Powell listened to a brief, elliptic debate. Still holding the receiver, she turned to him.

"They're both in conference," she reported. "Miss Wesserman says she has orders not to interrupt them for anybody."

"She understands who wants 'em?" John Powell felt the veins swell in his neck and face.

"Yes." Miss Hegan's tone was pacific. "It's your own general order, you see. Conferences between department heads ——"

John Powell's anger died as abruptly as it had risen. Discipline—the basis of efficient management—lost its sanctity the minute you began making exceptions. He'd drilled it into his people that nobody in the Powell organization was above the law.

"All right. Have her tell 'em when they finish."

The door shut on her soundless retreat. The blended music of the steamer whistles drew him to the broad window, but the thronging traffic of the burdened stream had suddenly lost its old appeal. He was sorry for the river, laboring under that mounting load. He pulled Jay Dunlap's letter from his pocket and read it through again, as if to reassure himself of a refuge where all this turbulent hurry could not follow. His weariness lifted a little. He felt as if the gyves that chained him to his treadmill had relaxed their grip; he realized, suddenly, the absurdity of his waiting for Bill and Sam to finish their conference—what had John Powell to do with discipline now?

There was a joyous sense of escapade in breaking the commandment he had set up; he felt pleasantly lawless as he walked past Miss Wesserman's startled stare and opened the door of Bill's office without even waiting to knock. He even liked the surprised impatience with which the three men looked up from the littered table, the way the displeased faces changed at the sight of him. Bill got to his feet.

"Why, what's wrong, father?"

His tone was solicitous and there was trouble in his eyes. Somewhere in the back of his brain John Powell noticed that Bill had forgotten to address him as J. P.

"Want to talk to you and Sam," he said. His eye dwelt on the third man, a stranger.

"Oh!" Bill laughed uneasily. "You don't know Barlow, do you?—my father, Barlow." His tone changed. "Could you wait a bit, father? Barlow's due back in Chicago tomorrow, and we've got to settle these plans for the new foundry before train time."

"New foundry?" John Powell's head lifted sharply. "What new foundry, and who's Barlow? Never heard of him."

"Sam and I didn't want to bother you with it." Bill's voice was soothing. "We knew it would worry you when Sillsbee quit, and we just handled it ourselves. About this new foundry, you see ——"

The blue prints on the table revived John Powell's weariness. He suddenly resented Barlow, young and eager and competent, a bulldoggy fellow with one of those tiresomely dynamic personalities bristling about him like a hedgehog's quills.

"Never mind," he broke in impatiently. "Don't bother me with these trivial details now. I want to talk to you boys."

His eye brought Barlow two steps nearer the door before Sam found his voice.

"Hold on, father; let us finish with Barlow so he can catch his train and ——"

"Plenty of trains tomorrow," snapped John Powell. "Won't have to wait long anyway."

He nodded to Barlow. The faces of his sons ministered to his satisfaction as the bulldog man tiptoed out.

"Just want to tell you I'm quitting—right now," he announced. "Earned a rest, I guess. Time for you two to get your necks under the collar. Make a mess of it, of course, but you'll learn. One thing—don't come bothering me to straighten out your tangles. I'm done with business—for keeps."

He saw his sons exchange glances There was a short silence before Bill spoke for both.

"It's—it's a shock, father, springing it on us this way; but I've been expecting it, of course. We'll we'll try to muddle along without you somehow." He glanced at a ruled slip. "I've got a free hour at 3:30. Suppose I come to your office then to go into it thoroughly."

John Powell laughed.

"Ought to know me better by this time. Ever know me to do anything before I was ready, or to back and fill a minute after I was ready? Told you I was through, didn't I? Meant it. By 3:30 I'll be as far away from here as I can travel in the meantime. Just wanted to let you know, that's all" He shook hands with them both. "Good luck!"

"But—but you can't just vanish like this, you know!" Sam protested. "There's no end of things to settle."

"Ever know me to leave any loose ends?" His father wagged his head. "Been ready for this any day for the last three years; all worked out and in the safe—proxies on my stock, fifty-fifty between you, resignation, power of attorney—everything. Pitt can explain anything you don't understand. Put on my hat and go—slipshod management if I couldn't."

Again they exchanged glances. John Powell enjoyed the dawning respect with which their eyes came back to his.

"Well, I might have known you'd do it this way." Bill wagged his head slowly. "It's a shock, but ——"

"What are you going to do with yourself?" Sam put in. "I'll bet you've got that all framed up too."

"Of course I have." Powell grinned at his sons. "Think I'm letting go of the limb without looking to see where I'll drop? Been ready for this ever since I turned over the sales end to you. Common sense to look ahead. When I get out on the farm ——"

"Farm?"

They echoed the word in chorus, doubt in both voices.

"Yes. Only place where a man can rest all over," said John Powell. "Watched too many old fools try to do it around town, traipsing over Europe, hanging about clubs—not for me! Worked 100 per cent all my life—going to rest the same way now!"

He saw that they were impressed again. They agreed with him; he was absolutely right about wanting to get away from work. They questioned him about his farm.

"Just a little one—eighty acres, mostly woods and pasture lot. First-rate brook to fish in and a comfortable house. Had it fixed up some, of course—bathroom and furnace and electricity. Shipped up a lot of books too—novels. Never had a chance to read much."

"How about servants? You don't intend to try to look after yourself, do you?"

"Got a lot of queer ideas of me, haven't you, Sam? Saw to that end of it first of all. Man who sold me the place lives there; had him on the pay roll for four years. His wife keeps house—first-rate cook."

They wagged their heads admiringly. He was obliged at last to remind them of What's His Name, waiting to finish that conference, in order to cover his retreat. In the corridor he filled his lungs deep. That was the right way to quit—to have things fixed so that you could step out without any more fuss than if you were just going home for the night. He slipped out through the main offices, pleased to observe that nobody looked up from a desk.

Twenty-four hours later he climbed down from the scuffed steps of a day coach to a platform of worn planks at a dingy, paintless station. The melancholy man who drooped in the seat of the buckboard beyond the platform moved his head in greeting, but did not otherwise disturb himself. John Powell stowed his bag carefully behind the seat; he held the leather-cased fishing rod between his knees as the languid horse dawdled into motion.

"Trunks come?" he demanded. Jay Dunlap made an inarticulate sound of assent. "Get 'em out to the house all right?" persisted Powell. "Have any trouble handling them?"

Dunlap's negative sound also was inarticulate

"Hired it done," he said without haste. "Reasonable."

Powell's frown erased itself almost before it was properly formed. He leaned back, complacent again. Probably he could learn this new business of resting for himself, but it wouldn't do any harm to have the precept and example of an expert.

"Fishing been good?" he asked after a placid silence.

"Kind of give it up," said Mr. Dunlap. He seemed to decide, with some reluctance, that the speech required elucidation. "Hetty got a notion I'd ought to clean 'em for her." He meditated gloomily. "D'know what's got into womenfolks, these days. Ain't got no pith to 'em, you might say"

John Powell nodded happily He hadn't made any mistake.

II

A BROAD slice of ham spatted cheerfully in the pan and the griddle had begun to send up faint smoke signals in token of its readiness for batter; but these stimuli stirred only a feeble response in John Powell's appetite. He shuffled his slippered feet across the scrubbed velvet of the floor boards, resenting his weariness as a fraud, a proof that he'd been cheated.

He wasn't rested, even after a full week of this; he was, he admitted, more tired than ever. He'd begun to lose sleep, too, lying awake to wonder how Sam and Bill were getting along and drifting into uneasy dreams just about the time the roosters began their day's work. He'd been wrong evidently; he'd have to give up this notion and try something else—go abroad, perhaps, or join a country club and see if there was really any fun in batting away at a golf ball.

The screen door squeaked and slapped shut again. He turned to glower at Jay Dunlap, bringing in the covered

Continued on Page 74

He Detested the Sight of His Office. The Big Still Room Oppressed and Suffocated Him With a Sense of Prison

The Great Meaning of Ships

By GARET GARRETT

A Clipper Ship—the Fastest, Gallantest Type of Merchant Sailing Craft the World Ever Knew. It Was Evolved by American Shipbuilding Genius and Made the United States a Maritime Power

ON THE wall of the United States Shipping Board office hangs an English text dated 1681. It is this:

THE TRADE'S INCREASE

As concerning ships, it is that which everyone knoweth and can say, they are our weapons, they are our ornaments, they are our strength, they are our pleasures, they are our defence, they are our profit [illegible] subject by them is made rich, the Kingdom through them, strong; the Prince in them is mighty in a word, by them, in a manner, we live, the Kingdom is, the King reigneth.

Since man first discovered how the seas run together the world has been that kind of place and a ship has been that shape of thing. All of which we learned deeply and knew.

We learned it in the seventeenth century when the mother country was resolved to monopolize the trade of the American colonies for British ships, and colonial products for English markets, except such as she did not require; and this surplus the colonists were free to sell for themselves anywhere south of Cape Finisterre. But as there was no market south of Cape Finisterre for Virginia tobacco and good Newport rum, the contumacious colonists built them a merchant marine of fast, dogged little ships and sent their surplus where they pleased. In the year 1700 one-third of the whole trade of Boston and New York was illicit, outlaw trade. Smuggling was upheld by public opinion.

We knew it in March, 1776, when the Continental Congress authorized American vessels to fit out as privateers and carry on an armed trade in defiance of the crown. The King of England knew it too. He wrote: "The die is now cast. The colonies must either submit or triumph." Four months later the Declaration of Independence was signed; and of the signers, one in four was shipmaster, merchant, smuggler. John Hancock was the prince of smugglers and was at that time under penalties of £100,000 for the offense of having moved American produce in American vessels contrary to British navigation laws.

Turning Inland From the Sea

WE KNEW it in the War of 1812, which was won on the sea. Merchantmen, coasting vessels, fishing smacks and pilot boats took letters of marque and fitted out as privateers to harry the enemy's commerce. Washington was sacked by British troops; but in the English Channel, in mid-Pacific, on the Great Lakes and in the Caribbean, the American Navy fought a series of brilliant duels, losing only one; and in three years 515 privateers captured more than 1300 British vessels, most of them merchantmen with valuable cargo.

We knew it for a long time after that, and we were a maritime power, sailing the fastest, smartest ships in the world. The American navigator was the first to drive a ship full speed through the night; all others hove to at sundown. Our clipper ships, molded like yachts, haughty with sail, ran circles round the globe. They charged for speed and had the choosing of freight, when slow British vessels, even in their own trade, were lying idle.

We knew it still in 1854, when Commodore Perry sailed his squadron across the Pacific and knocked on the door of Japan in the name of the United States. That door had been sealed for hundreds of years. The Japanese opened it a little and asked what all that noise meant. Commodore Perry said:

"It means that you cannot stay shut up like this forever. You must learn how to live in the world and trade. The world is now that kind of place, and whatever you think, you are obliged to accept it instead of trying to hide behind the sea."

They said they would think about it seriously if only he would please go away. When he came back they were ready to sign a treaty and the door stood open.

Then we began to forget it. There are several explanations, all of them sound; and yet when they are all made one still wonders a little why.

There arose the distracting slavery debate, which culminated in the Civil War; and as the war between England and France in the time of Napoleon had greatly assisted to throw the maritime power of the world into our hands, so the Civil War served to throw it back again into the hands of England. Much ship tonnage was destroyed during the war, and a great deal more was either sold to England or transferred to the British flag. Just then the character of a merchant ship was changing very fast. The evolution from wood to iron was taking place, and in this the English had two advantages. They could give their skill and imagination to it while we were engaged in war; and whereas in the making of wooden ships we had been favored by having the raw material near the water, now this factor was reversed in England's favor. Formerly she had been importing ship timber from Scandinavia and more distant places, whereas her own ore and coal for iron-ship making were on the sea. When at length we emerged from war our gaze was inland. The Union Pacific Railroad was building. The thought of crossing the continent in a week by rail, when by the fastest clipper ship it had been a three months' journey from New York to San Francisco around the Horn, totally engrossed our imagination. With our railroad building, our great industrial beginnings, our internal empire making, we became utterly self-absorbed. A great maritime power gone suddenly headlong inland! Plausible in every aspect, yet strange.

At all events we forgot it. What we had learned so deeply in the seventeenth century, what we knew when we signed the Declaration of Independence, what was confirmed in the War of 1812, what we said to Japan and what that meant—we forgot it all. We did not forget how to build wooden ships; but wooden ships were becoming obsolete. We knew how to build steamboats and lakers, because they belonged to the ecstasy of internal development. But the merchantman and the warship now commanding the sea were two new species of animals, not one as before, and we did not learn to build them.

In twenty-five years the art of deep-sea shipbuilding was practically extinct among us. The tradition survived in only two or three yards on the Delaware River, and was perishing there. The Navy had not preserved it, because it had never imagined itself to be the custodian of it. In the days of our maritime power the difference between a wooden merchantman and a wooden warship was not so great but that any shipbuilder from Maine to Georgia could build one as well as the other.

One day in about 1885 we came suddenly awake to the fact that we had neither a merchant marine nor a navy. Not only did we lack both the equipment and the knowledge necessary to produce a modern warship; we had no school where the knowledge might be acquired. When the Congress began at length to move its mind on this situation it came to the conclusion that the American people ought to know how to build their own warships, instead of having to buy them like a South American country; and thereupon it was necessary to send young men abroad to learn the lost art, even as Japan was doing at the same time.

A Disappearing Science

ONE of the first battleships built in this country after our coming awake was the Texas, and she was built on plans purchased from an Englishman. We were very proud of her, though the plans were imperfect, and she was really not much of a battleship. She was old before she was built. It took fifteen years to evolve in this country a technical school competent to instruct naval officers in the art of shipbuilding. Thereafter the Navy Department, in its own yards, and in private yards largely supported by naval contracts and managed by retired naval officers, nourished and carried on all the art of deep-sea shipbuilding there was. But for this it had disappeared entirely. There was no other way; and yet this was an inverted way. The art ought to be self-sustaining and always existing in private yards for the Navy to draw upon. But if you have no merchant marine you will have no self-sustaining private shipyards. We had abandoned our merchant marine; therefore we had no private shipyards, except to build steamboats, lakers, coasting vessels and harbor craft.

In those twenty-five years of inland preoccupation not only did the science of deep-sea shipbuilding disappear; the habit of relying upon foreign ships to move our foreign commerce and carry us around the world became fixed. The Government could and did build a navy. Having imported the knowledge from abroad, it taught American steel mills how to make armor plate and guns; it went on from there with American imagination until at length we had a power in the art that was uniquely our own. But the Government could not itself build a merchant marine in time of peace, and all efforts to encourage private enterprise to build one by means of subsidies or indirect aid were repeatedly defeated by public indifference.

The popular instinct of self-defense was satisfied in the possession of a navy coming rapidly to be second to none in the world. It seemed impossible to make people realize that a navy alone was as a sword to a man whose arm is tied at the elbow. When the warship became a fearfully specialized thing, no longer a stout and gallant ship on which guns were mounted, it lost its power of self-containment. It became dependent upon carrier, tender and auxiliary ships, and was helpless without them except for short forays. That is to say, as the merchant marine ceased to be self-defending and then required a navy to

protect it, so at the same time a warship ceased to be self-sustaining and then required a merchant marine to support it.

A navy without a merchant marine under its own flag is like an army without a supply line of its own, for to operate at any distance from home it must be accompanied by a large number of auxiliary vessels, such as scouts, transports, colliers, ammunition ships, supply ships, refrigerator ships, tankers, hospital ships, aircraft carriers and tenders, submarine and destroyer tenders, mine layers and mine sweepers. The greater the distance from home lies the scene of operations, the greater the number of auxiliaries required. Most of these auxiliary ships may be drawn from a merchant marine and quickly adapted to the work. If you have no merchant marine of your own to draw them from, then you have either to build the auxiliary ships as you build warships and keep them idle, which method entails enormous waste and will never in any case give you enough for contingencies, or when the emergency arises you will have to buy or hire them if you can. If you have no merchant marine to draw upon, if you have not built these auxiliaries for the navy to be kept in idleness—as, of course, you have not—and if you cannot hire or buy them, as you will be unable to do if the enemy holds the sea, then your navy alone, no matter how powerful it may be, is useless save for coastal defense.

Since we have possessed a navy without ships we have had several lessons in this elementary principle of maritime power.

Lessons We Refuse to Learn

IN THE war with Spain, 1898, we hadn't enough seagoing merchant ships under the American flag to carry 25,000 men to Cuba—we who fifty years before had astonished the world with an expedition by sea to Mexico that was intrinsically a greater feat than Great Britain's famous over-sea expedition to the Crimea. We had so few fast merchant vessels to be lightly armed and sent on scout duty that Cervera's fleet cruised at leisure about the West Indies and was not discovered until it had been for some time lying in Santiago Harbor; and when Admiral Dewey set out from Hong-Kong to take the Philippines he had to purchase foreign vessels to tend his fleet.

The next lesson was in 1907, when President Roosevelt sent a fleet of sixteen battleships around the world. Many Americans at the time seemed to think this was but a grand Rooseveltian gesture, meant to impress the world. It is very improbable that he would have thought to awe the world with a war fleet that had to rely almost entirely upon foreign-flag ships for fuel, supplies and sustenance. It had of its own only three auxiliary ships and five colliers, and to make the voyage it required the services of fifty merchant vessels flying foreign flags. The moral was that in time of war you could not utilize in that way the ships of foreign countries. Roosevelt's daring lay in this: That he advertised the helplessness of the American Navy to the whole world in order to impress it upon the American mind. However, every foreign government, every naval expert in the world, already knew it, so that no military secret was discovered. Only the American people did not know, nor did they seem to care. The lesson went unheeded, and Roosevelt to the end preached in vain the thesis that a merchant marine is vital to a navy.

The next lesson was in 1912. Since Commodore Perry opened the door of the hermit kingdom, saying it must live in the world and learn how to trade, fifty-eight years had passed. In that time Japan had become what we had ceased to be—namely, a maritime power. We had only a navy and were lucky to have that. Japan had both a navy and a merchant marine. And now suddenly a very serious political misunderstanding arose between Japan and the United States. There was talk of war. The newspapers of both countries were full of it, some of them very hysterical, others admonishing these not to be, all of them talking about it whether they wished to or not because it was in people's minds. When people begin to think of war there is the possibility of its happening. There was, let us suppose, no probability of it in this case. Yet a government cannot wait for probabilities. It has to act beforehand on every possibility.

The American Government was not prepared for the possibility of war with Japan. Why? Because it had a navy without a merchant marine—a navy without auxiliary ships. The battle fleet that had sailed so proudly around the world, past the door of Japan, only five years before as a spectacle, could not go on a business errand to the other side of the Pacific Ocean without a large number of auxiliary vessels. We did not have them. The Navy did not have them. There was no American merchant marine from which to draw them. In this extremity the American Government opened negotiations in Great Britain for the purchase of a fleet of merchant ships suitable to fag for the Navy.

What happens when you go to buy a thing which the sellers know you have got to have, in the only market that can provide it, is well known. The price goes rapidly against you. So it did in this case. We should have had to pay dearly for those ships, properly so. Happily, the necessity suddenly passed and the fleet was not purchased. But suppose the necessity had not passed. Suppose the English, having an alliance with Japan, had been unwilling to sell a fleet of merchant ships to assist the American Navy. Or suppose that Germany, the next great maritime power, wishing to keep the political friendship of Japan and jealous of our influence in the Far East, also had been unwilling to sell a fleet of merchant vessels to assist the American Navy. Or suppose, for the perfect illustration, that this situation had arisen in 1915 or 1916, when all the maritime peoples in the world were at war, needed all their own ships and more, and would not have considered selling a fleet to anybody at any price.

We need plenty of national luck. Generally we have it.

Finally, then, a $3,000,000,000 lesson. That figure may be taken to express the amount of money we were obliged to waste on shipbuilding in consequence of having got caught at last, with only a navy and no merchant marine, in a war that left no surplus of ships in the world to be either hired or bought. It represents roughly, inadequately, the difference between what we spent and the surviving commercial value of what we got. We have spent so far somewhat more than $3,500,000,000, counting neither interest on the money nor depreciation of the assets. The book value of what we have to show for this expenditure is placed at $400,000,000, of which only $229,000,000 is supposed to represent ships. For $500,000,000 properly spent under peacetime conditions we might have got a better mercantile fleet than the one we have to show for $3,500,000,000. And still we were desperately lucky. Economically and politically we were on the side of Great Britain and she held the maritime power. Otherwise our foreign trade during the time we were neutral must have been utterly annihilated for want of ships, and we should never have been able to play our part in the sequel. Imagine, if you can, that right had been with Germany and other things had fallen as they did. What could we have done? Or suppose, with right where it was, Germany had won control of the sea in the beginning. What then?

When We Needed Our Luck

THE object product of this lesson lies far and wide. Miles and miles of tied-up, dying ships. Great fabricating shipyards newly built and now abandoned. Hog Island, able at full capacity to supply half the world with ships—for a few days an amazing omen and now a lonesome limbo for ships economically nonexistent.

The irony is that a great deal of the work performed by means of this waste did never actually touch the war. Hog Island did not fairly begin to spill ships down its ways until after the Armistice. The war was over. This brings us to the subject product of the same $3,000,000,000 lesson—namely, that even with the power of unlimited money, acting together with American genius on immeasurable American resources, we could not produce ships in time. We needed all our historic luck. The United States Shipping Board took over all privately owned shipyards in the country and doubled, trebled, quadrupled their capacity with lavish grants of government money. It built then those great fabricating shipyards of the Government's own, which when they came into production were able to make ships faster than all the famous old shipyards of Great Britain combined. It caused this country in eighteen months to become the greatest shipbuilding power in the world. The Shipping Board left nothing undone. It revived the wooden-ship art; it made concrete ships; it placed orders for thirty steel ships in Japan and for four in China

And yet it could not produce in time the ships required for our military effort. For consider: By ships of the Government's own make fewer than 35,000 men were

(Continued on Page 126)

The Saguache, Built at Hog Island. A Fabricated Steel Ship Jointly Evolved by the Engineering and Shipbuilding Skill of This Country During the War. It Is Built of Material Rolled, Cut and Punched in Western Steel Mills. The Hog Island Yard Alone Was Equipped to Turn Out This Type of Ship at the Rate of 200 a Year or More

RIDE 'EM AND WEEP

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

A MERE split second before the moment of impact the intoxicated young gentleman side-stepped and the yard engine rolled past. In acknowledgment of the stream of vituperation issuing from the lips of the engineer, the young gentleman doffed his velour hat in a courteous bow as he murmured an abject apology:

"'Smy fault, Mister Engine. 'Sall my fault. Wouldn't put you to the trouble of killing me for anything. No, sir, Mister Engine. 'Scuse me. I 'pologize mos' humbly."

Having thus adjusted matters, the young gentleman zigzagged across another track to the platform where the Pullmans which were destined to be attached to the midnight train were waiting silently. He rolled unsteadily but happily toward the first of these Pullmans. There he was greeted by a long, gangly, slue-footed, dark individual in the uniform of a Pullman porter. This colored person had horrifiedly witnessed the near tragedy and his eyes were rolling wildly. There was genuine solicitude in his voice and manner as he shot forward and imprisoned the arm of the inebriated young white man.

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes, Mistuh Foster, I suttinly thought I was gwine see you become ain't!"

Mr. Foster favored the porter with a pained expression.

"Hop Sure," he said thickly, "I'm s'prised at you; absolutely s'prised. I knew all the time that engine was goin' to get out of my way. Tha's a very polite engine, Hop Sure; very polite."

"H'm!" Hop Sure—christened Epic Peters—had his doubts. "I ain't so suttin 'bout how polite yahd ingines is. How come you to cross those tracks, anyway, Mistuh Foster, 'stid of comin' heah th'oo the subcutaneous passage?"

"Shortes' way," explained Mr. Foster airily. "Shortes' way to your vishinity, Hop Sure." He paused; then lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "Hop Sure," he announced dramatically, "I'm drunk!"

Epic considered that it was up to him to indicate surprise.

"Does you say so?"

"I am. Gloriously drunk." Then, pridefully, "Never would have guessed it, would you?"

Epic lied like a gentleman.

"Nossuh; not never."

"Well, I am. I have imbibed too freely. The groun' is moving, but I am very steady. An', Hop Sure, I am in trouble. Terrible trouble, Hop Sure, an' I have come to you for 'sistance."

The face of the elongated colored man broke into a grin

"'Sisting you, Mistuh Foster, is the fondest thing I is of."

"I knew it, Hop Sure; knew it. I cast my bread on the troubled waters, an' now it returns to me in the form of angel cake. Ain't it so, Hop Sure?"

"'Tain't nothin' else, boss man. Anything Epic Peters is able to do fo' you can be considered as already did."

Mr. Foster waxed exceedingly enthusiastic.

"Knew it! I certainly knew it! Of course, I really never did anything much for you, Hop Sure ——"

The negro's eyes glowed with genuine affection.

"Shuh! Cap'n, you talks foolishment with yo' mouf. I reckon you loant me money when I was sick an' didn't have no job, an' tha's the mostest thing a white gemmun can do fo' any cullud boy."

"'Smatter of 'pinion; jus' simply matter of 'pinion. The point is, Hop Sure, that you are willing to 'sist me, and I positively need 'sistance."

"Jus' you tell me ——"

"I have to get to Atlanta, Hop Sure. Got to be there in the morning. Business. 'Portant business. Awful 'portant. An' I am in a very distressing position. I throw myself on your mercy, Hop Sure. I beg of you to get me to Atlanta."

The porter grinned broadly. "Git you to Atlanta? Mistuh Foster, tha's the one thing I ain't gwine do nothin' else but. Jus' you leave it to Hop Sure."

"Got to leave it to you." The man's voice was rapidly becoming unintelligible. "'Snawful fix I'm in. Ought to be 'shamed of myself. But I ain't. Feelin' too good. Jus' you get me to Atlanta. 'Sterrible situation I'm in; too mush party ——"

Hop Sure took his friend firmly by the arm and propelled him purposefully toward the New York Pullman.

A Large Bald Head Projected Between the Curtains and a Pair of Fiery Eyes Sighted the Gold of Crosby's Uniform Cap

"Don't you go to worryin', Mistuh Foster. Cap'n Sandifer is conductin' this Pullman tonight an' I an' him is good frien's. He holps me out lots of times. Reckon Ise gwine put you to bed in the drawin'-room."

Mr. Foster hung back.

"Not the drawin'-room, Hop Sure. 'Tain't nessery ——"

"Ise handlin' this, white folks. I seen the di'gram on'y a few minutes ago, an' the drawin'-room ain't took out of Bummin'ham. All I does is to make you comfuttable an' 'splain to Cap'n Sandifer that a white gemmun frien' of mine is sleepin' there. It's gwine be all right, suh. Ev'ything's jus' as good as fixed. Ain't nobody gwine bother you. They don't call me Hop Sure fo' nothin'. Nossuh, they don't."

Mr. Foster's eyes had taken on the peculiarly glassy stare which immediately precedes the stage of intoxication which is technically known as passing out. Supporting the man bodily, Hop Sure hoisted him up the steps of the Pullman and thence into the drawing-room, where he laid him gently on the lounge, covered him with a wool blanket and left him happily sleeping.

The lengthy porter then returned to the platform. The air was pungent with the odor of steam. The huge shed of the Birmingham Terminal Station was reverberant with the cacophony of locomotive bells and steam exhausts. From the baggage platform came the crashing and banging of trunks. In the waiting room was a joyfully vociferous bridal party awaiting the arrival of the southbound A. G. S. train from Chattanooga. Hop Sure consulted his watch and noted that it was eleven o'clock. Fifty minutes later his car was scheduled to pull out on the first leg of its long journey to New York.

Hop Sure was suffused with a warm glow. His eyes were still lighted affectionately at thought of this golden opportunity to do a favor for the physically and financially helpless gentleman in the drawing-room. Epic had many friends among the white folks, but no one for whom he entertained the same depth of affection that he bore toward Mr. Foster.

Mr. Foster had loaned him money once when money was the single vital need in Hop Sure's life. The inconsiderable loan had driven a ravening wolf away from the Peters door, and Hop Sure was not one to forget a favor. It may have been true that the loan did not embarrass Mr. Foster to any appreciable extent; but the salient fact was that, without it, Epic would have found himself in the direst sort of distress.

And now Mr. Peters, eight-year service man in the employ of the Pullman Company, found himself in a position to do a favor for his benefactor. Epic reveled in the opportunity. He promised himself that he would nurse Mr. Foster like a baby, make him comfortable for the trip and bring him to by the time they reached Atlanta.

It was fortunate, indeed, reflected Epic, that Captain Sandifer was on the run that night. He thought a great deal of Sandifer, and Sandifer regarded Epic as one of the finest porters on the line. Time without number they had been of service to each other, and Hop Sure was certain that Captain Sandifer would readily accede to his request for free Pullman accommodation—and the attendant costless transportation—for the gentleman who was now snoring grandiosely in Drawing-Room A.

A free passenger was no new thing in the life of Mr. Peters. His ebony countenance twisted into a smile of reminiscence at thought of the innumerable occasions when friends of Captain Sandifer had ridden without cost and thereupon been extended the ultimate of service by the eager Hop Sure.

It was little enough which the veteran porter was to request—little enough indeed.

Clad in his blue uniform and wearing pridefully a gleaming silver service stripe on his left sleeve, Epic attended to the immediate wants of his passengers as they boarded the train and turned in for the night. Nor was the task an easy one, for the car promised to be very nearly full.

"Suttinly is glad that drawin'-room wa'n't took; don't know where else I could of placed Mistuh Foster." He strolled down the platform and addressed the dumpy little porter in charge of the Atlanta car: "Ain't seen Cap'n Sandifer, has you, Joe?"

Joe shook his head in negation.

"Ain't sawn him sence nine o'clock, when us switched in."

Unquestionably the Pullman conductor was in the main waiting room taking tickets and checking off the list on his diagram. But even at that it was about time for him to come through. Already the engine which was to haul them had backed under the shed and the train was ready.

And then, mounting the stairs leading to the train platform from the underground passageway, Hop Sure glimpsed the gold badge on the cap of a Pullman conductor. With a broad smile lighting his face, he started impulsively forward to greet his friend and to apprise him of the presence of Mr. Foster in the drawing-room. Suddenly he paused and the smile froze. For the conductor mounting the steps brought into Epic Peters' heart a premonition of

disaster. Epic sideswiped himself, whirled suddenly and wandered back toward his car.

"Sufferin' tripe!" he reflected. "Hahd luck ain't on'y pu'sued me—it has done cotched."

The Pullman conductor was waddling toward Epic. He was small and heavy set, where Captain Sandifer was tall and rangy; and whereas the latter had a genial personality, this man radiated grimness

"It's Cap'n Crosby," mourned Hop Sure; "an' he's as hahd-boiled as two eggs"

Crosby was the terror of Pullman porters. He was too confoundedly efficient and he demanded impossible efficiency from the men who worked under him. He was, the porters declared unanimously, a man without a soul No unfortunate, attempting to beat a ride, and presenting a tale of woe calculated to wring tears of blood from a block of granite, could hope to dent the adamantine emotional surface of Jim Crosby. Not only that, but Crosby was demented on the subject of nonpaying passengers. It was said of him, and said sneeringly, that he had never knocked down a dime or deadheaded a pal.

Crosby waddled by Epic's car and favored the terrified porter with a curt nod. There was no love lost between Epic and Crosby. At various times in the hectic past there had been open friction between them, and Hop Sure possessed a most decided hunch that any dereliction on his part would result in immediate report to the authorities.

Crosby made his way down the platform. Epic, considerably puzzled and most decidedly ill at ease, beckoned surreptitiously to Joe, and that pudgy individual—having been in the service too short a time to appreciate the ingrained meanness of Captain Crosby—sidled to Epic's vicinity. Hop Sure spoke in a low, discreet voice.

"Joe," he asked bitterly, "didn't Cap'n Crosby stop an' make talk with you jus' then?"

"Uh-huh."

"What he said, Joe?"

The little man looked up into the eyes of the tall one.

"He di'n't say nothin', an' he said it frequent."

"I know; but he must of said somethin'." Hop Sure's hand rested pleadingly on the arm of his friend. "Joe, he di'n't say he was makin' this run tonight, did he?"

Joe smiled as he nodded horrid affirmation

"Tha's what he said, Epic"

"Oh, lawsy! Wha's the matter with Cap'n Sandifer?"

"Sick"

"What kind of sick?"

"Dunno; but fum the way Cap'n Crosby spoke, he wa'n't neah as sick as some folks would like him to be."

Hop Sure turned miserably away. In a trice his enthusiasm for doing his friend a favor had vanished. Now he was confronted with the stark immediate problem of getting Mr. Foster off the car. The prospect appalled Mr. Peters. Mr. Foster was three sheets in the wind, utterly and supremely helpless; but before passing out he had intrusted himself to the mercies of his Pullman porter friend. He had told him that it was necessary for him to be in Atlanta in the morning—very important business he trusted Hop Sure to get him there.

Epic determined to brave the wrath of Cap'n Crosby brave that and the possibility of discovery—until he reflected upon the consequences. It was then that he saw the impossibility of the thing. No question about it, Mr. Foster must be put off the train until such time as he possessed sufficient money properly to pay his way. But that decision, reluctantly arrived at, was not easily put into effect. It was a scant ten minutes before leaving time and Mr. Foster was being held in a strangle-hold by Kid Morpheus. Epic struggled and tugged and pleaded.

"Git up out of heah, Mistuh Foster. Us is in a peck of trouble does you not wake up, an' it ain't gittin' no less ev'y minute. Cain't you heah me protestin' with you, Mistuh Foster? I begs you on my knees to git over bein' lit. Please, suh, it's gwine be plumb sickly fo' us bofe does you remain where you is at."

The lips of the peacefully slumbering young man expanded into a beatific smile. He didn't move, nor was Hop Sure sufficiently strong to handle the inert figure.

From outside came the rattle of baggage trucks, the clanging of bells, the hiss of escaping steam, and, above all, the raucous call for "Po-o-orter" in the harsh voice of Captain Crosby. Mournfully dropping Mr. Foster back on the lounge, and closing the door carefully behind him, Epic sidled through the aisle and to the station platform, where he met the irate glare of the Pullman conductor and a battery of peeved countenances on the persons of several late-arriving passengers.

"Where have you been, Epic?"

Hop Sure waved his hand vaguely.

"Jus' been, Cap'n; jus' been."

"Where?"

"Inside yonder."

"Doing what?"

"Preparin'."

"Put these suitcases aboard. It's leaving time. And don't ever again let me find you loafing."

"Nossuh. You suttinly ain't gwine do that, cap'n. Whatever I does on this trip, I ain't gwine loaf—an' that ain't no lie, neither."

The new arrivals filled the car, excepting only a couple of upper berths. Epic barely had time to get them comfortably arranged when "All aboard!" echoed down the platform and he catapulted himself outside to grab his car step, mount the slowly moving train and close his vestibule Then, rather sick at heart, he stood upon the platform and reflected bitterly upon the danger and misery of his lot

It was too late now to change the situation. The train was moving toward Atlanta. He watched gloomily the dull lights of Birmingham as they passed slowly through the yards and swung eastward after rumbling under the giant First Avenue Viaduct. He plunged questing fingers into his pocket and produced a paltry two dollars and seventy-five cents.

Nor was there any use requesting a loan from Joe, the porter in the next car. Joe was chronically broke and notoriously averse to making a loan. So Epic's idea of paying for two tickets and the drawing-room for his inebriated friend died a-bornin'.

Yet he knew that even with sufficient cash the plan would, in all probability, not have been feasible. He visualized the ferocious glare of Captain Crosby's eyes and the acidity of his manner should he be told that a mere porter had usurped conductorial authority by accepting a passenger and assigning him berth space in the car. It would be rich red meat for a stinging report to the Pullman Company. Epic shook his head sadly

"Of all the porters runnin' on the Southern, Ise the one Cap'n Crosby don't like the most."

Barring only a miracle, Epic knew that the presence of Mr. Foster would be discovered somewhere on the journey from Birmingham to Atlanta. In contemplation of the dire proceedings which would follow that discovery, Epic shuddered. Captain Crosby would brutally demand railroad and Pullman tickets. Failing to receive them, he would consult with the train conductor and they would pitch the helpless passenger from the train at the next station. That was a melancholy prospect indeed. Hop Sure's lips compressed. Come what might, he must use his best efforts to save his white gemmun friend. Mr. Foster had aided him when aid was most valuable; he knew now that

(Continued on Page 149)

"Hop Sure, I am in Trouble. Terrible Trouble, Hop Sure, an' I Have Come to You for 'Sistance"

THIS PAPER MONEY BUSINESS

By Frederick Simpich

WHEN I was a boy in Missouri I got twenty-five cents a day inking a hand press for a country weekly. Yesterday, at the Treasury in Washington, they let me lift a package of paper money worth $40,000,000. To redeem that package would have taken forty bathtubfuls of gold, for $1,000,000 gold, the vault guard said, will just about fill a bathtub. Yet there was no thrill at all in the mild adventure of lifting that $40,000,000 compared with the kick I got when the editor paid me that big bright quarter for ten hours' hard labor.

A bank note, to most of us, is only paper with ink on it. We seldom stop to think of what paper money has done for—and to the world, or of what an amazing industry its actual manufacture and protection have developed, or how enormous its output is

If all the paper money printed in Europe since the Armistice were sewed together in one huge sheet, it would make a tent big enough to shelter every army in the world—though Germans and Russians roosting under the sections made of marks and rubles might feel the draft. Coming closer home for comparisons, in the last fiscal year Uncle Sam printed $12,000,000,000 worth of notes and bonds; he used paper enough, counting what went into stamps, to plaster a motor trail clear across the U. S. A. His stamps alone, stuck on the equator, would nearly girdle the globe. Two or three of his big mail-order houses alone probably pay out as much for postage in one week as many a small nation spends in a year.

The Travels of the Dollar

AND besides what we make for our own use, our export of these engraved bits of paper is a large and constant item in our foreign trade. With half the world's gold here to make our own paper money good, the Yankee bank note is now the safest paper money on earth, and from Moscow to Mexico the people prefer it. Cuba, rich as she is, has no paper money of her own at all, but uses ours. Two branches of our reserve banks are set up in Cuba, and our paper money to the amount of $125,000,000 is in use on that island—freely furnished for her use by kind-hearted taxpayers here in the States! Uncle Sam even makes most of her stamps for sales-tax use, though he gets paid for this. In Mexico, too, though our paper money is not legal tender no one has yet been shot for trying to pass it, though he might be if caught with any samples of the 200-odd paper currencies issued below the Rio Grande in the last few years. Lately, Mexico organized her own Banco Unico, and had some fine-looking paper money printed; but so far she hasn't raised the capital to open the bank. Porto Rico and Santo Domingo use only Yankee bills. Down in Nicaragua you can, by tact and persuasion, force a five-dollar Yankee bill on an obliging peon for fifty cents' worth of work. To Europe, millions have been taken by tourists, or sent to aid relatives and intending immigrants. From Hamburg to Munich, from Warsaw to Naples, everybody can say "dollar" in a clear, audible manner, and the ambition of every butcher, baker and candlestickmaker is to get one on his hip. Here and there clever artisans, carried away by sheer admiration for our paper money, fall to making it themselves.

Besides this export of our own Yankee bills, we make the paper money used by many foreign governments. By this I don't mean that Uncle Sam makes this foreign paper currency in his Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington and sells it abroad. I mean it is made by private concerns here in the States, which manufacture and export it as so much merchandise. I know one Yankee factory that has, in the long course of its existence, made paper money, bonds and stamps for forty-one foreign countries. It has made the paper money of Greece for sixty years.

An Expert on Counterfeiting in His Laboratory. Above—A Bank-Note Company's Employee Counting Sheets of Foreign Bank Notes

To make a bank note so cleverly that imitation is improbable, and to guard such notes against duplication and theft during the process of manufacture, call for organization, individual skill and moral responsibility of the highest degree. And when you stop to think how much certain outside nations love us, of the pet names they call us from Moscow to Montevideo, it really is quite a compliment to our genius and integrity that so many of these foreign powers should come here to get their money printed. Obviously, from sheer patriotic pride—if for no business reason—every nation would like to manufacture its own money. In selling American-made paper money to foreign governments, this one factor—patriotic pride—is the chief obstacle to business. Brazil, for example, not so long ago decided to quit hiring Yankees to make her paper money and to set up her own plant. The experiment was not a howling success. Passing over the reasons for this failure, we find Brazil again getting her paper money made up here. Time and again, other nations that have long bought their money from us, have sought to make their own, only to fail. Either in the difficulties of actual manufacture or in the supertask of guarding the dies and plates to prevent duplication, overissue or theft, they failed -and came back to the Yankee money-makers.

Early Banking in China

TO UNDERSTAND what a delicate, responsible job it is—and to see how man has progressed in making and safeguarding this flimsy symbol of value—it is interesting to glance back a bit to the beginnings of paper money. At one time or another, in his quest for a handy stable medium—aside from coins—he has had recourse to odd subterfuges. Once the Aztecs used cocoa beans arranged in sizes and groups in order to make change. Although these beans soon spoiled, and were often counterfeited by clever Indians who made imitation beans from clay, this system was a clumsy step forward. Once in Italy, squares of painted deerskin, or leather money, were in use

To the Chinese, it seems, we really owe the basic idea of a paper-money system backed by a reserve of precious metals. In New York I have seen a Chinese bank bill more than 500 years old. The adventures of the early Chinese financiers, in groping for some stable token of value wherewith to buy and sell and thus avoid the cumbersome process of simple barter in things, seem to have begun with shells, curiously similar to our own Indian wampum.

To this day, China's signs for words that denote buying and selling, goods, wealth, stores, prices, all contain the ideograph for "shell." As trade grew, and because shells soon wore out, pieces of metal were adopted. Often these took the form of tiny knives or shirts, as indicating the buying power of the particular article so modeled in metal. By the time Christ was born, a fairly intelligent system of copper cash had been developed in China. With this trade was done till about the year 806. By then, trade had grown so much that the supply of copper cash became inadequate.

To conserve copper, the emperor forbade its use in making pots and kettles.

Then, somehow, the big idea was born; somebody thought of paper money, backed by a copper reserve. So the emperor opened an office where merchants doing a big volume of business could deposit their copper cash and get in return flying bonds, or a crude paper money redeemable at certain government offices.

To make this more secure, all merchants and buyers arriving from India and elsewhere were compelled to deposit their precious metals and jewels with the Chinese Government, and were allowed to spend only Chinese paper money while in the country.

In time private banks in China tried to issue their own paper money. They failed, just as they failed here in the

States and led Uncle Sam to pass his National Banking Act. Then the emperor annulled their notes and reserved for himself the sole right of issuing paper money. From that day to this China has had her full, adult's dose of paper-money troubles. Under one emperor she'd have no paper money at all; under the next, perhaps, came all the panic and woe of inflation, depreciation and bankruptcy. Seven hundred years before America was discovered, she invented paper money; yet today a Yankee factory is making her bank notes for her.

Just as American motor cars, typewriters and office appliances are favorites abroad, so Yankee-made bank notes, bonds and stamps find favor among governments over the seas. We now make and export more of such engraved paper than all other nations put together.

To see how this intensive, highly organized industry is carried on, I went through the plant of the American Bank Note Company at Hunt's Point, in upper New York City. A unique institution, this; there is nothing just like it anywhere. On its pay roll today are men whose fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers for 135 years back have been on that same pay roll. Paul Revere, though famed in history as a rider, was by trade a first-class engraver, and used to work for this company. He engraved and printed in crude fashion the notes of Massachusetts and the first bills of credit authorized by the Continental Congress. Since 1795, this concern has made paper money. Before Uncle Sam set up his own Bureau of Engraving and Printing it made all the stamps and notes used by the United States Government.

The Pressroom of a Large Bank-Note Company

Safeguards and Formalities

THOUGH privately owned, it is to a curious degree an international institution, working as an integral part of forty of the world's governments, providing them with paper currency, bonds, postage and revenue stamps, in the production of which absolute security is the basic requisite. Delicate and intensive as its peculiarly secret processes are, it nevertheless turns out 84 per cent of all the steel engraving used in the world, and operates in conjunction with 94 per cent of all nations that use steel-engraved bank notes. A large part of the enormous volumes of securities listed in the New York Stock Exchange are made by this company. Measured in sheer buying power, its annual output is worth many times that of any other industry in the world.

In two historic rooms, locked and guarded by day and night, repose the financial secrets of half the nations on earth. Here are the dies and plates from which money, bonds and stamps aggregating countless millions have been made for such countries as Java, Greece, Serbia, Mexico, China, Rumania, Chile and Brazil.

"But listen!" you exclaim. "When China orders a lot of paper money made in this plant, and gets delivery of it, why doesn't she get possession of her dies and plates? As a simple matter of sound business policy, shouldn't every government have custody of the plates from which its bonds and currency can so easily be printed?"

To Mr. Daniel Woodhull, president of the company, I put this very question as he showed me through these curious vaults.

"That's a perfectly natural query," he admitted. "But it's an inviolable rule with us that, no matter how big and strong the nation we make money for, we hold the dies and plates. . . . Yes, occasionally they balk at this provision in our contract; but when we explain the reason for this policy, and prove the many advantages it has for them, they always assent to it."

Now, often a nation's paper money is a potent factor in preserving political stability—or upsetting it. Not infrequently, in the smaller and gayly turbulent countries, the patriots rally round the leader whose money is most sound. A sufficiency of cash may easily make the difference between success and failure of a revolution. Suppose, then, that a country which has been getting its paper money made in this American factory gets into the throes of a revolution. Its plates and dies are in the United States for safe keeping. The rebels, wanting more paper money, send an agent to New York with ample cash to get an issue printed. Does the company at once execute the order? No; only if and when the revolutionists are officially recognized by Uncle Sam as the de-facto government. Even in the cases of countries where revolution is not a habit, the risk of loss through hasty issues of notes, overissues, or shortages due to inexperienced handling and counting, are avoided by having the money plates stored away up here in the United States. Not long ago a certain tobacco-growing country that had long trusted the making of its revenue stamps to a Yankee concern decided to keep this business at home Accordingly, it let the contract to private persons within its own realm. In a short time revenue from the sale of stamps to cigar factories fell off, though the output of cigars was known to be increasing. Whether simple mistakes were made in counting, or whether the back door to the printing shop was left open, need not be told

It is enough for us that this country again has its stamps made in the United States

"One of the highly important requirements for making good paper money," Mr. Woodhull told me, "is that the paper itself should be the very strongest and not easily imitated. The foreign governments that buy money from us have come to know that America makes the best bank-note paper. In a special mill up in New England they make the silk-threaded paper that Uncle Sam uses in his notes; nobody else can use that. But this same company makes another special linen paper which we use in manufacturing money for other countries."

Long-Lived Thousands

INTO this paper certain small colored disks are worked when it is yet in pulp form. This is extremely difficult to counterfeit; and if a crook attempts to use acid and wash off a certain note for the purpose of raising it, all these little disks at once turn black, giving the note a telltale freckled appearance.

Down in the tropics, I was told, where native workmen often carry paper money tucked inside their shirts, against their bare skins, its life is very short. The average American paper dollar, circulating right here at home, seldom wears more than a year; a ten-dollar bill may last four years, and a ten-thousand-dollar bill—for painfully obvious reasons—never wears out. To make sure that all paper used is amply stout, it is put through a testing machine. One piece I saw was folded, unfolded and refolded 1400 times before it broke.

"Another reason," explained Mr. Woodhull, "why Yankee-made paper is so popular abroad is that American engravers are by far the best, and fine engraving is without doubt the strongest safeguard against counterfeiting. To turn out an order for 100,000,000 pieces of paper money would probably take us nine months—and most of this

(Continued on Page 165)

Packing Foreign Bank Notes in Tin-Lined Boxes for Shipment. Dies for Making Paper Money for More Than Half the Nations of the World are Stored in This Vault

THE DOLLAR CHASERS

V

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

BILL HAMMOND was awakened next morning by the noise of Mikklesen singing in his bath. The Englishman had a pretty fair voice, through which at the moment rang a note of triumph natural to one who was securely locked in and had the plumbing all to himself

The splash of water served as a merry accompaniment

"The same old story," Bill muttered. "Britannia rules the waves." He looked at his watch—8:30—high time to be up and doing.

If he knew Mikklesen, however, it would do him no good to hurry. He lay where he was, watching the fresh salt breeze flutter the curtain at his porthole. Outside was a clean blue world, an empty world. Very restful, this cruising on one's yacht.

Something pleasant had happened—ah, yes, Sally. She loved him. Other things had happened, not so pleasant. That silly little dollar he had sworn to find. Might be more of a job than it had looked last night in the moonlight with Sally by his side. Somebody had it; somebody who knew only too well its value and was guarding it close against the time when it could be traded in for a goodly supply of its little playmates. Somebody—but who?

"I Just Dropped In to Lay My Wires for a Little Scene After Dinner Tonight. Sally, I'm Glad You're Here"

He thought of Henry Frost, with his foolish story of a collar shortage. He thought of O'Meara, falsifying with the ease that comes from long practice, on the quiet deck at half-past one in the morning. He thought of the man who had invaded his stateroom, fleeing with that dress shirt in his arms. But that was too absurd—he must have dreamed it.

He rose hastily and searched his cabin. No dress shirt there—only the violent pink, purple and green. He had not dreamed it then. Uncle George's studs were floating far, journeying to some romantic port. A South Sea Islander, no doubt, would wear them next—in his ears, or maybe through his nose. What would Aunt Ella say?

Aunt Ella's reactions, however, were unimportant just now. He had agreed to assume the rôle of detective and his course was clear. He must discover the owner of that disappearing shirt.

He rang for Tatu and, while he waited, rattled at the door leading to the bath. Not that he expected to gain anything by it, but it relieved his feelings.

Tatu entered, minus his accustomed smile. The boy was worried; there could be no mistake about that.

"Very much trouble today," he announced. "Dollar gone. All Japanese boys catch hell. You want something, please?"

"How about taking back that shirt?" asked Bill, looking at him keenly.

"Yes-s," said Tatu. All expression left his face.

"Are you ready to take it back?"

"Yes-s," said Tatu.

"Well, you can't. It was stolen from me in the night."

"Yes-s," said Tatu.

No surprise; no interest even. Did Tatu know all about the shirt, or was this just his Oriental stoicism going full tilt? Bill stared at him, and Tatu stared back. And the white man felt suddenly hopeless, as though he had just sighted a stone wall dead ahead.

"Look here, Tatu," he said, "this is very important. I want to know where you got that shirt."

Tatu looked at the berth, at the bathroom door, through the porthole, then at the ceiling and back to Bill.

"Forget," he said.

"What? Say, don't try that on me!" Bill was annoyed. "Now we'll start all over again. Where did you get the shirt?"

"Forget," said Tatu.

A wonderful little people, the Japanese. Bill Hammond managed to control himself.

"You told me a minute ago you were ready to return it. How could you return it if you don't know where you got it?"

"Forget," said Tatu.

East is East, and West is West. They stood facing each other, the white man glaring, the Jap merely staring. Bill Hammond turned away. Never get anywhere by losing his temper. Patience, amiability might do the trick. Try them in a minute.

"Morning very nice," said Tatu. "Bathroom door lock? Too bad."

"All right, Tatu," said Bill. "You and I won't quarrel. You helped me out of a tight place last night and I appreciate it."

"Most welcome," Tatu assured him, busily brushing Bill's dinner coat.

An idea flashed into Bill's mind.

"I tell you, that fix I was in was no joke. And I understand I wasn't the only one in trouble. I hear that Mr. Frost came aboard with no extra collars." He paused. Tatu brushed industriously

"Yes, sir, I hear that when he came to dress he didn't have any more collar than a bathing suit."

Tatu laid down the coat.

"Mr. Frost have plenty collar," he said.

"Oh, he did?" Bill sought to appear casual. "I guess I didn't get it straight then. Well supplied with collars, was he?"

"Very big box. Maybe ten. Maybe twelve. Plenty."

"You don't tell me!"

"I lay him out. I know."

Bill turned away lest his face betray him. Here was news! Henry Frost's story disproved already. It certainly began to look as though this Hammond boy was a born detective

The ownership of the shirt was of no importance now.

"The morning is O. K., Tatu," he remarked, staring out the porthole. "I'll back up all you said about it. When do we get to Monterey?"

"Maybe not go to Monterey," said Tatu. "Anything else, please?"

"Not go to Monterey? What are you talking about?"

"Things very bad this nice morning," answered Tatu. "Hear bell ringing. Yes-s. Thank you." And he bowed out.

Bill turned again to the bathroom, silent now. He rattled the knob, called, but there was no answer. Donning dressing gown and slippers he stepped out into the corridor, warm with honest anger. He knocked at Mikklesen's door.

The Englishman opened it, smiling sweetly.

"Ah, good morning," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Bill was proud of himself. A grand thing, self-control.

"I believe," he said, "that you and I are supposed to share that bathroom fifty-fifty."

"Certainly, old chap," agreed Mikklesen. "Any time you feel inclined."

The struggle this time was a bit more difficult, but again Bill won.

"Then will you please unlock the door?" he said through his teeth.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Frightfully careless of me. Just a moment." And Mikklesen closed his door in Bill's face

The reporter reëntered his cabin and managed to spring into the bath before Mikklesen had regained his own quarters.

"I'd like to see you today sometime," he said to the Englishman.

"Really? I fancy we'll run into each other. Bound to on a yacht. I mean to say, rather close quarters."

"You never spoke a truer word. You know, I'm supposed to get an interview from you—for my paper."

"Fancy! You're a pressman then?"

"I work on a newspaper, if that's what you mean."

"Not really? It wouldn't be done in England, you know."

"What wouldn't be done?"

"I mean to say, inviting a pressman as a guest. How extraordinarily—confusing!"

"Well, I'll give you time to get a grip on yourself before we start the interview," Bill answered. "And now, if you don't mind, even a pressman prefers to bathe in private."

"Oh, I'm going," said Mikklesen haughtily.

"It's a great idea," said Bill, and turned the lock on him.

"Lovely lad," he muttered; "so frank and open."

But his resentment was short-lived, and by the time he had finished shaving he had decided that maybe he wouldn't exterminate Mikklesen, after all. Perhaps the fellow served some useful purpose. Who could say? He whistled cheerfully as he dressed, though yesterday's shirt was nothing to whistle about. However, he had it on good authority that clothes don't make the man, and he sincerely trusted that all aboard had heard that one.

In the dining saloon he found Mrs. Keith and O'Meara breakfasting together. They appeared to be on excellent terms, and not particularly pleased at sight of Mr. Hammond's shining morning face.

"Good morning," said the reporter. "We seem to be rather late."

"Frightfully," admitted Mrs. Keith.

"Natural result of staying up half the night," went on Bill. "Late hours make late breakfasts, eh, O'Meara?"

"Was Mr. O'Meara up late?" asked the woman.

"I ran into him on deck at 1:30 this morning," smiled Bill.

"Yes, and it's lucky you did," growled the lawyer. He turned to Mrs. Keith. "This kid had a funny dream about seeing somebody in his stateroom," he explained. "I had a terrible time quieting him and getting him back to bed."

Mrs. Keith smiled sweetly on Bill.

"So you have queer dreams," she cooed. "How thrilling! You must tell me all about them. By the way, I hope you play golf. I'm looking for someone to take me round the Del Monte links this morning."

"Look no further," Bill said. He was face to face with the Californian's big ordeal—the eating of a California grapefruit.

"Oh, that's awfully good of you," Mrs. Keith smiled.

"I mean," Bill added hastily, "you're not going to Monterey."

"What's that?" O'Meara cried. "Where are we going?"

"Don't ask me," Bill answered. "All I know is, we'd have been at Monterey long ago if that had been our destination."

"But—I thought it was all settled," O'Meara objected

Julian Hill came in. He was fresh as the morning in linen so spotless Bill Hammond began to wonder where his stateroom was. O'Meara at once applied to him for information

"It's quite true," said Hill. "We're not bound for Monterey—or any other port. We're just cruising."

"Just cruising?" O'Meara repeated.

"Just wandering about the ocean," Hill went on, "playing for time."

"I don't get you," the politician said.

Hill smiled.

"You know Jim Batchelor as well as I do. He's lost something—something of great importance to him. And he's not the sort of man to land his servants and crew and his guests—until he's been over each and every one with a vacuum cleaner. Yes," added Mr. Hill, looking hard at O'Meara, "I'd advise the man who has that dollar to hand it over. Otherwise we may not get back to town this year."

O'Meara stood up.

"It's an outrage!" he cried. "Oh, of course I know how Batchelor feels. But this isn't fair to those of us who happen not to be—thieves." And he in turn looked hard at Julian Hill. "I've got to be back in town by Monday morning," he added, and turned away.

"It's all very exciting, at any rate," purred Mrs. Keith. She, too, rose, and they went out together.

"It begins to look as though there might be an opening here for a first-class detective," Bill Hammond ventured.

"Not at all," Hill answered coldly. "Mr. Batchelor is quite competent to manage his own affairs." The rest was silence.

His breakfast over, Bill went in search of Sally. He found her in the dazzling sunlight on the after deck, and not minding it, hers being that sort of complexion.

"Hello," he said. "This is a surprise!"

"What are you talking about?" she wanted to know.

"When I'm away from you, I keep thinking how lovely you are. Then I see you, and you're even lovelier than I thought. That's why I say ——"

"Yes, but Bill, where in the world have you been?"

"Eating breakfast. Did you miss me?"

"I certainly did!"

"Fine!"

Are we in this detective business together, or are we not? I'm dying to know what you've found out."

"Oh! Well, I'm here to save your life."

He told her of his interview with Henry Frost and of his more recent discovery regarding the collars. A puzzled little frown wrinkled her otherwise perfect brow.

"I can't understand it," she protested. "Henry Frost is father's dearest friend."

"Always dangerous—dearest friends," Bill told her. "How is your father, by the way?"

"Worried to death. He claims he didn't sleep a wink, and I believe him. The first night without his lucky piece in thirty-seven years. I told him you were on the job, and all about the wonderful evidence you've run down in the course of newspaper work. I was quite eloquent, really."

"Good! I hope you'll always be eloquent when discussing me."

"I always shall, I'm sure."

"You darling! Go on, expand that idea, please."

She seemed about to obey, but at that moment Jim Batchelor joined them

He appeared nervous and upset.

"Good morning, Hammond," he said. "Sally's told me that you're willing to help in this unfortunate affair."

"Well, if it's not presumptuous of me ——"

"Nonsense! You've had more experience in this sort of thing than I have, and I'll be glad of your assistance. Besides"—he glanced about him—"it's rather a hard thing to say about one's guests; but—well, I trust you, my boy." The emphasis on the "you" was marked.

"That's very kind of you, sir. May I ask what steps you have taken in the matter?"

"The servants and the crew have all been questioned. They've been carefully searched, and their quarters too. I may say that I don't suspect any of them. Sometime

(Continued on Page 54

"You a Detective! You're a Defective, That's What Ails You! You Get My Hopes Way Up, and Then You — You — You ——"

RUIN

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XI

THE hall in the big house on Old Hump is spacious and imposing. The living room and dining room open off either end; the library and music room are on either side of the front door. Facing this door, there is an enormous fireplace of split stone with a stone slab for mantel. At either end, stairs go upward. The stair wells are so large that in effect the second floor ceiling is also the ceiling of the hall. Thus from every part of the big house slight sounds are audible here. Now Lois, frozen into immobility by the library door, listened with all her ears. She could hear nothing; had heard nothing. But Creig's tight grasp upon her bare arm still insisted that some movement abovestairs had alarmed him.

After a painful interval she asked, "What did you hear?"

"A step," he whispered. "Something! Someone not yet abed. Keep still!"

She obeyed for an interval that seemed endless; then told him energetically, "I can't. I've got to do something or I'll scream."

He chuckled softly, reassuring her; drew her back with him into the library.

"Here," he whispered. "Curl up on the window seat there. Then if you have to, you can run. I'll come get you as soon as it's safe."

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"I'm going to listen—see what that was. I may slip up to Maddelin's room and get something from right under her nose—just to prove we can do it."

"For goodness' sake," she urged, "don't! Let's get the picture and go. That's enough."

"I won't be five minutes," he promised. "You wait right here."

"You may find me gone," she warned him.

"Don't be a quitter at this stage," he teased.

"I shan't quit. Maybe I'll take the old crayon down myself and get away with it. Do you think it will go through this window? It's so big."

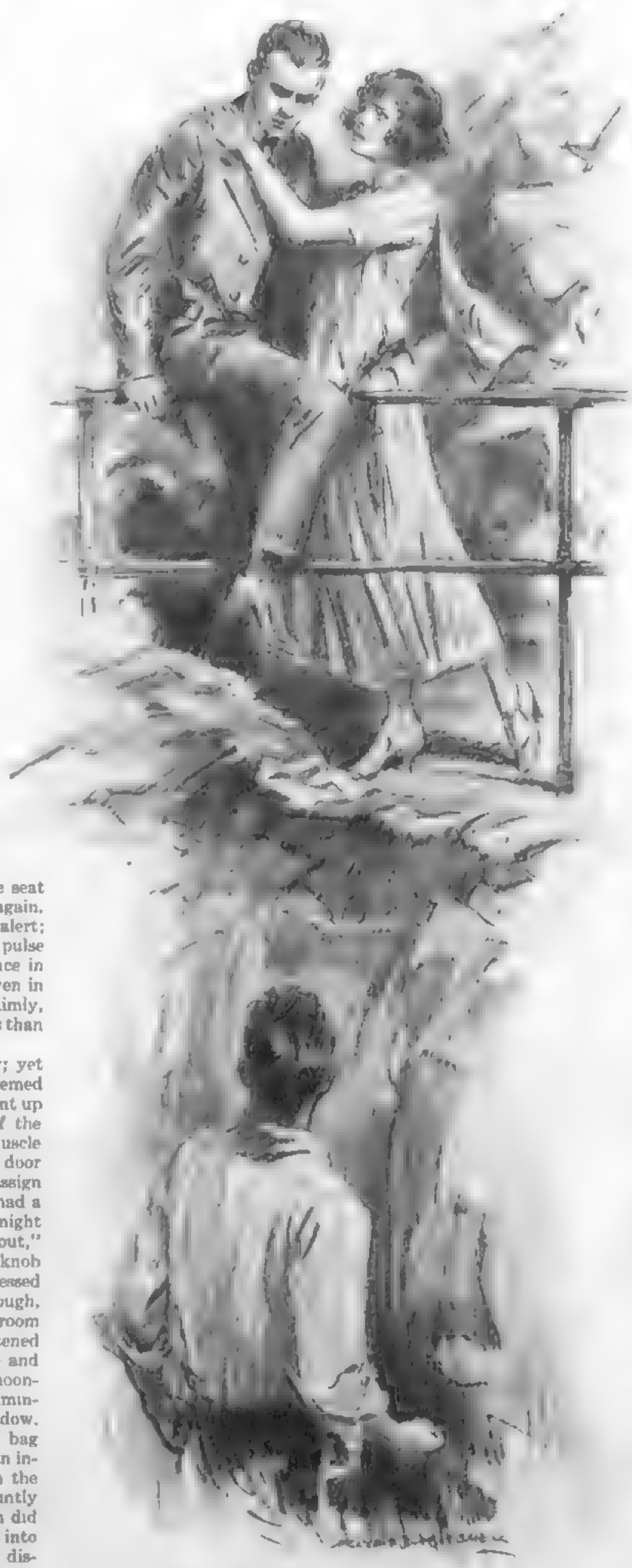
"You can't carry it," he warned her. "Just wait for me." He turned toward the door.

"Well, I'll wait five minutes"—she promised—"if I can hold out that long."

He could see her small figure curled up on the seat beside the window as he slipped out into the hall again. His face, in the darkness, had become rigidly alert; his lips were drawn tight across set teeth and his pulse was pounding. A glimpse of his own countenance in the mirror might have made him draw back, even in that hour. But he could see nothing except dimly, and—his determination was formed. Nothing less than a catastrophe could have diverted him now.

Once out of sight of Lois, he moved very swiftly; yet his feet made no sound and his bulky figure seemed light as a shadow in the darkened house. He went up the east stair and turned back to the center of the hall, listening for a long second with every muscle poised. Then swung about and glided toward the door of the room to which he had heard Mrs. Gavin assign Doctor Paugh. Before he reached the door he had a moment's doubt, a moment's fear that Paugh might have locked himself in. "To keep Maddelin out," Creig thought cynically. But when he tried the knob with a firm hand it turned easily, and when he pressed the door it swung soundlessly open. Peering through, he saw that the connecting door between this room and the sleeping porch was closed; and he straightened his shoulders in reassurance, and stepped inside and thrust the door almost shut behind him. The moonlight was bright again; it struck into this room, illumining some objects, throwing others into deeper shadow.

Creig's eyes sought the doctor's professional bag and saw it on the floor beside the table, and in an instant he had lifted it and set it on a chair in the moonlight and opened it. The bottles clinked faintly together; he listened in alarm, but Doctor Paugh did not stir. Without touching anything, Creig peered into the bag, his eyes straining. After a moment he discovered the bottle he sought and drew it out, and in the moonlight confirmed his reading of the label. The bottle was half full. He wondered if there was enough of the drug for his purpose. Creig knew little of medicine, but he had chloroformed fictitious characters of his own creation and had no doubts of his ability to do the actual deed. He saw a roll of absorbent cotton and took that also, and slipped the cotton and the bottle into the front of the jersey of his swimming suit so that they rested against his body just above the belt. As an afterthought, he shut the bag and returned it to its former position on the floor; then slipped out into the hall and shut the door behind him.



"No, Dick, No!" She Cried. "You Mustn't Go!"

His intention was to reach Maddelin's bedroom by way of a broad ledge which ran along under the windows. To one of steady head the passage offered no difficulties, and Creig was quite sure of himself, already triumphant. Nevertheless, he tried Maddelin's door; found it locked, as he had expected; tried the door of the connecting room, which Maddelin's maid occupied. That also was locked. He turned back to one of the windows with something like satisfaction in sticking to his original plan. The window rattled slightly as he raised it; but he was scarce conscious of this fact, regarded it not at all.

The ledge outside was about three feet below the window; it ran the length of the house, and there were other windows all along. The footing was so broad he was able to go almost on hands and knees, and he gripped the sills for greater security as he worked along the face of the house. The moon struck a bright shadow from his body against the wall; he watched it move as he moved, and had a fancy that it was like a spider crawling awkwardly with long legs; smiled with faint amusement at the idea. But though his thoughts thus wandered, he moved swiftly; and it was little more than a minute since he left Lois when he crouched on the ledge beneath the open window of the room where Maddelin slept. Before raising his head he listened—heard no sound; and when at last he ventured to peer over the sill he saw the broad bed a few feet from the window, saw where moonlight struck across its foot and saw Maddelin's head, still upon the shadowed pillow.

She was asleep; there was that about her very posture, relaxed and quiet, which told him this. She slept on her back, a light coverlet drawn up to her bosom, one arm lying along her side with palm upturned, the other hand's fingers curled into the coverlet at her breast. He could see her bosom rise and fall with her steady breathing. Her warm hair was all across the white pillow, and once while he still watched from the window she stirred a little in her sleep.

When she was quiet again Creig, with a movement like that of a snake, slid across the sill and on hands and knees drew toward the bed.

XII

CREIG'S search for the hiding place in which Maddelin had this night bestowed her jewels seemed to him to occupy an interminable time. A swift glance around her bedroom had showed him that, save for the bed, it contained only a small table beside her head and a low chest across the foot. It was unlikely, he thought, that the things would be there. They were more apt to be in her dressing room where he had sat with her the afternoon before, while the maid arranged her hair. As soon as he felt sure she would not awaken too soon, he had thereupon come into the dressing room.

No moon struck here, since the windows were on the east side of the house; and he had no flashlight and dared not turn on even the shaded lights about the room. So he was forced to work in semidarkness, more by the sense of touch than that of sight. When he could see the arrangement of remembered objects, he crossed to the dressing table with a threefold mirror at its back; bent low to scrutinize its surface, running his hands with palms down across each object. Brush and comb. A little silver box that when opened revealed manicuring instruments. Three crystal bottles of scent in a silver-grille stand. A tiny jar; a tube that was soft under his fingers; a lip stick in its silver casing. Nothing that could by any possibility contain the things he sought.

But there was a drawer, and he opened this and ran his hands back into the corners. A faint fragrance rose from it, clouding about his head, to some extent disguising the fumes that drifted in to him from the other room. He had a momentary fear that she must be waking, and crossed to look in at her. She had not stirred, and he returned and satisfied himself there was nothing in the dressing-table drawer.

Another table stood in the center of the room. He remembered that she used it as a desk, kept writing materials there. A moment satisfied him that what he sought was not upon the table, and he tried one of the drawers. It was locked, and this passive resistance infuriated him so that he ranged to and fro seeking some instrument with which to force it open. A paper knife in the form of a stiletto at

last served him; he forced the lock with a wrench and a low crackle of splintering wood. But Creig was past caution now; he did not even listen to hear the sound of an alarm. There were only notebooks and books of account within the drawer.

But at the other end of the table he found again a lock that barred his way, and to force this was more difficult. Before the thing was done, the smoothly finished wood was scarred and torn; when it was done a steel cash box lay within, and as he lifted this, his heart leaping with triumph, he heard the faint clink of coins inside. Then he saw that the key of this box was in the lock; and when he raised the lid a sheaf of currency and a few loose coins greeted his eye. He wadded the bills into the small key pocket in his bathing trunks. The other drawers of the table were unlocked, contained only stationery and old letters

There was still a chest of drawers. He half remembered Maddelin had said the jewels were in one of these drawers, when they talked together that afternoon, and he reached them in two swift strides. The top drawer stuck, he wrenched it open; but the noise this time alarmed him and he moved more cautiously thereafter. His hands, in the darkness, plunged into a heap of soft silken things; he tumbled them irreverently to and fro, desperately groping here and there. A fragrance that was as much a part of Maddelin as her smile rose from these disordered garments. It intoxicated him. He began to perspire; drops formed on his brow and on his shoulders, and his hands were damp. By and by, reluctant to accept even temporary failure, he closed the top drawer and in turn drew out the others. Each was pressed full of intimate garments, neatly folded and piled away by the stern hands of the maid. Creig thought of this with an impersonal amusement. The iron-featured woman would be full of anger when she discovered them in disorder in the morning. The man thereafter took a certain satisfaction in the havoc which he did. He lifted out great handfuls of silken stuff and scattered the things about the floor, trampling across them as he moved to and fro. When he had finished his search and found it fruitless, he was unwilling to accept the reverse and began again, removing everything till each drawer was stripped and clean and he was forced to be convinced that the thing he sought was not here.

When he turned to consider the room again, his eyes fell on the window seat and he thought it offered a chance of success, and crossed and lifted the cover. Within, his groping hands touched the smooth bark of white birch logs, stored here for use in the fireplace in the end of the room. He removed them, one by one, laying the logs on the floor at his side, each separately; and when they were all out he ventured to bring a match from the smoking tray on the table and light it and peer into every corner of the receptacle thus revealed. It was patently empty. He thought of the possibility of a loose board that might conceal a hiding place, but his feverish search could discover nothing of the kind.

Creig had by this time become quite unconscious of the passage of time; had utterly forgotten Lois, who waited below stairs. But if he had remembered her it would have made no difference. The man was intoxicated with greed, drunk with the disappointments he had thus far encountered. It had never occurred to him that he would have difficulty in finding the jewels, once he should have made his way into this room. His course had been so smooth, the path had opened so easily before him, all had gone as he planned; success depended only on his ability to lay his hands on the things which must be somewhere here, and easily secured. But he could not find them, and his failure drove him half insane with rage.

The thought of the closet came to him with all the force of inspiration. He knew where it lay; knew that it was wide and deep. The door opened under his hand. There was a small window in the end, so that some light came in and he could see the garments on their hangers, limp and shapeless and without any suggestions of the beauty of line which they borrowed from Maddelin when she wore them. He caught at one with an incautious hand and the hanger scraped along the rod, warning him to be more careful. So without disturbing them he knelt and crawled through their hanging folds to fumble in the darkness along the wall behind. A blank wall, with no help anywhere. At the end nearest the window his groping hands found drawer handles; and when he opened them he fumbled among the boots and slippers they contained, and brought matches and struck them recklessly, dropping their smoldering ends about his knees. There were so many clothes here; he was almost lost among them. A tweed skirt suggested the possibility of pockets, and he felt clumsily through the hanging things, furious at their intricacies. Above the clothes rod there were two shelves—one so high he could not reach it—and hats in stiff board boxes were ranged here. He brought a chair and climbed upon it and took down each box, ripping it open, tearing out the hat it contained without regard for the expensive fabrications. When his efforts still were thwarted a fury seized upon him; he controlled his trembling hands to avoid making any sound as he removed everything from the hangers and tossed them behind him on the floor till the closet was empty, till a flaring match gave him final and hopeless assurance that what he sought was not here.

In the reaction from this disappointment he realized that he needed a drink; but he knew Maddelin kept no liquor in her room. Her habit was abstemious. He had to stifle his desire; tried to force himself to think calmly, to decide where this tragically elusive hiding place could be, had at this moment a fleeting thought of Lois, below stairs, but put the thought behind him. Let her wait, or let her go if she chose. Having come thus far, he would not be robbed now of the fruits of his enterprise. He could always find her when he wished.

(Continued on Page 82)

His Pursuit Was Instant; He Overtook Her on the Bank When She Was Racing Toward Its Edge, Ready to Dive Into the Water Below

EASY COME, EASY GO

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE Hathley apartment, five rooms and one bath, occupies the second floor of a corner building; it commands, therefore, two streets, both neatly tree lined. On clear evenings the two streets are attractive thoroughfares, although rather a nuisance to automobile drivers because of the children running and laughing from curb to step, always threatening to roll out in front of some luckless car. It is a residential neighborhood strictly. A neighborhood of mulberry silk hangings and blue chambray rompers, Nina once commented cheerfully. Only a few apartment buildings are interspersed among stucco and pressed-brick houses; these latter mostly of two stories. On rainy evenings in the shining pavements are brilliantly reflected the arc lights; there is suggested a Venetian scene. Trees, brick and stucco are misted gracefully in vague but wondrous beauty.

From the windows of the living room Nina Hathley could see Dennis come swinging down either street, according as he had taken bus or elevated railway.

In dusk or rain, among a hundred-odd homing men there was no mistaking, a block away, his tall, quick, gray-clad figure. He had a spring, a vitality to his walk that the average man lacks.

This particular day end was clear. April's arm had stayed dusk even; or it seemed. Nina was looking hard at the gray-and-blue stucco house which ended the north side of the block to the west. She liked that house; and it was for sale. She did not see Dennis until he was nearly at the entrance of their building.

"I Remember You Took That First Position in Pittsburgh, Alice, to Get Away From Spring Housecleaning"

He came briskly, lifting his face with a smile as he neared his own windows. He threw up his head debonairly even a little, kissing a forefinger to Janie and Josie, whose two fat faces, three years and five, were glued to glass panes as always, awaiting him.

Premonition came to Nina. It came in the form of a small uneasiness. Always Dennis smiled, arriving home. Chiefly for that smile she had married him eight years before, when she was the prettiest stenographer and he was the leader among the younger city salesmen of the Ambulox hosiery firm. But sometimes Dennis had a trick of smiling too cheerfully. There was a certain debonair lift to his head ——

Nina had violet eyes, with long black lashes. It was that violet possessing gray lights, however, that can upon occasion darken into black—with fright or with delight. She moved from the windows rather hastily, as if not to give her eyes time to darken from any thought.

Pressing the buzzer to admit Dennis below and save him getting out his key, she made her way to the small kitchen and was engaged in placing hot food upon the dining table by the time he had disengaged himself from the fat shrieking Josie and Janie and had taken off his overcoat.

He was still smiling when he came out into the dining room. His shoulders, too, were a little lifted, as if to emphasize a man's independence of mind or his satisfaction with life.

A woman does not live intimately with a man for several years, sharing his days and nights, his hopes and fears, without an educative knowledge of him; of his thoughts and face.

Dennis Hathley beamed at Nina, who was uncovering a hot vegetable dish. He swung fat Janie to her high chair and fat Josie to her not so high chair, before seating himself at the foot of the round table.

Nina tucked in Josie's napkin and admonished Janie to leave the mayonnaise bowl alone. But her busy eyes held a fleck of waitingness. Her lips were set, too, in a waiting line, almost curveless. She waited. He lifted a dish and cleared his throat; just the easy clearing which Nina knew well enough.

"Don't know whether you'll be altogether pleased at what I'm going to tell you, Nina."

"What is it, Dennis?"

"Won't be upset, honey?"

He had a clear genial voice. He had a trick, as well, when he would be extra persuasive of speech, of lifting the corners of his well-shaped mouth and of crinkling the corners of his good-humored dark hazel eyes.

Men never found it hard to listen to what Dennis Hathley had to say. Women were not different. And Nina, for all her eight years of marriage to him, felt the old familiar touch of blood, the response of pulse, at his word of endearment. But she hardened her heart deliberately as well as she could. She controlled her pulse. This was the way Dennis always began when ——

"What is it, Dennis?"

"Well, it's been coming on for some time." He paused to tuck in Janie's napkin. "And today I told old Maxwell where to get off. I didn't feel obliged to take a certain burst of talk from him."

"Oh—Dennis!"

Maxwell was general manager of the Rako general textile firm with which Dennis had been connected the past two years.

"Hold off judgment, Nina. Let me tell how it happened. You'll agree that I was in the right. 'Member that big bill of toweling I sold the Gustafson brothers out on Sixty-third? Well, this week they claimed they got overstocked in February and begged to cancel part of the order, after it had been delivered."

"But Maxwell wouldn't quarrel with you over a partially canceled order? Not this spring?"

"No. Maxwell was once a salesman. He's got sense enough to know a good half loaf from a retailer is better than a moldy whole. That was finished and over. I didn't even mention the commission I was due to lose. Prefer a good half myself. I'm just letting you see, Nina, how innocently the argument started."

Nina reached for a buttered roll which was unskillfully balancing on the edge of the white tray of Josie's high chair.

"Maxwell had been drinking, I think. You know he's rather offensive at such times. Anyway, while I was still at his desk he decided to jump hard on me because I hadn't sold the Hawlson department store this year, but instead let the Currane house get the account. I could have told him why. One of the Hawlson daughters married one of old Currane's dozen or so nephews. Salesmanship often falls down before relationship. Well, the upshot was I told Maxwell I wasn't tied where I was standing. And—that's all."

"Why didn't you tell him the reason you didn't land the Hawlson account?" There was just a hint of pleading in her question.

"Why should I? He ought to have gumption enough to guess there's some good and obvious reason when I lose an account."

"What will you do?"

"Oh ——" He shrugged, smiled easily and helped himself to more mashed potatoes. "Are you worried?"

"N-no. That is ——"

"Sure, honey. I understand. You're not exactly elated, because you have a conservative soul, Nina my own, and an exaggerated sense of respect for your elders, like Maxwell." He flipped a bread ball at Janie.

"Don't, Dennis! She learns tricks so easily."

"She does!"—repentantly, dodging a small fist of potato. He returned to his subject. "But you'd have a lot of nerve to be worried, hon, considering my yearly sales records."

"I know." An imperceptible hesitation, however.

"Guess it'll be the Perono dry-goods house. Crozier sent me word some time ago. 'Member Crozier used to be a sub with the Ambulox? He's assistant manager now at the Perono. Said he'd like me with him as soon as there was a city opening. Phoned him this afternoon; but he's out of town. Won't be back for ten days."

"Ten days?"

"Ye-eh. Might as well do some holidaying while I wait for him to get back. And I feel like a good show right tonight."

She said, with a touch of haste, that the Mendells across the hall were to drop in for the evening.

Dennis was disappointed. The Mendells were a dull, middle-aged, conscientious pair who talked copiously about the world's unrest and saved hard for their children's education and their own old age. The husband was in the stockroom of a linen wholesale house for which Dennis once had been city salesman. Mrs. Mendell was a skillful person with meats, stout waisted, who wondered pathetically why she couldn't wear the little bright straw flapper *cloches* which so suited violet-eyed Nina.

Before they came over, Dennis talked on lightly to Nina while she cleared the dishes. They were without a maid.

Crozier With an Imperative Word Stayed Her

Nina listened in silence for the most part. She tried to harden her judgment. Insensibly, as always, she found herself being swayed by the clear convincing voice, by the easy flow of Dennis' light but plausible arguments. Against her will and her judgment she began to picture Maxwell as inimical and unfair.

Oh, Dennis was a seller. Something in his personality, or in his soul, reached out winning tentacles, likable tentacles, and took hold of other souls, other minds. He could take his customers with him, in the jargon of wholesale textile establishments. The Gustafson brothers, on Sixty-third Street; Abie Klein, the veteran retailer at Forty-seventh; old Miss Blaine, at Thirty-ninth, with her five shelves of linens perched over a crude potpourri of notions and tinware—they liked Dennis, yielded to his order book when withstanding other men's books. But—in eight years Dennis had changed firms six times. He had a gift, as much as the musician or the etcher. He was aware of having it.

Presently the Mendells came over and Dennis greeted them as cordially as if their entrance made the evening unusually pleasant for him. It was not hypocrisy or forced hospitality. Dennis liked people. That, of course, was part of his secret. He was genuinely and friendlily interested in their news. They were buying, at last, a home; eight thousand dollars down, the rest on mortgage and monthly terms. Nina was interested, too; but less heartily. Something wistful and slightly envious flitted over her pretty, mobile face. Many mothers of young children clamoring imperiously for outdoor play space can take on such look at a word.

But presently she was listening with mingled amusement and admiration, as if hypnotized, to Dennis.

The Mendells had practically decided to buy in Wilforest, a well-to-do North Side section. The North Side of Chicago has as many sections, in lieu of a better word, as an Einstein theory. Dennis raised his eyebrows.

"Wilforest? Say, Mendell, why? Why? Let me tell you, Mendell, Bellmette would be a hundred per cent better location for you. And this isn't unreliable hearsay on my part ——"

There followed an hour of the clear persuasive voice, with an occasional half protest from the older, duller man. Taxes and traction routes were discussed; future real-estate values were told off; public schools' locations were made clear.

In the hour the Mendells had changed their original plans. Wilforest was discarded.

Where the Mendells chose to buy a house was nothing actually to Dennis, Nina knew. Their welfare was really nothing to him. But she gave him credit for sincerity. Somehow he had learned that the one place was a better buy than was the other. That something in his nature which reached curious winning tentacles to the other man's mind had not unaltruistically reached for the Mendells' betterment. Honestly he had wished to do them a favor. He had exerted himself for their profit.

Presently the visitors went home, in that grateful good nature which beneficiaries often feel, despite the reputation of humanity in general for ingratitude.

In sober attitude Nina sat for five minutes after they had gone. Thinking, she said, when Dennis asked, while he yawned and wound his watch and looked toward kitchen and ice box, where remained a slice of the evening's roast.

"You could sell real estate well, Dennis."

"I could," he yawned. "Maybe. But I've spent too many years with the textile trade, hon. It's my baby. Couldn't adopt a strange child."

"That Ansonby house on the corner—gray-and-blue stucco, you know—is for sale. Only seven thousand down. Of course it's only an old frame stuccoed over, but the yard is big, with a hedge. And values in this part of town are sure to rise."

"Wish I could buy it," he responded genially. "Expected to plant part of my bonus this year. But making the change eliminates the bonus."

Nina abruptly was not attentive. Her eyes darkened. Alice! That was why, subconsciously, her mood had sensed the need at this particular time for unwonted soberness. Alice was coming for a visit this month. This morning she had been anticipatory. Something to dread now. It was quite true that she and Alice had the bond of the same mother's knee. But the knee had been shared some fifteen years ago, and now behind Alice, plump, pretty, vivaciously prosperous, clad usually in duvetyn and fur, loomed Alice's husband, Tom, who owned considerable stock in the traction system of Pittsburgh.

Alice had sisterly eyes to see with, and ears to hear with, and—oh, positively!—a tongue to speak with. Twice in the past her delicate eyebrows had gone up a little at mention of the fact that Dennis was with a new firm.

"Another? But, Nina my dear, what is the matter with all the wholesale houses that Dennis attaches himself to?"

Nina explained, with forced lightness, what was the actual truth; Dennis always found a better firm than the last. He never resigned by request, but by his own wish. Alice was silent. In a maddeningly sympathetic way, Alice could be silent!

Besides, at this last visit, two years back, while Alice had been gray-duvetyn-and-fur-clad from her waved head to her ankles, Nina had been wearing her last year's brown sport coat. It was a perfectly good coat, and Nina was comfortably aware that Dennis would buy her a black-velvet-and-marten cape Christmas, then only six weeks off. She had spent four weeks deftly leading his mind to that end, away from his own jeweled-and-platinum-wrist-watch idea. Dennis loved to give expensive and unnecessary jewelry. But there would have been no use thus to explain to Alice, who might have listened—well, silently.

At that visit Nina had had a flash of dislike for her only sister. There had been no return visit made by Nina. That was, of course, because she did not care to leave Dennis, and on his vacations he liked to go some place where he could hunt or fish. She was almost sure, however, that Alice laid the nonpayment to lack of money for railway fare.

It was while Dennis was squatting in front of the ice box, after a thick sandwich slice from cold roast, that Nina broodingly decided to write the news beforehand. Then Alice would have digested it before arriving. Alice was a quick digester. She might have her versatile thoughts on something else by the time of her arrival.

In bed, while Dennis got leisurely into his pajamas, Nina framed the letter. Then, turning out the light, Dennis shot up shade and window and stood a moment looking out at the sky.

"Moon like a pot of gold," he commented exuberantly. "Sky's like a dusky plush shawl. Wish I could lay my face against it."

He was given to such outbursts. They were inspired by the sheer zest of life that, too, was his gift. Against the moon-white window his shoulders and head showed straight and alert, as those of a man who is pleased enough with existence. Nina was suddenly aware of her love for him and his boyishly poetic outbursts, with all his failings.

Still to Alice the next day she sent her careful letter—with its clever touch of half boast over Dennis' last step

And within the week, for her precipitancy she could have shaken herself till her teeth chattered, Alice wrote to postpone her visit, as Tom had decided to take three months of Europe. The two epistles crossed paths. No need for Nina to have been prematurely discursive; at least on the unalterable gray linen-finished page.

Bubbling with well-being after her travels, but proving to own a perfect memory for the written name and fact, Alice arrived unexpectedly seven months later. It was just a three days' stop while Tom after breezing out for dinner shot on to St. Paul on a traction errand. But by that time had come Dennis' bitter break with Crozier and

Continued on Page 44

"I See. But Now I Dare Say You'll Stay Where You are for Some Years?"

THE LONDON SEASON

By Mary King Waddington

EDITOR'S NOTE -Extracts from letters written to Mrs. Eugene Schuyler, born Gertrude Wallace King.

ABBEY LODGE, Friday, June 20th.

WE ARRIVED yesterday for dinner, Charlotte and I, with the little maid who had never even seen the sea before, and who was green and shivering with cold and seasickness when we arrived at Newhaven. We took the long crossing by Dieppe and Newhaven. We are both good sailors and the boats are splendid. The captain received us at the gangway and installed us on his deck, where we had chairs and rugs and tea, and a cabin.

We found Hilda—Baroness Deichmann, widow of Baron Deichmann, famous in London for his beautiful horses—alone, and immediately plunged into all sorts of engagements The house looked charming We sat a little while in the drawing-room after dinner, all doors and windows open on the garden and a delicious scent of flowers everywhere.

It is lovely this morning. Hilda, Charlotte and I went for a walk in Regent's Park, into which the garden opens. This is a charming old house. Hilda was born here and married from here. Her father, Ernest de Bunsen, was practically an Englishman, and married an Englishwoman; but he was a German subject and was chamberlain of the Berlin court. He was a son of the famous Baron de Bunsen, so long Prussian minister at the Court of St James. Abbey Lodge was always an open house. All the years I lived in London I went over there often on Sunday afternoon, when there was an assemblage of friends and cousins and all the people of any distinction, English and foreign, who were in London. Hilda keeps up the family tradition and her house is always full

After lunch Charlotte and I started to make our round of palaces,

The King and Queen of England, With Their Children

The Prince of Wales Receiving President Poincare, on His Official Visit to England

much to the delight of Hilda's old coachman, who loves royalties. When he heard I was coming he told Hilda she must get another pair of horses; hers were not good enough to drive her excellency

At Buckingham Palace—where there is always the same enormous porter, who knows me well—we wrote ourselves down, and I left a note for the Queen, saying that I had arrived for a short stay and would so like to present my son and his wife. The man assured me my letter should go at once with a courier they were just sending off to Windsor. The court doesn't come back until Monday. Then we did Marlborough House, where I left a note for Queen Alexandra; also left cards for Cambon, the French ambassador

The streets and park looked very full and gay, though everybody is still at Ascot. We got back to Abbey Lodge, where Hilda had a young German playing extremely well on a splendid Stradivarius. As Hilda was dining out, we thought we would go to the theater and see the piece, Milestones—three generations—which has made a great talk. We were quite independent; went and came back in a taxi. The piece was interesting—not much acting. It was more a succession of tableaux than anything else. The costumes and the play were amusing. The men in the first act, in Empire and Directoire dress, with high black satin stocks; and the women in the next in crinolines; and their grandchildren, in the third act, in the very exaggerated dress all the young women wear now—soft, clinging draperies and very open dresses. It is much less fatiguing than the Paris theaters; the *entr'actes* not nearly so long. We were out at eleven o'clock.

SATURDAY, 21st.

I DIDN'T get out this morning; sat in the garden and read the papers, seeing that Madame Waddington, with her son and daughter-in-law, had arrived in London for the season. Madame Gennadius, wife of the Greek minister—the same Gennadius who was secretary of the Greek legation in London when we were there at the embassy, and who always looked so picturesque at the drawing-room in his native dress a white woollen skirt and embroidered jacket—was drawing in the garden. Hilda introduced her to us, as she was going to stay to lunch Hilda was lunching at the German Embassy.

She is an Englishwoman, clever and easy. We talked politics, of course—the Balkans. She was already disgusted with the Bulgarians, who said they had taken Saloniki and done all the fighting; that the Greeks merely walked into the town when they had forced the gates. She went off directly after lunch, and at four, Hilda came back, and she and I and Charlotte started in a motor for Osterley, Lord Jersey's beautiful place, where they receive every Saturday during the season.

The drive—about forty minutes—is not very interesting; all through the London suburbs. We passed Sion House, the Duke of Northumberland's place, and I showed Charlotte the Percy lion with his tail sticking straight out. We were quite a file of carriages and motors, all evidently going the same way. It is a beautiful place; a large, square house with an enormous perron between rows of columns

Lady Jersey was waiting in the great hall, where there were quantities of little tea tables set with flowers and strawberries, and numbers of servants, some in black, with breeches and silk stockings, some in ordinary livery. It had *très grand air*. I found, of course, plenty of people that I knew. Sir Donald McKenzie came and had tea at our table, and Charlotte found some French friends, Countess and Mademoiselle de St. Aldegonde, who were as much surprised to see her as she was to see them. After tea we went out on the lawn, which looked charming. There was another big tea table at one end, a band of music and quantities of people walking about.

Lady Jersey introduced her brother-in-law, Villiers, to Charlotte and told him to take her over the place, and above all to show her the lake where Francis and her girls used to row when he was small and he went out on Sundays for tea and dinner. I walked about with Bill Barrington and Henry James. I told him I loved his small boys. When I finally got hold of Charlotte again I introduced her to so many people she was quite bewildered. She looked very pretty in her Valenciennes dress over pink and a big tulle taupe hat. We got home late and had a quiet evening.

SUNDAY, 22nd.

CHARLOTTE and Martha, the little maid, went off to the new Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster, and Hilda and I sat quietly in the garden, and she read some passages of her book, Commentary on the Gospel of Saint John, dictated to her by her angels. There are some beautiful things in it which would give comfort to anyone; and if one could believe implicitly life would be much easier, as one would act always under their guidance, which has certainly been wise and understanding for her; but, of course, everyone has not that kind of mystical side to his character.

Charlotte and I went to lunch with the Harcourts—Hon. Louis Harcourt, M. P., married to Miss Burns, niece of Mr. Pierpont Morgan—in Berkeley Square—just alone with them and the children. He looks very well, though he says he is tired. I asked him why the government didn't do something to prevent all the suffragette outrages. He did

not give a very satisfactory answer; said it was always difficult to deal with women, and they couldn't let them starve themselves to death; it was against the law. We saw all the children. The boy, Billy, is splendid. We came back for tea, as Hilda is always at home Sunday afternoon and a man was coming to play. I believe he played well, but I could not make up my mind to sit indoors such a lovely afternoon, so I stayed in the garden and talked to Bill Barrington and Fred Harford. I think Barrington misses the diplomatic life very much. If he had only had patience and held on a little longer he would surely have had an embassy; but he got tired of South America. Fred Harford is minister at Caracas and he doesn't like that much. All the visitors went off about seven o'clock, and Marie de Bunsen and a friend—a Swedish woman, an artist—stayed to dinner and the Swede played divinely afterwards.

MONDAY, 23rd

ANOTHER beautiful morning. Charlotte and I strolled about Oxford Street doing some shopping. While we were at lunch a messenger arrived from Marlborough House saying that Queen Alexandra would receive us at three. So we just had time to change our dresses and start.

The big gates of Marlborough House were open, so we drove straight in. There were two big red-coated footmen and two men in black in the hall. We were shown at once into the drawing-room and Lady Antrim received us. I was pleased to see her again, as I used to see her often in the old days. We waited a few minutes; then the door into the inner drawing-room was opened and Lady Antrim told us to go in.

Charlotte was rather nervous, so I told her to do just what I did—take off the right-hand glove and make three curtsies. I hadn't time to make more than one, for the Queen advanced to meet me, kissed me most affectionately and was charming to Charlotte. The Empress Marie dowager empress of Russia, sister of Queen Alexandra was also there, and she, too, kissed me and was glad to see Charlotte

Both ladies were very simply dressed in plain black costumes with hats—they had been lunching with the King and Queen—and pearl necklaces; the empress' pearls much the handsomer—as big as gooseberries.

Queen Alexandra was charming to Charlotte; recalled all sorts of things when Francis was young and told me afterwards she found her charming, so handsome and *distinguée*. It seemed quite natural to be sitting there in her pretty drawing-room opening on the garden.

She talked a great deal about King Edward and showed me the last picture of him; then said, "I am sure you would like to take your children to the State Ball. I will send you invitations."

I told her we had them, that we had written to Cambon before we left Paris and had received them the day after we arrived.

She then said, "The last State Ball you were at we were there. You will think of us, and you will tell me afterwards if the young ones do it as well as we did." Which commission I naturally did not execute. She asked me to come and see her again before I left, and then asked where I was staying, that Abbey Lodge said something to her, but she couldn't recall, so I explained who Hilda was and then she knew all about it, saying, "Oh, then that was her beautiful carriage you came in; we saw it from the window." I repeated the remark to the old coachman, who swelled with pride

We left three or four cards, and then went to tea with Mary Burns—Mrs. Walter Burns, sister of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. She looks pretty well, but is much changed Every now and then her memory fails her in a curious way. She leads a regular invalid's life, never goes anywhere, and goes to bed every night at ten o'clock. We got home late, and as Hilda was dining out, Charlotte and I went again to the theater. The piece was rather pretty, one of the swell actresses Mrs. Patrick Campbell—a pretty woman, very well dressed, playing

TUESDAY, 24th

I DIDN'T go out this morning. I had various letters and notes to answer, and besides, I am always glad of an excuse to rest in this lovely garden. Sir George Arthur came to see me. He and Lady Arthur are in the country I am sorry not to see more of them. He wanted me to stop until the fourteenth of July, when Kitchener was going to dine with them, and of course it would have interested me very much, but we can't stop so long. Charlotte wants to be back for the *Distribution des Prix*. Willy has several, also the gold crown of the *Prix d'Excellence*, and his feelings would be much hurt if we were not there

We lunched quietly at home and went off about three o'clock to St. George's Hospital to see Poincaré arrive We have a distant cousin, a Waddington, who is chaplain there, and he invited us to come and see the show and have tea in his rooms afterwards. The streets looked very gay—lots of people and soldiers and flags—but they don't understand street decorations in England. The show would have been much finer in Paris. We saw them quite well—the King and President in an open carriage, with an escort of the Guards, and three or four carriages following with the ministers and suites Poincaré looked pleased, bowed all the time, and the crowd was very enthusiastic. The cousin gave us tea in his rooms overlooking the park, and then we started off again to have tea with Lady Clanwilliam. There, of course, I found quantities of people I knew. Charlotte saw for the first time the tea served in the dining room downstairs, with the maids in their black dresses and white aprons, the housekeeper presiding in black silk, with a long gold chain There were plenty of menservants upstairs and in the hall

Charlotte and I dined with Lord and Lady Newton, who have a large house in Belgrave Square—a very handsome dinner. I had Lord Weardale—old Philip Stanhope—for my other side, and Charlotte had Lord Monson, whom she likes very much—they had just dined with us in Paris—and a clever young M. P. whose name she couldn't make out

When we first came in Lady Newton said to me, "Here is an old friend who is delighted to see you again," and it was Justice Holmes, whom I had not seen since Washington. We talked a little but he was not near me at dinner and was surrounded by the men when he came in after dinner. I asked him to come and dine with us on the Fourth of July, but he was engaged, and I never saw him again. The other guests were Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, Mrs. Hope-Vere—Madame de Montebello's sister Cora, Lady Strafford, with her third husband, Lady Susan Townley Sargent, and one or two men I can't remember. Lady Newton was much disappointed not to have Sir Arthur and Lady Nicholson and Arthur Balfour, but they were both taken away from her commanded at the last moment to the banquet for Poincaré at the palace. It was Charlotte's first experience of a big London dinner, and she found it much gayer and handsomer than she expected. She has many compliments for her English

WEDNESDAY, 25th

FRANCIS arrived early, having crossed at night. He and Charlotte walked about a little and then he went off to a lunch at one of the clubs given for Mr. Page, the new American ambassador, and I lunched at the Reays' with Marquis and Marquise de Chasseloup Loubat and a

Continued on Page 48

PHOTO BY W. & D. DOWNEY

The Queen Mother

Nuneham Hall, Near Oxford, the Residence of Viscount Harcourt

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $1.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 23, 1924

The Center of the Country

A GREAT metropolitan daily in one of its columns of editorial comment recently enjoyed a little mild and good-natured fun at the expense of a rather prominent journalist and editor from Kansas who had been visiting the modern Babylon. He measured everything in the metropolis by the standards of his own small town, so the newspaper said, and was inclined to believe all the whoppers concerning the big city's wickedness which obliging reporters told him. Perhaps the country editor had been imposed upon, said the city editor, who thereupon dismissed the subject.

It is inevitable that city populations, especially in the East, should feel toward the Westerner a certain easy-going tolerance coupled with just a tinge of superiority. Those who live in the older and more thickly settled regions can hardly fail to regard, perhaps almost unconsciously, the newer and more sparsely settled portions of the country with a trace of condescension, just as the older countries of Europe look out upon their children in other continents as somewhat in the nature of upstarts.

From the very fact of its newness the culture of the West, especially in its more remote portions, cannot present so hard-surfaced a polish as that of the older communities. One does not expect to find so much activity in art, drama, music and book publishing in a prairie, desert or mountain state as in Boston or New York. The impressiveness of an academic or ecclesiastical function is heightened by age, memories and historic associations. There are thousands of miles of Western country whose only memories and historic associations have to do with cattle and sheep wars, the severity of blizzards and early Indian raids.

If we except a few cities on the Pacific Coast and a couple or so in the mountains, the West beyond Kansas City is a vastly extended mountain and plain. Population is spread out very thin indeed across the endless face of Nature. Human interests do not concentrate, one might almost say coagulate, as they do in such a place as the New York Stock Exchange. In the great centers of population one feels as if a mighty pulse were beating. From the very force of numbers the city becomes a crucible of rumors, news and intelligence.

Thus lightly and thoughtlessly, and for the most part untruly, men will say that unless they are near these masses of population they are far away from the center of things. What they really mean is that the sheer force of numbers, the wealth of entertainment, even if they cannot avail themselves of it all, the multiplicity of buildings, factories, stores and homes, even if they cannot enter them all, the very pressure, complexity and speed of life give human beings a vicarious sense of being in the midst of things.

It must be admitted, of course, that much of the West is quite bare and primitive in appearance. There is beauty and majesty of natural scenery in the mountain regions, and an impressive sweep of open country in the prairies, but man has not as yet had the time or opportunity to add much to Nature.

Nor does it seem possible to pile up the ornaments and monuments of civilization except in its greater cities, and these develop where industry, and especially commerce and government, come to a head; not in the broad spaces given over to agriculture, grazing, mining and lumbering.

But the center of things, the center of the country should, after all, exist for each individual where that individual finds happiness and self-development. It must or it should be where one finds the possibility of hope, of health, of self-respect, of independence and competence. How can the center of things be any place except where self-development reaches its highest point? For many that place is no doubt in the East, but just as surely it is in the West for many others.

The masses of people who live in or near the great cities, complacent and self-satisfied, seem curiously unaware that the individual counts for several times as much in the newer and more sparsely settled regions. Not merely the important, successful individual, who is acknowledged as such, but each man or woman counts for more. Freed from the complicated and impersonal life of the industrial and commercial portions of the country, human beings cease to be mere, almost nameless, hardly numbered cogs in a vast machine.

Out from under the weight of the older, more thickly populated and impersonal communities and regions, the individual finds himself less discouraged by failure. Hope is a stronger plant; fears and inhibitions are fewer. He stands in less awe of mere position. Social stratification is less clearly marked, although by no means wholly absent. Democracy to the cynical is an ideal state which has never existed anywhere. But in any case there is developed in the West not only hope but a quality, a spirit of heartiness and enthusiasm which carries one far on the hard road of life.

Great spaces, invigorating climate and high altitudes—all these are influences which singly or in combination in various portions of the West aid in developing the human qualities which give value and zest to life. The outdoors is more real in these places, and leaving them for other regions one wonders why the daylight is so rarely turned on. "They wanted to show me a big skyscraper when I went East last time," said a pioneer of the Rockies, "but I told them that where I came from we had mountains higher than their tallest building, with more wood on the outside and more iron inside."

But the influences are not all due to climate and physical geography. The Westerner still feels in his nature the urge of the pioneer. For the most part the covered-wagon era has passed. Pioneering in a country that has even more automobiles, good roads, electricity and telephones in proportion to population than the older sections is not quite like that of fifty or seventy-five years ago.

Nor is progress necessarily greater or faster in the West than in the East. Change is not the sole prerogative of any section. But pioneering is different from change and progress. There is somehow more breaking of ground in the broad Western spaces. Growth may not be faster or any more real, but the individual is closer to it. In most cases he is more a part of it; he feels more like one of the actors and less like a mere super. He is more likely to be in the show, and usually it is more stirring to be actually in even a minor action than to be looking on at a major battle.

The future of the country is dark indeed if its people become convinced that the only worth-while centers are in a few metropolitan communities. We have improved upon the European pattern by giving a full rich life to millions. America will remain great only as this abundance continues, and that in turn depends upon the ability of men to find their own opportunity scattered far across all the forty-eight commonwealths.

The Industrial Pendulum

NOWHERE did experimentation go further during and immediately following the war than in the field of labor and industrial relations. Not only did wages soar beyond all previous experience but there was foisted upon employers and employes alike all manner of schemes for bringing about a new heaven and a new earth. Visionary socialistic projects were welcomed by many persons who would have rejected such ideas before the war and who spurn them now.

Hordes of self-appointed and inexperienced "experts" descended upon industry, determined to reform owners, managers, workers and consuming public.

But the effects of deflation were felt here as elsewhere. The spree of millennial experiment was followed by a particularly severe headache. Grandiose schemes fell of their own weight when profitable orders came to an end and labor forces were reduced. Business cut out a lot of fancy talk and tried to get down to hard pan. There was a scramble for orders and for jobs, and somehow many of the phantasies of reform became lost in the shuffle.

Labor unions had grown very powerful; had perhaps abused their power. With deflation their opponents forged to the front, and the open-shop idea was pushed with vigor. But the industrial pendulum swings this way and then that. The unions may never regain the power they held during the war, or they may win even more. Only the complacent and cocksure will dare to say. But certainly the efforts to improve industrial relations will gather new strength as time goes on. Much of the froth and piffle was cut out in 1920 and 1921, but there is today evidence of an increased searching for sound measures in the field of industrial relations.

The entrance of unions into the business of banking and the sale of corporate securities to working-class employes have made astonishing progress in the last few years. Either or both may prove to be less useful and valuable than as per advertisement; but both have the patent advantage of strengthening the thesis that capital and labor, or perhaps employer and employe, have interests in common. The thesis may not be altogether correct; probably capital and labor do not and never can have wholly identical interests. But to take the position that their interests are at all points opposed is practically to abandon the ship of state. It means two armed camps, from whose opposition no progress can come.

Just what may evolve from the entrance of labor unions into banking and other lines of business cannot be foreseen as yet. No sensible person, however, supposes that the initiative in industry will be taken from the employer for a long time to come. The responsibility rests primarily with him. If the employer is of the coöperative-minded type, if he regards himself as a senior partner in industry with the employes as junior partners, there will be less need for the fighting type of labor union, and the description of industry as warfare, as two armed camps, will become less accurate.

To the extent that the employer is a real leader, to the extent that he regards the enterprise which he manages as a joint coöperative effort, the union becomes unnecessary. To abolish unions by brute strength and then to put nothing in their place is not progress. For the employer to lead in such a way that the union is unnecessary as the workman's fighting weapon is not only progress; it is a sound method for the conduct of industry.

Admittedly there is never enough of the right sort of leadership. But there is this much that is hopeful to be said: Very slowly, very gradually, always gropingly, an increasing number of individual concerns and whole trades seem to be finding ways of maintaining more just and satisfactory relations with the great bodies of men and women whose lives are tied up with them.

The Civilization of Business

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

AMERICA'S business today is the most powerful force affecting and determining world civilization. The people of the United States are the greatest consumers on the face of the earth. Here in our own country we produce more of most things and spend more for life's necessities and luxuries than do the inhabitants of any other land. All of which is not due to any superior mental or physical qualities we may possess, but rather is the result of our having become heir to a natural environment in which the climb to preëminence has been a far easier task than it would have been in a land less livable and less favored with valuable supplies of essential raw materials.

The war speeded the advance of the United States to industrial leadership, but the outcome eventually would have been the same without such a world conflict having occurred. We are rich beyond comparison, but in our accumulation of wealth we have wasted millions to make thousands. In years to come our present reckless extravagance in the handling of Nature's bounties will be beyond the understanding of searching minds. Our descendants will show as much contempt for our display of ignorance as indignation for our indifference.

This does not mean we have failed to perform notable achievements. It does not signify we have disregarded every opportunity and flunked on meeting each new difficulty. What it indicates is that our total accomplishments have been but a fraction of those possible. All of which is evidence that, notwithstanding our unequaled prosperity, the story of America's industrial advance is just as much a record of errors committed, selfishness gratified and blind adherence to faulty custom, as it is a recital of constructive performance. There are many attainments in our recent history of which we justly may be proud, but we have more to gain from recognizing our shortcomings than from nursing our inflated pride.

We have only 6 per cent of the population of the earth, and we are in possession of but a part of a single continent. Several nations of Europe have undertaken the development of great empires in Africa, and already foreign copper and other products from virgin lands are being laid on our shores for less than we can supply these materials locally. The development of Asia has barely commenced and no one can definitely forecast the outcome. The war not only widened our own horizon but it awakened the ancient peoples of the East to the opportunities that are theirs for the claiming.

Undistributed Knowledge

THE truth is we have entered an age of amazing change. Things that are utilities today are relics tomorrow. Markets, like methods and devices, are as transient as the proverbial summer cloud. Just a short time ago we were supreme in the production of radium. Now foreigners who discovered richer deposits have largely gained control of the markets. Practically the same thing has happened in vanadium and other important materials. All of which shows the dangers of overconfidence and teaches that there can be no relaxation of effort in the world struggle for commercial success.

The present day is a critical time of scientific development that has transformed people more or less into faddists and disciples of half-baked theories. All about us are staggering problems, and the average mind right now is receptive to the application of many remedies and solutions that are immature and lack proof. In fact there is no question that comes up but that one can find a proposed cure which is recommended to work speedily and without fail.

The pity of it is that we find it so difficult to distinguish fact from fiction and to make wide and effective use of the new information we acquire. In other words, we are long on knowledge, but short on its distribution. We have too many laws and too little enforcement. We might with benefit give less attention to the development of new theories and direct more time and effort to organizing and utilizing the facts and forces we already possess. We are moving too fast for sober thought, and we would be much benefited by acquiring more thoroughness at a sacrifice of speed.

The thinker must bury himself in his problem, and this cannot be done in the intervals between the dictation of letters and interruptions by personal callers and the telephone. Haste always begets worry, and the result is quantity, not quality. The human body, like any inanimate machine, can be forced to undertake such a high rate of performance that the certain result will be a breakdown for which the whole community pays. In some American colleges we now find boys

Continued on Page 164

"THANK GOODNESS! THE SUMMER IS OVER AND THE BATHING GIRL CRAZE MUST END!
PUBLIC
SUNDAY PAPER
AND THEN—
WINTER RESORTS PROMISE GAY SEASON — SOCIETY ON THE SANDS AT PALM BEACH
MY GOSH!

One Pest the Frost Doesn't Kill

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Washington, Speed and Posterity

WHEN Washington marched off to war against King George (the third one),
He found the conflict lengthened out—so many things deferred one.
The spirit born in '76 aged longer than he'd reckoned;
He told his trusty minute men, "You'll have to wait a second.
I know you fairly rear to go, my dashing, brave supporters.
And we'll attack as soon as I've established more headquarters."

Though General George most always reached objectives he was bent on,
As when he crossed the Delaware and caught the foe at Trenton,
No doubt his staff would fret and chaff, when George with manner flurried,
From window seat to chair to bench to couch to footstool scurried
So vast a store of furniture has thus attained fame's niches,
The Father of his Country must have worn out many breeches.

Those low-geared mills where grind the gods turned out our Revolution.
Let none who rush today permit its glory's diminution.
We've paid our debt to Lafayette. But Fortune—how we owe her!
For though she made us slow those days, she made the British slower.
The foresight of George Washington his martial ardor kept in
The while he snatched some forty winks in all the beds he slept in. —*Fairfax Downey.*

Another Chapter From American History

THE Roosevelt Memorial Association at length succeeded in having October twenty-seventh, Roosevelt's birthday, declared a legal holiday. That was all right; it filled in the gap between Columbus Day and Election Day, and nearly everybody was satisfied. There was some dissatisfaction, however, among the Friends of France, who felt that October twenty-eighth, the date on which the Bartholdi statue was presented to the United States, should have been chosen. The following year Bartholdi's Day became a national holiday.

During the same year a bill was introduced in Congress, sponsored by the American Tobacco and Cigar Dealers Association, to have April twelfth, Henry Clay's birthday, declared a national holiday. Although the bill at first met with some opposition, a deal was made with the representatives in Congress of the American Meteorological Society, whereby Henry Clay's birthday became a holiday, and also February seventeenth, the anniversary of the famous blizzard of 1717, when snow fell in New England to a depth of twenty feet.

Naturally this holiday caused considerable jealousy among the Survivors of the Blizzard of 1888, Inc.; so, to appease them, March twelfth was made a holiday.

April sixth, the anniversary of the discovery of the North Pole in 1909 by Admiral Peary, was the next holiday to be declared. This of course caused the Friends of the South Pole to renew their activities, and shortly thereafter South Pole Day, December fourteenth, joined the procession of holidays.

During the next few years Congress was kept busy making new holidays. September eighth, Galveston Flood Day, was followed by April twenty-third, Shakspere's Birthday; January thirtieth, Beheading of Charles I Day; June fifteenth, Magna Charta Day; and August twenty-eighth, Last Lottery in England Day.

Moonshine

At length the President of the United States issued the following proclamation:

Whereas, there are now three hundred and sixty-four national holidays in the United States, and

Whereas, it is necessary that the business of the country be carried on,

I hereby proclaim that hereafter the first day of March of each year shall be known as Business Day, and on that day all the business of the country shall be transacted. —*Newman Levy.*

The Ball

A CAVEMAN whose name is recorded as Ok
Was taking his ease in the lee of a rock
When, scrabbling the rubble beside him, he found
A water-worn stone that was perfectly round!
It curved to his fingers, it glowed in the sun;
He hefted it, rolled it, and proved it was fun
To toss it and catch it before it could fall—
So he was the man who invented the ball.

His clansmen—or those of the properer sort—
Had little respect for the Canons of Sport,
And calling this Genius a fool and a lout
Rebuked him with anything lying about.
But finding that Ok had developed a knack
Of catching projectiles and hurling them back,
They guessed that he wasn't so bad after all
Indorsing the man who invented the ball.

The pebble, too hard on their digits and shins,
They copied in softer though leathery skins;
They used it in games with devices and rules,
And smote it with sundry burglarious tools.
Propelled by the arms of a sinewy throng,
Through æons and ages it bounded along;
In Rome as in Egypt, in Greece and in Gaul
They honored the man who invented the ball.

Oh, Ball, with a billion more lives than a cat's,
We pound you with mallets and rackets and bats;
We kick you, we bounce you, we shoot you for goals;
You drop into baskets, you sink into holes.
Then hail to you, fountain of vigor and skill,
The only undoubtedly curative pill,
Companion and friend of the hardy and tall—
And hail to the man who invented the ball!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Swampbogg Items

ONE of Joe Strakatt's kids picked up the telephone yesterday, for a joke, and told the operator "Our house is on fire." Joe heard him and went out and set fire to the henhouse. He knew the bucket brigade would be there in a minute and he hated to disappoint them.

The other night when Moe Hanks was driving his car he saw a cat's eyes shining in the darkness like small headlights. This gave Moe an idea for saving his battery. He now drives with a cat in the car and doesn't use his other lights. His cat went to sleep the other night, however, and Moe landed in a ditch. He plans to have a tail light, too, if he can find a dissipated old cat with red eyes.

Si Bimm, local produce dealer, had a bunch of rabbit and squirrel skins given to him last week. He sold them for twenty dollars and has worn out four notebooks and nine pencils trying to figure his percentage of profit.

Joe Dibrell dreamed Wednesday night that a dog was biting him. He kicked at it and broke three of his toes against the wall. Joe says he's going to sleep with his shoes on from now on.

Jim Judkins says he's going to start a movement to send a carload of hickory posts to the starving woodpeckers of Armenia. Better lay off that hard cider, Jim.

Sim Wiffle's aunt died last week and left him an old-fashioned suit of heavy-weight walnut furniture.

(Continued on Page 125)

Our Intellectuals Lend a Literary Hand in Solving the World's Problems

MANY A MEAL IS MADE ON SOUP

Soup for health—
every day!

It used to be so hard to have good vegetable soup!

Say "good vegetable soup" to most people and you say something to their appetite. For vegetable soup is universally liked—it's a favorite with practically everybody.

Yet to make it "just so," with all the many different ingredients selected with care and blended to bring out the most delicious flavor, is no easy task.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is enormously popular because it enables the housewife to serve vegetable soup as often as she pleases, certain that it will be supremely delicious every time.

It contains 15 tempting vegetables—the very pick of the gardens; rich beef broth; substantial cereals; herbs and seasoning. Serve it as first course or as a meal—it is hearty food.

21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

ANCIENT FIRES

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXXVII

GRADUALLY I was being drawn back. A hand had thrust down into the dark and taken hold of me and lifted me towards the surface. I fought against it, but I might as well have fought the daybreak. And I was conscious of some subtle change outside myself. Somewhere a tide had turned.

A voice called me. Finney's voice. Danger then. So much my instinct remembered. It sufficed to jerk me back to life with every faculty strung up to a sudden supernormal keenness. By this time it was full daylight, and but for that voice, urgent but subdued, very quiet. I freed myself from the arms that no longer held me and stood up, stiff and broken like an old man. She was asleep, but whether that sleep was a tranquil passing from one state to another I did not know. I went out into the sunlit patio, where Finney waited for me. He had kept away from her door as from a place of pity and terror, and now his open stare of compassion made me put my hand to my eyes, hiding them from him. His own were sunken and bloodshot, and I had a moment's involuntary wonder at our marvelousness. It was for this unprofitable suffering the little cockney had left peace and security.

He asked first, in a whisper, "Is she better, capting?" and as I shook my head he drooped wearily. "Wouldn't 'ave called you, sir, but there's two of our chaps outside—come up from the city—and"—he paused, grimacing—"a lady."

Well, I knew. There was the implacable inevitability of a Greek drama about it all. We had lost control of our fate—if we had ever held it—and were being driven helplessly towards its fixed culmination. I followed Finney outside, where two of John Smith's legionaries awaited me on horseback. The woman kept aloof, but I saw her first. I knew that my first impulse was to hide her—get her away from the terrific background which made her seem at once horrible and pitiable. Evidently she, too, had been caught unawares and had fled anyhow. She wore a tawdry, bright-colored dress, torn at the hem, with a soiled and flimsy wrap flung over her big shoulders. Fatigue had scored heavy lines about her mouth. There were unwholesome pouches under her eyes and the flesh under the reckless chin had sagged. The paint was streaked with dust and sweat, and a blazing sunlight derided the shallow brightness of her disordered hair. She looked like a terrible clown. She knew and hated us all for it so that she could have killed us.

The two men saluted me, cheerful but embarrassed.

"We're get-aways. We were having a little celebration party with this lady when the row started and we managed to fade out quietly. We thought we'd find everything nice and homy up here, but it seems you've had troubles of your own."

"There's not much left to us," I said.

"Well, I guess we'll be glad of what there is. We've had the hell of a time. Lucky we were well stoked up when we started, for we haven't smelled food for forty-eight hours. We had to lie low all yesterday. Some of your devils passed almost over us. Seeing where they were coming from, I nearly gave 'em a hail. But I had a hunch. I'm an American and I've seen niggers with the lid off. I know the look." Then he introduced Paula to me, rather shamefacedly. "Mademoiselle Lavasser a good sport—said she had friends up here."

"Sir Euan is one of them," she said, staring at me with hard eyes.

I helped her from her saddle and she gave my hand an ironic pressure.

"I know how glad you are. I do haf a way of turning up, don't I? Don't tell me the lady of the house is out. I want to meet her. I haf come all this way—I haf heard so much of her. As an old friend of the general's, it's about time, *nicht wahr?*"

She was being ugly, and she took a savage, wicked pleasure in her ugliness.

"Do you want to see her now?" I asked.

"Well, why not? Better get it over. It's a bit early for a call, but then such queer things happen in this country, don't they? I will make my excuses."

I saw the two men look at each other, puzzled and uncomfortable. But I left them to Finney without explanation and went with her under the archway into the patio. She continued to chatter insolently.

"Nice boys. Real gentlemen. We were playing poker, and they play r-rottenly. I'd haf had three months' pay out of them if the shooting hadn't started. I made 'em bring me along. They didn't want to—thought my sort kind of international property—but when I threatened to scream the place down they saw it was safer to take the women and children along, too, so to speak. Real chivalry. Rough diamonds—hearts of gold and all that."

She laughed. But I think even then the tragic atmosphere of the place daunted her. Her eyes looked out at me from their corners with an uneasy questioning.

"Surprised to see me, *hein?*"

"No."

"You're taking it damn quietly."

"There's nothing else to be done now. It doesn't matter."

"Doesn't it? Well, I shouldn't be so sure."

I stood aside to let her pass in front of me into Lisbeth's room. I wasn't playing for any stakes this time. Lisbeth was out of reach. I myself had passed beyond despair or hope.

It gave me a queer sensation of power.

"This is Lisbeth Gay, Paula."

I heard a smothered sound beside me. I think she swore to herself. She must have felt tricked already, as though I had cheated her by a sort of malicious cunning. But I didn't care.

For Lisbeth lay outstretched in what seemed a dreamless sleep. Very white she looked, with a lofty composure of brow and mouth which I had seen too often. Her hands on the coverlet were like waxen flowers. Very young—like a little girl—and very old. As she had said, "I have seen all round life, Euan," and now it was true.

A hard hand gripped my arm

"Look here! What is it? What's the game? Is she asleep?"

"She is dying."

"But—*du lieber Himmel*—of what, man?"

"Her baby was born this morning—prematurely."

"And—and you—what are you doing here?"

"There was no one else," I said, after a moment, in a voice that sounded to me quite mad in its detached calm. "The baby is dead too. I've put it in the chapel with the rest. There are quite a number of dead people in this place."

She had taken a step forward. Now she turned and looked back at me. What she saw I don't know.

"You poor devil!" she said.

I let her go right up to the bedside. And then I followed, and we stood together, looking down on that quiet face. Paula made a movement, as though she would have touched Lisbeth, as a child instinctively holds out its hand to touch something beautiful. Then her hand dropped. She spoke in a whisper.

"Of course I remember what you said to me. It made me think for a moment that you were the last man on this earth—but she must haf been glad. My mind's a muck heap. I can't think decently about anything. But I can see straight. You're all right. I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter."

"She isn't dead, is she?"

"No."

I happened to turn to her. There was a queer unexpected look on that debauched face—something vigorous and eager and almost exultant. She shook me by the arm.

"Well, then, you poor fool of a fellow, she doesn't need to die—not while I'm round."

That was Paula. I had appealed to her in vain, and Lisbeth, whom she must have hated, had said nothing, and in a moment all her chivalry was up in arms. The poor damaged instrument could still give out its music.

It seemed that in some interval between one war intrigue and another she had tried nursing. The experiment could

Continued on Page 34

"Not strong enough, Fitzroy. You see, Not strong enough"

This highly magnified section of a chopping bowl shows the very porous nature of wood. Because these tiny pores soak in impurities and hold food odors and flavors, wood utensils need special cleansing measures

Porous wood needs more than ordinary cleansing

Sunbrite, the "double action" cleanser destroys all clinging odors and flavors

Double action *yet costs less*

What is more stubborn to overcome than the lingering odor of foods of high flavor? The strong odor of onions, for instance!

How persistently strong odors and flavors cling to your chopping bowl, your salad fork and spoon, your planks for fish and steak. This is because wood is very porous and absorbs tiny food particles which become stale. And soap-and-water scrubbing does not drive out these impurities.

Wood utensils need **Sunbrite's** *double action* cleansing power. For **Sunbrite** not only cleans and scours; it also *sweetens* and *purifies!*

Of course, **Sunbrite** is abrasive enough to cut the grease and scour off stains—yet it will not scratch a surface nor harm the hands. But it has an even greater quality—a sweetening, purifying action which destroys every lingering trace of odor.

And yet *double action* costs so little! **Sunbrite** is priced much lower than you often pay for ordinary cleansers. With each can, too, you get a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

Try **Sunbrite's** *double action* on your wood utensils. You will find it keeps them not only spotlessly clean, but also sweet and free from every trace of stale food odors and flavors.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

(Continued from Page 32)

not have lasted long, for in an ordinary way she must have been a disaster to any sick room, haphazard, disorderly and undisciplined. But this wasn't an ordinary case. We had no resources—scarcely enough food. We had only one asset—a determination that would not think of defeat as possible. Paula was like some central, inexhaustible furnace. She fought for Lisbeth with her teeth set. She willed Lisbeth to live with every atom of her own vitality. I don't know why. Even now it remains one of those mysteries of the human heart which if we could solve might bring us within sight of peace. She flung into the fight everything that she had—her violence, her courage, her ruthlessness, her generosity. The very qualities which had meant her own ruin were now her weapons. I believe she physically and literally swept Lisbeth back from the brink of death. The struggle lasted for two awful days, in which no word came to us from the outside. We seemed to be isolated in a silent world of which Lisbeth was the beginning and the end. In my light-headedness it sometimes seemed as though, if she should die, we should all vanish, even to San Juan itself, like a mist of fancies. So much had we become a part of her.

Finney and the two legionaries did what they could. They threw up vigorous defenses against a possible return of the enemy. They sweated at their task with a passion of haste as though it were death itself they were trying to keep from our gates.

As for the two women, they took each other for granted. Lisbeth never asked concerning Paula, and even if she had known the worst I doubt if it would have mattered. For there is a secret understanding between women which can bridge every gulf—of nationality, of class, of sin itself. I believe, too, that Paula loved Lisbeth with the last pure feeling that was in her. But though she could make a fine gesture, she had become incapable of any sustained effort. She knew it. The night that Lisbeth passed definitely out of danger she turned away from me with a sort of laugh, derisive and bitter.

"Well, now I can rest up and be myself again."

She produced a pack of cards from somewhere and a flask of wine, and before the night was out she had fleeced the two legionaries of their last pesos. It came near an ugly scene.

She had saved Lisbeth. She could not save herself.

Lisbeth and I were alone. I sat beside her and watched over her as she slept. As night crept in from the patio and covered us she seemed to float up from the dark dreamlessness where she rested, and I heard her voice, like a little ghost of sound.

We talked together—very quietly, as though we were afraid of waking ourselves to the world about us. It was easy to talk now. We could go back over our lives and take up our memories one by one, and look at them together as at jewels that had been locked away from us for a long time. She told me how that day when she had seen me on the quay side her heart had nearly broken, for she knew she loved me. It was like cutting herself off forever from what was real to follow a magnificent fantasy—a distant, enchanting music.

"But I loved him too. I do still, Euan—differently. It's all mixed up with pity, as though he were a lost child—terribly strong and alone. There's something in him that made me follow him—it makes everyone. I think he's like danger which people have to seek even though they know it may kill them in the end. He's simple and we're so complicated. He's like Old Stoneborough—large and free, not caring about the things that worry us, wanting tremendous things and unafraid. But we are complicated. We do worry. We can't escape. And when I began to see what it all meant—the cruelties, the mean, treacherous, beastly things ——" She turned her head, pressing her hot cheek to my hand. "That's why I couldn't bear your coming, because I knew you would see them, too, and make me hate them more."

"Sometimes I thought you hated me, Lisbeth."

"I did—sometimes. I'd been unfaithful. I'd made you unhappy. I knew that we belonged to each other and that it was all my fault, and so I had to hate you."

"Poor sweetheart—poor both of us!"

"But when I thought I was dying I felt I had the right to be truthful to us both. You had the right to know. All these days you've been wonderful as a woman to me. I felt I could trust you as I could trust God."

"I love you," I answered.

"People say that all over the world," she murmured. "Everyone—little people and big people—the selfish and the unselfish—good and bad. The same words always. But they don't mean the same thing. Perhaps only a very few of us can love at all."

"He does, Lisbeth."

I had to say that. It was too big a truth for either of us to ignore. I heard her sigh.

"I know. And I'm not dying any more. I've got to live. Perhaps it will be different when I'm strong again. I don't know how to live now. I've lost my baby. I could have lived for him. He would have needed me. But sometimes I think I killed him. I didn't want him to come. I was afraid—just one more human being to hurt and be hurt. Perhaps he knew."

"My sweetheart, these are just sick fancies."

"Are they? The world's too difficult. We want things, but now they only break our hearts."

"What things, Lisbeth?"

She murmured to herself.

"Adventure—danger—power—trampling over one another; but now we see their faces—our faces ——"

"I know, Lisbeth. We've got to worry through."

But her mind was wandering a little. She said very simply, "I can't live without you any more."

"You're not going to. You're coming with me—home."

Her hand tightened on mine—her slender, compassionate hand, with its unexpected strength.

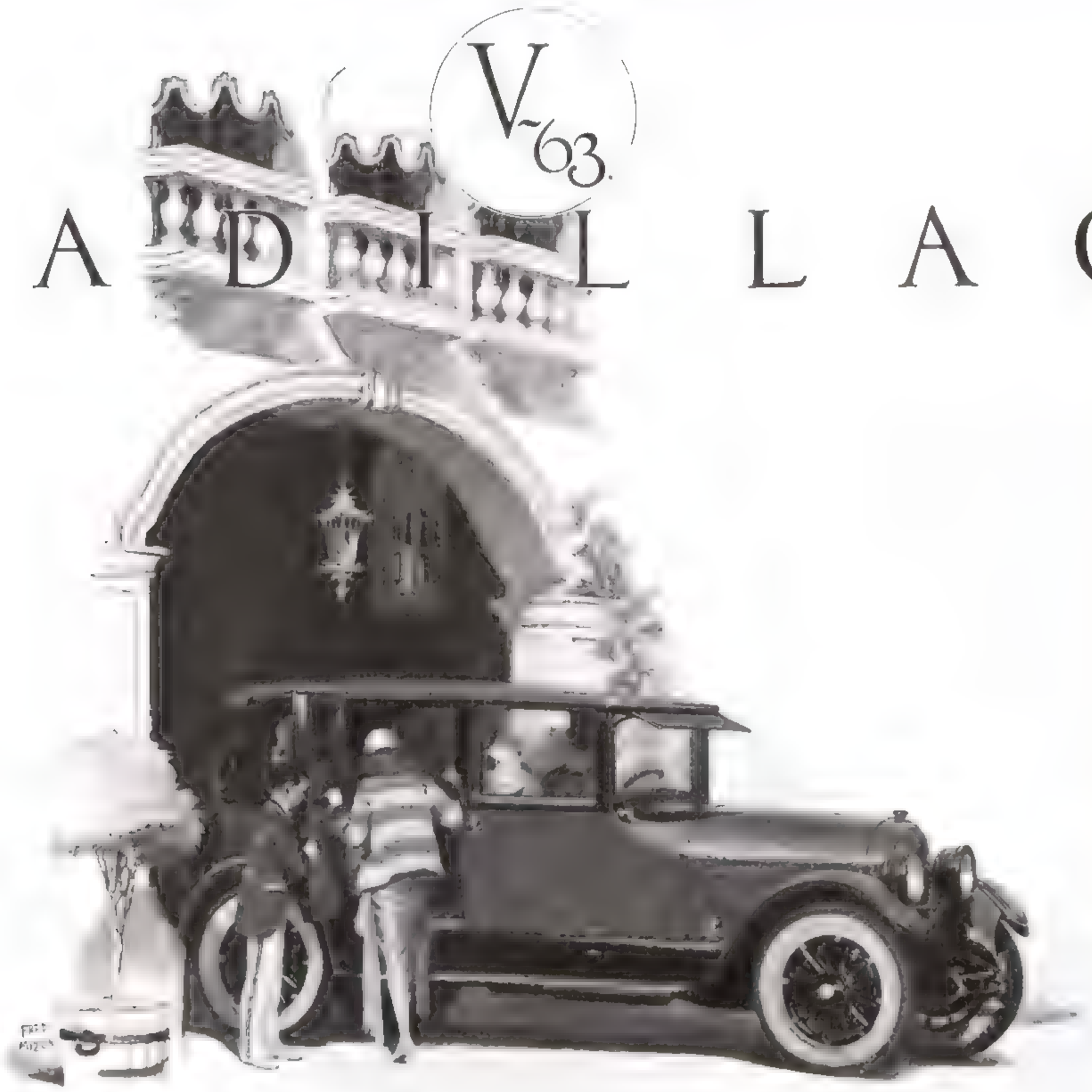
"I'm his wife. He's been faithful. He wouldn't understand. He's never changed. It's I who have changed. I chose to go with him—his way of life. Now I've got to go all the way."

I felt her whole body stiffen in the convulsive effort not to break down. And one cry was wrung from her.

(Continued on Page 36)

Paula Made a Movement, as Though She Would Have Touched Lisbeth, as a Child Instinctively Holds Out Its Hand to Touch Something Beautiful

CADILLAC



The owner of the V-63 Five Passenger Sedan travels in an atmosphere of richness and refinement.

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Cadillac invites you to approach the V-63 Sedan with great expectations, and is confident that a single ride will convince you of its surpassing quality.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY. DETROIT. MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 34)

"Oh, Euan, what shall we do? It's all our lives—such a little time—such a long, long time."

I gathered her against my breast.

"Believe that it will be all right. Have faith in me."

She was too weak to struggle against my strength, my ardent certainty. She was like a sick child, trusting blindly, because there is no other escape from despair. And presently she slept again, worn out, her hand in mine.

I might have told her. I might have said, "You are free by his own act." I could not do it. It was not even my promise that held me silent now. But I had a vision of him. I remembered how that night by the Weir River he had shown me a fine, chivalrous pity. He had lost her. But the last blow should not come from me. In my own exalted happiness I believed that I could wait.

XXXVIII

HE CAME at daybreak. It was Paula who warned me. She roused me with a touch on the arm, motioning me to silence so that I should not wake Lisbeth, and I followed her out into the cold twilight. I think she must have watched all night for him. Her eyes were heavy with sleeplessness.

A soldier's dirty coat hung over her shoulders. She looked raffish, disheveled, utterly gone to seed. And yet that incorrigible fineness lingered about her still.

"He's coming now," she said.

She pointed. Out of the purple mists that filled the valley I saw a moving cloud like a stream of smoke from hidden fire wind its way slowly upwards. Gradually the dust fell back, and as it mounted the last steep bend the cavalcade seemed to falter and one man rode on alone. Though he was a mere speck, I knew his face was lifted to us in a passionate questioning.

"I guess I'd better clear," Paula murmured. She spoke half to herself, with a burlesque of her American victim that was friendly and good-humored. "I've no call to stay. I'll go whilst the going's good."

"There's nowhere for you to go," I said.

"You're wrong. My sort are always at home. Even the city won't be too hot for me. Finney's saddling up a horse and will put me on the way. I told him you said so."

"It's too late."

"He won't know I'm here. I'll take my chance and slip off."

"You're a good sort, Paula. But you might as well stay now. It's all over anyway. You'll run too great a risk."

She grinned.

"Nothing like what I'd run here. Leave it to me. I'd stay if I could set her free for you. But I couldn't. He wouldn't let her go. Better she should think the best she can of him." She gave me her hand. "It must be rather jolly to be decent," she said. "If ever you're happy I'll believe it pays too."

She lingered a moment longer, watching that advancing figure, her face puckered with that old ironic tenderness. Then she nodded to me and slipped back into the shadow of the house. I waited for him. The final clash must come now—before he saw Lisbeth, if he was ever to see her again. I knew that I needed all my resolution to hold my ground against him. But it was fear for the man himself that shook me as he came round the last bend of the road. He tried to urge his horse into a gallop, and as the poor beast staggered under him he lashed it pitilessly.

I went to meet him. He must have been half blind, for he tried to ride past me, and as I caught his bridle his whip went up as though to cut down some insolent, stupid impediment.

"Steady, Smith, steady! It's all right."

He stared at me. The dust had painted him from head to foot a livid yellow. It made his face into a mask. His eyes were swollen and suffused with blood. He would have looked like a madman but for that steadiness of purpose that still burnt in him.

"Eisen didn't get through till last night," he said in a choked voice. "We were after Marreno. I've left Decies to make the best he can of it. What's happened here?"

"She's safe."

He reeled out of the saddle. I held him. He tried to throw me off

"Let me go, damn you!"

"Wait! Not now! Not like that! You've got to listen to me first."

"Oh, to hell with you, Fitzroy!"

"You shall listen. She's been desperately ill."

"I'm going to her. What's the matter with you? What's up your sleeve? What do you mean?"

"Your son ——"

That stopped him. It was as though the mask had broken into a quivering life.

He said, scarcely above a breath, "Have I a son?"

"Not now."

He glared at me. One passion after another passed like flying clouds over his convulsed face—incredulity, grief, finally a blasting understanding.

"You mean—what are you trying to tell me? My son—born here—and you —— Oh, God's curse on you, Fitzroy! Not you!"

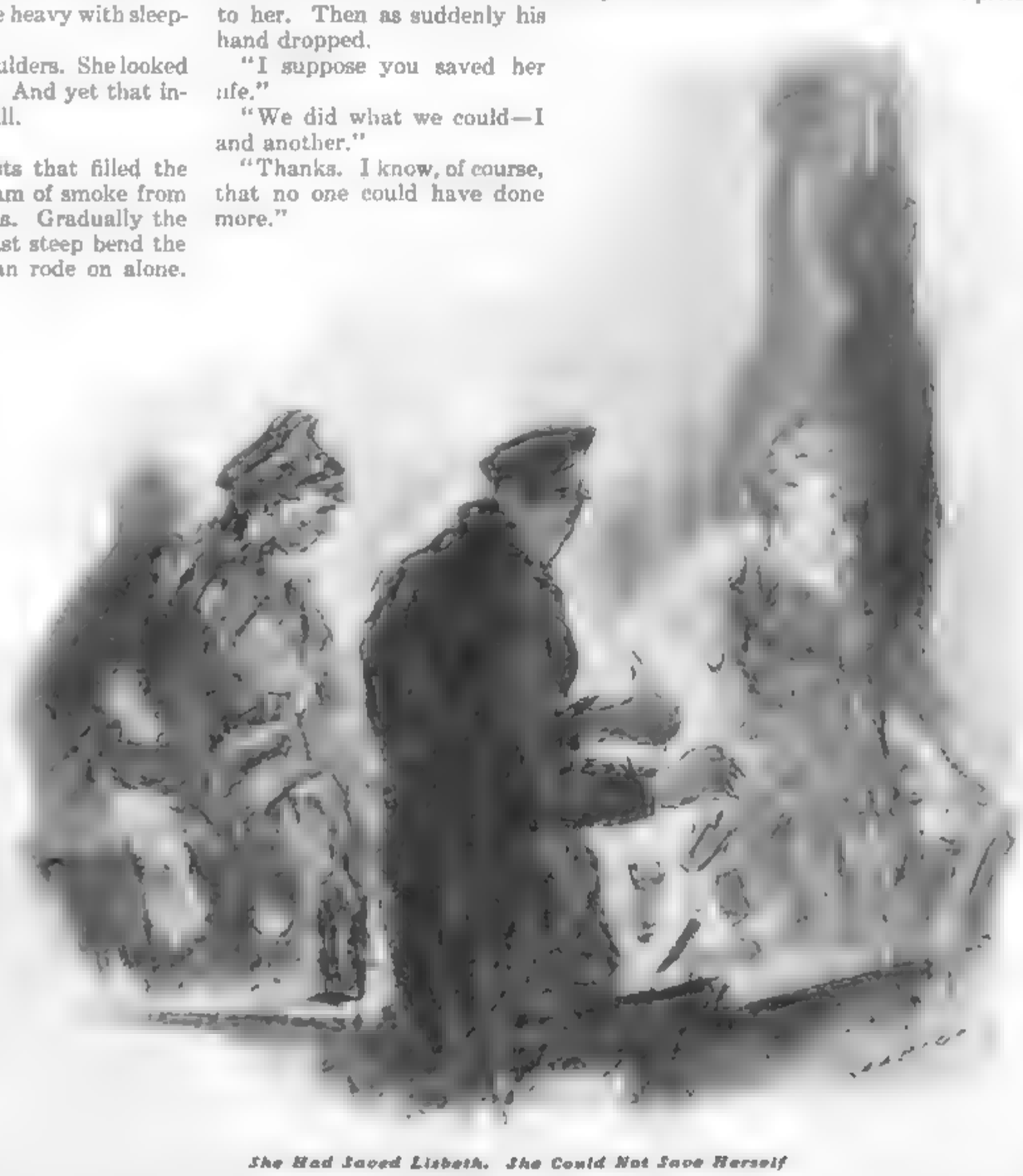
"She had no one else."

His men were close upon us. Nothing could have betrayed more poignantly what he had endured that night than the unbridled fury which he flashed out at me in a single gesture. Generosity, the wide tolerance that was natural to him, went down under a passion of jealousy, crude and physical, that seemed to strip us both to an ugly nakedness. For one moment he meant to shoot me where I stood—blot me out with the memory of all that I had been to her. Then as suddenly his hand dropped.

"I suppose you saved her life."

"We did what we could—I and another."

"Thanks. I know, of course, that no one could have done more."



She Had Saved Lisbeth. She Could Not Save Herself

That was magnificent—a gallant, sweeping salute before we engaged finally. But he must have choked his heart down to do it. He tossed his reins to an orderly who had ridden up to him, and made as though to pass me. I stopped him with my hand on his arm, and I felt a tremor go through his whole body.

"I meant what I said. You can't go to her now. She is asleep—barely out of danger."

"I mean to see her. God, man, I had Marreno, and I ran away ——"

"I am sorry. I've got to speak to you first."

His eyes were almost colorless, as though they were burnt to white heat. He tried to stare me down, beat down my defenses and whatever lay behind them of authority. But his manner was controlled, ironical and even suave.

"I suppose doctors have a right to talk like that. Well, what is it? What have you to say?"

"I can't say it here."

"Are there any four walls left standing?"

I nodded and we went together through the patio. There he could see the full extent of the ruin that had been wrought; but though he stood still for a moment, looking about him, he gave no sign. To do him justice, all this was trivial. He could build again—more magnificently still. At the gashed entrance to the chapel he stopped to cross himself.

"The men who did this were recruited from neighboring pueblos," he said softly. "By tonight there will not be a roof left, nor a living thing."

I could have sworn that he was speaking to the faceless Madonna, promising her atonement.

I saw him look across the patio at the closed door of Lisbeth's room. For a moment I doubted my power to hold him, but there was a hush about the place that subdued his hunger to a moving wistfulness. He turned to me The tone of his voice changed. It was friendly, almost appealing.

"Sure she's out of danger, Fitzroy?"

"I think so. She's very weak still. If there are no complications ——"

"Oh, there won't be now. She shall have everything. I shall send to Chevaga at once ——"

I thought of the half-dead men and horses he had brought with him and wondered.

He said in a low voice, "Couldn't you have saved the boy, Fitzroy?"

"No; not as things were. I had no chance."

"Did he live at all?"

"A minute."

He sighed, muttering to himself, "Without baptism. There is a priest among us. Well ——"

We came to the room where he had lodged me first. Here the havoc was pathetic and horrible. It gave one the same sensation as contact with a vicious insanity. The posts of the beautiful Spanish bed were hacked to pieces, the rare vases had been flung down from their niches, the hangings torn to shreds or stained with an indescribable filth. The wretched, goaded slaves who had fled through here, centuries of hatred flaring up in this one moment of hideous liberty, had had an instinct for revenge. They had added insult to ruin. The ignominy they had endured they flung back now on the loveliness they had agonized to create. They seemed to me—vague, faceless beings though they were—pitiable.

But I saw John Smith wince for the first time. There must have been things here that he had loved. He sat down on the edge of the bed, his hands clasped between his knees, his head bent, as though he did not trust himself. I closed the door and turned to him to speak. But something in his attitude checked me. I had loved him, and even now ——

It was he who broke the silence.

"I brought half my best men. Decies understood. But the others—Marreno had rallied. If they hold their own till I get back it's the best I can hope for. I've got to get back. When can we move her, Fitzroy?"

I struck then, straight and hard.

"When she is strong enough and there is a boat sailing I shall take her down to San Roberto. She is going home with me."

He lifted his head.

"Home—with you?"

"To England—as my wife."

I thought he was going to laugh. Laughter twitched at the muscles of his face, leaving a kind of grimace.

"I think you are more ill than she is."

"Don't let's waste time," I said urgently. "You know I neither lie nor talk at random. You know that I have always loved Lisbeth. When I came out here I would have asked her to be my wife. I did not do so. I knew it was useless. It is not useless now."

He stood up.

He came very deliberately towards me. He was slighter than I am, scarcely taller, travel-worn, unheroic looking enough in his crumpled dirty uniform, near to physical collapse. Yet he bore down upon me like an overwhelming, tragic force.

"Why not?"

"You know."

"If there is any sense in what you're saying, I do know. You have made good use of your time and that damned Spaniard."

"It is not true."

"You worked upon Lisbeth and her superstitions. She was ill and in your hands. You broke your promise to me. You said, 'This man's a scoundrel. I'll make an honest woman of you.'"

"I have not told her."

"I don't believe you any more. There is no other reason possible."

"She loves me. That is the reason."

He did laugh now. It would have been intolerable had I not seen his hands and the look of his eyes.

(Continued on Page 114)

The Good MAXWELL

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Minder of His Own Business

THERE are two Reeds in the United States Senate. One is a stern, important Reed, given to powerful and gloomy flights of oratory and sarcasm; a handsome Reed of commanding presence and slow and stately mien. This Reed is Senator James A. Reed, Democrat, of Missouri, and he is dragged into this narrative merely in order that he may not be confounded with the other Reed, who is a quiet and slender Reed, with a slightly stooped back and with one shoulder a trifle higher than the other; a bashful Reed, who, when he briskly and unobtrusively circumnavigates the Senate Chamber, does so with modestly lowered head and downcast eyes; a reluctant Reed, who seldom speaks, and only for a sufficient length of time to express himself tersely and pithily on the subject under discussion; a shy Reed, possibly, but scarcely a timid Reed, since in his buttonhole he wears the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Cross for certain activities entirely devoid of shyness and bashfulness in the vicinity of Verdun and in the Argonne Forest in the early autumn of 1918—in short, David A. Reed, Republican, junior senator from Pennsylvania and late major in the 311th Field Artillery.

One winter afternoon, shortly after the arrival of the Hon. David A. Reed in the United States Senate, he chanced to be circumnavigating the Senate Chamber at a time when some of the senators who were longer on wind than on facts were emitting cries over the cruelty of the French Republic in requiring stricken Germany to remove the string from the old sock and disgorge certain moneys in payment for certain destructive acts on the part of the German Army.

Possibly because he was one of the few members of that august body who possessed any first-hand knowledge of the late war, and possibly because he was irritated by the lugubrious cries of the senators, he forgot his shyness and ignored the moth-eaten tradition which holds that a new senator shall remain silent for one year's time, and reminded the wailing senators in a few tart and unpremeditated words that their sympathy was being too freely expressed. Among other things he remarked sharply that of all the lost arts of which we are deprived today, including the art of tempering copper and the various arts of glass working that have disappeared from civilization, there is no art that is so much missed as the art of minding one's own business.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Major David A. Reed, Junior Senator From Pennsylvania

Things Worth Doing

NOW it is possible and even highly probable that after Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, has wrapped himself in his senatorial toga for a few more moons he will follow the custom of other senators and allow himself considerable latitude in deciding what is and what is not a senator's business.

A great many senators allow themselves nothing but latitude in this respect. Everything is their business—everything from the temperature of the outermost stars to the price of fertilizer in Czecho-Slovakia.

But prior to the arrival of Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, in the Senate—no matter what his future development may be—he had been practicing what he preached to the other senators in the enthusiasm of his newly arrived innocence. He had been minding his own business with vigorous intensity. Consequently it is necessary to make a careful distinction between the two senatorial Reeds—Jim, of Missouri, and Dave, of Pennsylvania. Dave has been attending to his own business with such pertinacity and concentration that he doesn't pop into people's minds when Senator Reed is mentioned. The principal popper of the senatorial Reeds, for the nonce, is Jim; but which one will do the popping at the end of another year or so is something else again.

David A. Reed graduated from Princeton in the class of 1900, being at the time slightly over nineteen years of age, which goes to show that he was worrying his head over few problems not connected with the immediate job of getting his sheepskin from the Princeton faculty. Three years later he graduated from the law school of the University of Pittsburgh and began to mind his business in the city of smoke and steel with the utmost diligence. It so happened that his business happened also to be the business of the United States Steel Corporation, and he minded this business with such industry that he argued for the Steel Corporation the Government's antitrust suit against it—first in the lower court and then twice before the Supreme Court. Owing to the fact that the Steel Corporation is not one to permit itself to be represented by lightweights, flannelmouths or nuts, one may deduce from this that David A. Reed was eminently successful at minding his business.

For a matter of fourteen years he spent so much of his time in court rooms that his complexion began to resemble the binding of a law book. The State of Pennsylvania retained him in inheritance-tax litigation; and for several years he tried every case in which the Steel Corporation was a participant. On days that threatened to be slack he dabbled in public-utilities cases; for his law firm was also retained by public utilities in large numbers. Thus he had no slack days at all.

But as he continued to try accident cases for most of the assorted trusts that flourish so luxuriantly in the sooty air of Pittsburgh, he began to suffer long shooting pains over the manner in which liars and perjurers were repeatedly given verdicts, while those who told the truth were tossed out of court on technicalities.

In those days accident cases were tried under the old common law of employer's liability; and Reed made it his business to kick the old law out of the window and replace it with a new law which should automatically treat everyone fairly. So he wrote a compensation law himself, and got it through the Pennsylvania House of Representatives and halfway through the Senate before the coal companies awoke to the fact that the law would cost them a number of hard-earned dollars which they might otherwise avoid paying. Having sensed this horrifying state of affairs, the coal companies took immediate action, and Reed's law died a sudden and cruel death.

Then the governor of Pennsylvania made Reed the chairman of the Pennsylvania Industrial Accidents Commission, so that getting a decent law for the compensation of injured workmen became his official business. Again, after a great number of hearings, he evolved another bill which provided for a decent law; and again, after it had passed halfway through the legislative halls of the sovereign State of Pennsylvania, the coal barons drew their dirks from their pockets with a single sinuous movement and arranged matters so that the bill promptly expired.

But since this was Reed's business, he kept on minding it; and in 1915 he put over a new law by which all cases of injured workmen are automatically settled instead of going to shyster lawyers who would grab most of the awards, if any, for themselves. His efforts reduced the volume of litigation of that sort by 95 per cent, which is something of a reduction, as everybody knows who has ever attempted to lose twenty pounds. Thanks to him, the workmen of Pennsylvania now get their money when they are injured.

When the Plattsburg Camp idea was started, he was asked to organize a Pennsylvania detachment for the first Plattsburg Camp. The size and general contour of the war that was progressing in Europe led him to believe that it was his business to take a detachment to the camp, which he did. The developments of the following year gave him no occasion to change his mind, so he attended the camp for a second year as well. When, therefore, the United States entered the war, he was qualified to be a major of field artillery, which he promptly became. He proceeded to France with his regiment and saw action north of Verdun and in the Argonne.

After the Armistice he was ordered to German Great Headquarters at Spa as American Field Artillery representative on the Interallied Armistice Commission, and was in charge of receiving the field artillery, machine guns, airplanes and trench mortars delivered by the Germans. Still later he headed the Allied officers who met and dealt with the first German civilian commission to cross the lines after the war.

Having thus minded his own business with a minimum of flubdubbery and a maximum of efficiency, he returned to the soot of Pittsburgh and resumed his constant attendance on Pittsburgh court rooms, which aren't much of a relief from front-line dugouts. He was rescued by the governor of Pennsylvania, who appointed him to fill the unexpired term of Senator Crow.

One would naturally suppose that anybody who had mingled for years with the Steel Corporation and the assorted trusts of Pittsburgh would have accumulated many of the ideas that are held by the high officials of those bodies. In the case of Reed, however, one would have several supposes coming to him; for whereas some burst into periodical tears over the wrong that America is doing to herself by restricting immigration, Reed has reached the conclusion that America will go on the rocks if immigration isn't even more rigorously restricted than at present. Reed is concerned over future generations. Reed, fortunately, is a member of the Senate Immigration Committee.

Keeping Out the Unfit

HE ARGUES that one can't read Roman history without realizing that the principal reason for Rome's collapse was her importation of vast numbers of slaves to do the manual work. One hundred years before the Christian Era, he says, no Roman gentleman was ashamed to do anything; two hundred years after the Christian Era there was no work that a Roman gentleman would stoop to perform. His slaves had to do everything. The Roman population was 90 per cent of slave descent in those proud later days, and the folk who did the voting hadn't the faintest conception of the manner in which a democratic government should function. In return for a small hand-out they would gladly vote for anything or anybody under the sun.

To avert such a finish for America, Reed favors an immigration law based on the capacity for assimilation of the different races. If a large percentage of the Swedes and the British who have come to America, for example, have become citizens of the United States, then give them a high quota, says Reed—7 or 8 per cent instead of the present 3 per cent. And if a small percentage of the Poles and Russians and Greeks and Slovaks who have come to America have become citizens of the United States, then give them a low quota—1 per cent or even less—on the ground that they are undesirable.

Soon after his arrival in the Senate, Reed was rebuked by the chairman of the Senate Immigration Committee, who intimated that Reed's views on immigration were provincial—the chairman having a different viewpoint from Reed. Reed, laying aside his shyness and bashfulness for the moment, as he usually does when he has a fight on his hands, replied coldly that if it was provincialism to regard immigration from the standpoint of the nation's welfare, he claimed to be provincial. All of which started the chairman on another train of thought.

For one who has fought overseas, Reed has a peculiar viewpoint on taxes and the bonus—a very different viewpoint, it might be added, from those legislators whose thoughts on the bonus are governed by their fear of the soldier vote and by distorted ideas of its strength. Corporation taxes, says Reed, are all right; but individual taxes are too high. Earned income, says he, must be taxed less and can easily be taxed less.

From all of which it can be seen that David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, knows how to mind his own business in a manner most offensive to reds, radicals, revolutionists and rummies.

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Uncle Sam and the Tax Dodger

By FRED F. SULLY

IN SORTING out the bad from the good and indifferent taxpayers, and devising ways and means to establish methods of segregation that will withstand the severest attacks of trained accountants and clever legal talent, Uncle Sam, in his comparatively new task of collecting the income tax, has found himself confronted with an undertaking second only in difficulty to enforcing the prohibition law.

The tenacity of purpose that has characterized his every effort is found here again in the small army of men mustered into the service of collecting the income tax, and then again making sure that it has all been collected. There is no great effort or ability required to place in the files a return on which John Doe states that his income for the year 1922 was $7645.37, and to collect the tax due thereon; but to make sure that John Doe's income was no more than $7645.37 is quite another matter. That is just where the shoe pinches; and that it is profitable, as well as a good gospel-spreading movement, to reassure himself that John and all his compatriots fully stated their incomes, Uncle Sam has long since decided. Last year alone the additional tax assessed as the result of making verifications of income-tax returns was $106,602,893.16. This sum was from only 24,868 individuals and 14,088 corporations, or an average of $2736.49 from an investigation at a cost of less than $1.50 on the hundred dollars.

Like any other business institution with employes to pay and obligations to meet, and a credit standing to maintain, the Government wants all due on its accounts receivable; but in the collection of them the craftiness and underhandedness of some of the American public must be met and overcome.

He is a stupid man who does not profit and learn by experience. The Government, being neither stupid nor lackadaisical, has slowly but surely built up a system for collecting income taxes that is hard to beat. Each day brings to light new means and methods of running to earth the income-tax dodger, and like the North American Indian, he is slowly becoming extinct.

Fortunately the majority of the American people are honest. The greater part of them patriotically and unflinchingly pay their taxes without default; but there is also chaff among the wheat. To fan it out and give it the disposition it deserves requires untiring watchfulness, almost unrestricted authority, and well-governed, smooth-running machinery. While Uncle Sam has been improving his methods of collecting the income tax equitably and thoroughly, the dodger has not been idle. He has been using his wits to devise new schemes and methods to evade taxation, but his cohorts are daily becoming fewer, and he is gradually resigning himself to the inevitable.

Those who devote their talents and energies to trying to beat the internal-revenue laws are constantly finding the task a more difficult one. Of those who have tried and failed one hears little, but he who has willfully concealed a portion of his income and is still undetected makes no bones of bragging about it to his friends. When the final day of reckoning comes, and he faces Uncle Sam for a strict accounting, he discovers that he has been fooling no one but himself, and that he must pay every cent he owes.

The statutes give the Government the right to make investigations any time subsequent to the filing of a return. Assessments, however, must be made within five years; but additional tax may be collected through suit even twenty years or more after filing. The tax dodger, therefore, is never secure in his belief that he has successfully defrauded the Government.

On the Watch for Discrepancies

SO WIDESPREAD has become the practice of trying to evade the income-tax laws that the Treasury Department has established a bureau of special investigation to which are referred all cases where attempt to defraud is evident. The personnel of the bureau consists largely of men who have shown an aptitude for detecting and following up clews of tax evasion and wholesale fraud. Hundreds of cases are handled by the bureau each year, and so important a part is it playing in the functioning of the department that its staff has been doubled within the past three years.

Revenue agents and inspectors, trained in the principles of accounting and the administration of the income-tax laws, do the field auditing for the Government. That is to say, an agent seeks out the individuals whose returns have been handed to him for verification and makes a comparison of books and records with the sworn statements that have been submitted to the collector of internal revenue.

Last fiscal year there were 3251 men employed in this work. More than $100,000,000, as previously noted, was found due; and yet less than 5 per cent of the investigations revealed open evidence of fraud. Despite the thousands of unsuccessful attempts that have been made within the past ten years to conceal taxable income, there are a few who, having failed once, try even the second time. The trained eye of the government examiner and a thorough knowledge of accounting make it as difficult to keep a crooked set of books without detection as it would be to pass a phony diamond on an expert appraiser.

It has been found that attempts to beat the income tax are more prevalent among people of means than among those whose incomes and taxes are comparatively small. The methods conceived are usually ingenious and clever, but there is always a weak spot somewhere that the investigator either by skill or chance discovers.

Some Spectacular Cases

ONE of the boldest attempts unearthed in recent years was in a big Eastern city where one man alone had in one year diverted $125,000 from a corporation's books into his own pocket. The corporation as well as the individual had attempted to escape taxation. It was worked out in this manner: A Company was organized to finance the purchase of a certain article for people who did not have the ready cash. B Company, in which Sam Smith has the controlling interest, was organized to sell the stock of A Company for a commission of 33⅓ per cent and expenses. Through floorwalkers and other department-store executives who were given a share of the commission, salesgirls and other employes bought heavily of A Company stock, the total sales exceeding $1,000,000.

Sam Smith, being vice president and treasurer of B Company, indorsed and deposited all checks. When commissions were received from A Company he diverted part of the money into his own pocket. These sums accordingly did not appear on B Company's books. The corporation escaped taxation and so did Sam Smith until a verification of B Company's accounting returns revealed the fact that the disbursements of A Company as shown by its books did not agree with the receipts on B's, which should have been the case, as this was its only source of income. Smith's bank deposits under his own name for the year told the rest of the story. The investigation proved not only that Smith had been defrauding the Government but that he had also appropriated the profits of the other stockholders of B Company. This little bit of sleight of hand cost Smith $42,000 in fines besides all taxes due.

It was not until 1918, when high surtaxes became effective, that income-tax dodging became so prevalent. A 12 per cent normal tax after the first $4000 and a surtax that went as high as 65 per cent made those of elastic conscience resort to all sorts of means to escape giving Uncle Sam his share.

Tampering with inventories became popular, but its reaction was so severe that those who have been detected at it have completely abandoned it.

Bill Brown conducted three stores in the heart of the best shopping section of the city. His gross business was about $200,000. His income-tax return, to which he took oath, showed a net profit of $645. His books showed that inventory figures had been altered at the beginning and end of the year. As the figures stood, the income was correct even for such a large gross turnover. He had raised his inventory figures at the beginning of the year and reduced them at the end; but in raising them at the beginning of the year he had thrown a tremendous profit back into 1917, the only year in which individuals were subject to an excess-profits tax on the ratio of invested capital to income, and he found himself paying a tax of 60 per cent in 1917, or about $10,000 more than he would have paid by letting his profit of $45,000 remain in 1918 where it belonged. Although it was an out-and-out case of attempted fraud, he had imposed his own penalty.

The investigation of a certain large company revealed a daring method to cover up profits. In one year it had charged $371,000 for freight and $36,000 for commissions, making a total of $407,000. The gross income was $3,000,000 and the books reflected a profit of $56,000, though the true earnings were $407,000. It was a partnership of three members, and an inspection of the check book showed that checks, drawn to the order of cash, were later indorsed and deposited by the partners and the amounts charged to freight. Only $7057 in the freight charges was supported by vouchers. The total cost to the three partners was $53,000 in excess of the regular taxes. This scheme was continued even after detection, and an operating loss of $24,000 in the year 1920 was found in reality to be a profit of $116,000.

Though irregularities put through the regular bookkeeping channels are not always so difficult to discover, it requires painstaking thoroughness to unearth items of income of which no record has been made. One large Eastern produce house, operated as a partnership of two members, had formulated the plan of billing, say, a $30,000 shipment of goods as $3000 and allowing it to go through the hands of the billing and shipping clerks, and even the bookkeepers, and then finally changing it to its true figures when it reached the desk of one of the partners. When the remittance of $30,000 was received, $3000 was credited to the customer's account, balancing the ledger. The $30,000 was deposited in the bank and checks for $13,500 were drawn to cash and given to each of the partners. This scheme was discovered in attempting to reconcile the day's receipts with the day's deposits. The duplicate deposit slip for the day used as the first test showed that a check drawn on a Southern bank for $30,000 had been deposited, while the transaction that the revenue agent had been following through the books appeared only as $3000. The system was then readily detected, and a detailed audit showed that the concern had concealed almost $200,000 income in less than three years.

Casual audits seldom reveal methods that have been carefully thought out and planned, and the government examiner realizes the necessity for thoroughness and watchfulness. Accountants as a rule are engaged by the proprietors of a business to prepare financial statements from entries that appear in the books. In ninety-nine out of every hundred audits they are not asked to be especially watchful for possible fraud. With the revenue agent it is different. Experience has taught him he must be as exacting as possible. At each taxpayer's he suspects nothing, and would much prefer to report that changes were not necessary than to spend several days and even weeks checking every transaction and assuring himself that the special-intelligence unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau could find no discrepancies in his work, in the event that examinations completed by him are rechecked to guard against possible dishonesty among revenue agents. This special-intelligence unit is perhaps one of the most active and efficient agencies of its kind in the world. The operatives are men of high type, and are better paid than the revenue agents themselves. Many of them were former postal inspectors.

Dismissals for dishonesty among government auditors are comparatively few. Their offenses against the regulations are principally ethical.

The Way of the Transgressor

OCCASIONALLY the tax dodger will operate two sets of books. One reflects his true income while the other is for the inspection of the government agent. The second set naturally shows a much smaller profit. It is in detecting this sort of fraud that the examiner has to exercise his ingenuity; but no matter how clever an accountant may be, he is always sure to leave some clew that reveals his whole system. The most common blunder is failing to copy all the accounts into the secondary ledger. In attempting to follow an entry from the journal into the ledger the folio number often turns out to be a blank page. This invariably leads to a search for the true account; and the dodger, cornered, weakens and lays all his cards on the table. When the first line of the would-be defrauder's defense is broken down the rest is comparatively easy. He is a moral coward, and as a rule throws himself on the mercy of the revenue agent.

The head of one large mercantile house had taken his bookkeeper into his confidence. A rather clever scheme of withdrawing money in large sums from the business with the expectation of avoiding taxation was devised in charging these amounts to the cost of the merchandise. For instance, an item of $7000 would appear as the purchase price of a shipment of merchandise, though in reality the money was for the personal use of the proprietor. It would figure in as a business expense of the year. In this particular case the proprietor had been so foolish as to attempt to pay his income tax in this manner—charging it in as merchandise. The amount caught the eye of the examining officer, and a test unearthed the *modus operandi* of what proved to be a gigantic fraud. More than $300,000 in taxes had been concealed over a period of five years. Penalties imposed aggregated almost $150,000.

Following the war, when stocks and bonds depreciated, thousands of taxpayers sought to avail themselves of a theoretical loss for income-tax purposes by selling securities that had shrunk in value and then repurchasing them. The Revenue Act of 1921 made ample provision for this procedure, but prior to that time there was nothing in the law relating to selling to sustain a loss and almost immediately

(Continued on Page 43)

How would you have lubricated a FORD like this one?

This 1904 Ford cost $900
The 1904 Cadillac cost $850

A 1904 Ford advertisement featured the "8 H.P. Double-Opposed Motor" and "Double Tube Tires." A Cadillac advertisement of the same year featured its "sensitive steering wheel" and "speed range of 4 to 30 miles an hour." Cadillac also claimed "graceful design, handsome in finish and appointments." But many that year considered Ford the better looking car!

In 1904 (as in 1924) one "oil company" stood out among the rest for its specialization in lubrication and its skill in producing and specifying the correct oil for the various types of motors.

The Ford owner who wrote to the Vacuum Oil Company in 1904 for advice on lubrication would have received in reply a recommendation based upon a careful study of the Ford "8 H.P. Double-Opposed Motor."

Quite probably a Vacuum Oil Company engineer would have called in person! A Vacuum Oil Company engineer often went miles to see a new model and learn at first hand its lubricating requirements.

Why Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

As the Ford engine changed, its lubricating requirements changed also. For many years now the recommendation for Fords has been Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets with scientific exactness the many individual requirements of today's Ford engine.

And Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has undergone continuous perfection, based upon (1) the Vacuum Oil Company's continuous progress in selecting and refining the most desirable crude stocks and (2) the Vacuum Oil Company's continuous engineering study of the Ford car.

The character and the quality of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" have been imitated. Even the name has been imitated. But Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has never yet failed to prove its superiority when subjected to fair comparative tests.

This statement you will prove for yourself when you drain off your old oil and refill your Ford crank-case with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

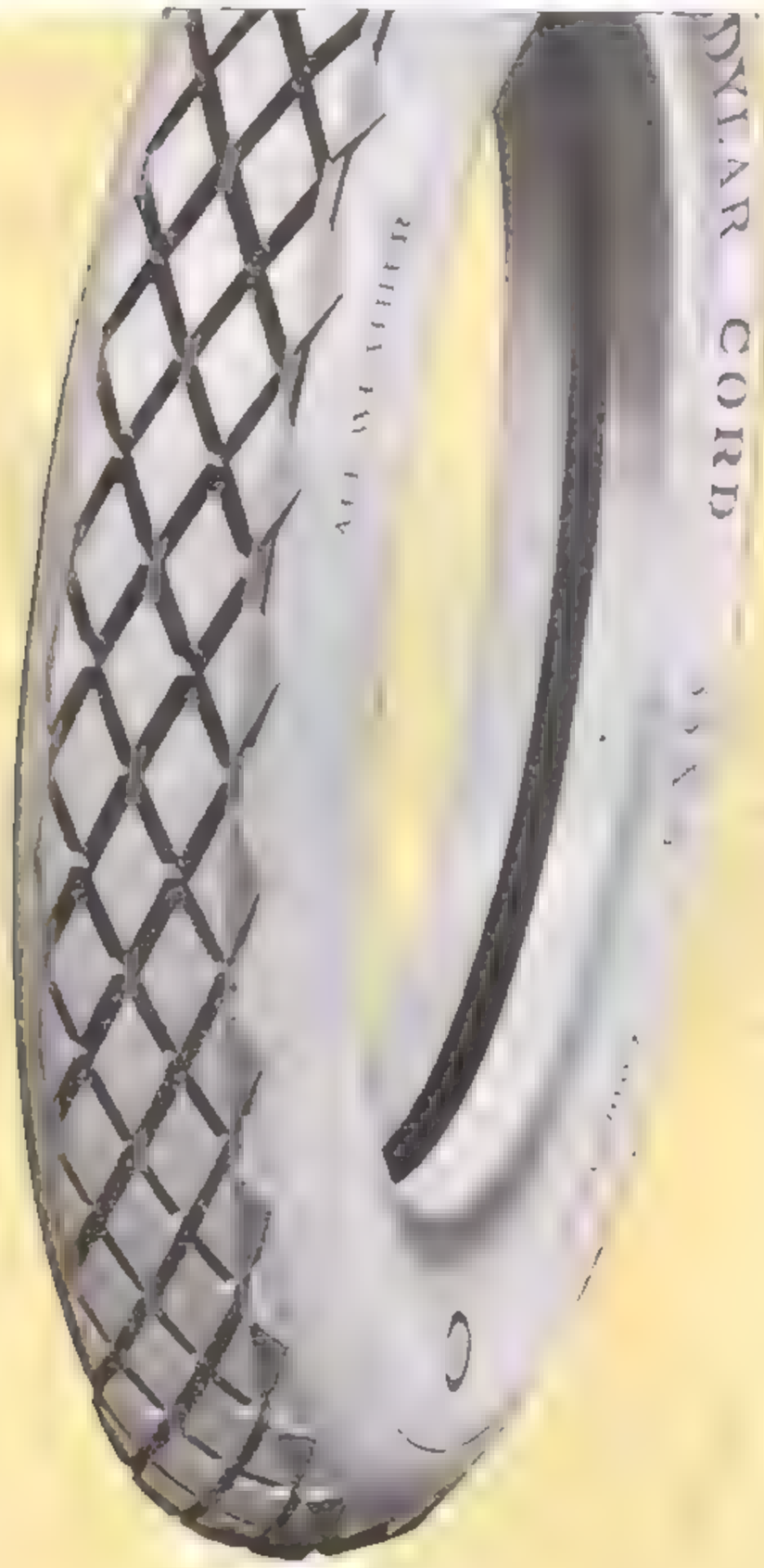
Fair Retail Price
30c a Quart from Bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and the Far West.

Domestic Branches:
New York *(Main Office)* Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Buffalo Rochester Dallas Chicago
St. Louis Detroit Indianapolis Milwaukee Minneapolis Des Moines Kansas City, Mo. Oklahoma City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY



Every fine quality that good manufacture can give is in Goodyear Tires and Tubes. Every improvement that experience can supply is there also. Every economy that immense production can provide is likewise there. That's why you get more for your money in Goodyears.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 40)

Treasury Department officials at Washington, seeing how widespread the practice was becoming, instructed field officers to disallow such deductions unless the taxpayer could show good and sufficient reason for the second transaction. In other words, the burden of proof rested on John Smith to show why he had sold 100 shares of Pennsylvania Railroad stock for 42½ that he had purchased two years prior for 55 a share, and bought them back two days later at practically 42½. Of course, he could give no other reason than to reduce his income-tax liability, and so John Smith found the loss put back into his income and a tax imposed.

Some of the deeper thinkers who pursued this method repurchased their securities in their wives' names. A brief probe, however, generally showed that the wife never carried a bank balance sufficiently large to make such a purchase, and if she did have a corresponding investment in some other form she never reported income therefrom; and so Mister Taxpayer's case generally fell through.

One real-estate firm, the gross business of which ran well into eight figures, adopted the method of not closing out the accounts that showed large profits. If a piece of property had been purchased for $500,000 and sold for $575,000, the account was not closed out in the ledger, and was therefore omitted from the profit-and-loss statement. Consequently the $75,000 profit did not figure in the income for the year so far as Uncle Sam was concerned. A page-by-page survey of the ledger and an attempt to balance some accounts that had not been ruled off quickly uncovered this method.

Buried Items

Padding the pay roll is not uncommon among that class of merchants and manufacturers who belong to the D. O. I. T. D.—Disloyal Order of Income Tax Dodgers. Suspicion is naturally aroused by disproportionate salaries reported as paid to unimportant and frequently unskilled help. It is generally found, too, that the proprietor had neglected to file with the Government, as required by law, information slips giving the names and addresses of those to whom he has paid more than $1000.

In one case the owner of a small skirt factory, whose books showed cash withdrawals of $10,000, told an agent he had given bonuses of $1000 each to the ten girls who operated sewing machines for him. When it came time to give the names and addresses of these girls to determine whether they had reported the amounts he found himself with his back to the wall and quietly and meekly paid the $2500 tax due on the $10,000.

Now and then the bureau in Washington receives letters from discharged bookkeepers and other former employes of income-tax dodgers telling of certain steps that had been taken to defraud the Government. These letters are forwarded to the revenue agents' headquarters in the division in which the case may be located, and an investigation is started immediately. Many thousands in additional taxes are collected through information furnished by disgruntled employes seeking to get even.

Statistics show that corporations are not so prone to attempt tax-evasion schemes as individuals and partnerships. Attempts among this class of taxpayers is confined largely to close corporations, or those with a limited number of stockholders, where there is a closer unity and possibilities for exchange of confidences. As a rule, it is easier to detect discrepancies on corporations' books than on those of individuals, and most of these are found in attempting to reconcile surplus. This may be understood more readily by an example. A corporation that showed an earned surplus at the beginning of the year of, say, $100,000, had earned during the year $50,000, and had paid dividends during that period of $75,000. At the end of the year it should have a surplus of $75,000.

It is the failure to reconcile that leaves a big loophole in the system that may have been employed. One of the most prevalent practices is to set up all sorts of reserves and bury them in the bills-payable account, where the money will show as amounts owed for merchandise instead of bona-fide earnings.

Not a few corporations seek to reduce their tax liability by overstating their invested capital. Corporations, quite different from individuals, have their tax rate determined by the ratio of invested capital to net earnings. One well-known company set up its invested capital at $2,500,000, though a survey of its assets reflected an investment of only $264,000. This little change increased their tax liability $67,000.

Some citizens try to divert income from fat, wholesome revenue-producing periods into the lean years, with the thought in mind of escaping high surtax rates. One method that has been employed unsuccessfully is to hold over dividend checks after their receipt, for deposit in the succeeding year. A glance at the list of securities held by a taxpayer, with principal and dividend periods determined, showed that no income had been reported. It was denied that the stock had been sold, and it was then an easy matter to ascertain whether dividends had been paid by the particular company at the regular periods.

Among the few liquor dealers who secured permits and remained in the business after the passage of the Volstead Act, there was a pronounced tendency to understate inventories at the close of the calendar year 1919. This was met by revenue agents by securing from the prohibition officials inventories taken as of January 16, 1920, the day prohibition became effective. One dealer who secured a permit reported on his income tax 276 barrels of whisky in bond. A list of stock on hand taken by the prohibition agents at practically the same time showed he had wines, cordials and other goods that had cost him $18,000. This was added back to his inventory and increased his profits by that amount.

Small corporations of three or four stockholders, with small invested capital and fairly substantial earnings, have sought to escape high rates of taxation on the corporations' earnings by paying excessive salaries to their stockholders, all of whom were officers. One small hosiery company near New York had net earnings in one year, before paying officers' salaries, of $175,000. There were four stockholders, all officers. Each drew a salary of $40,000, leaving $15,000 as the net earnings on which a tax was to be paid by the company. Such remuneration was, of course, held to be excessive; and especially so because the secretary and the vice president devoted less than one-third of their time to the business. The examining officer set $15,000 as a reasonable salary for each of the four and taxed the corporation on $115,000 earnings, and considered payments to each officer in excess of the $15,000 as dividends. This reversal of procedure made a change in the tax of $25,000.

Driven Into the Open

Seeking to relieve small corporations, the earnings of which were contingent upon its members' services, the Government gave to such an enterprise the status of a personal-service corporation. A group of lawyers, doctors, engineers or architects, where earnings depended on their own efforts, came under this classification. The corporation paid no tax, but each member paid on his distributive interest. Hundreds of real estate and brokerage firms, commission houses, and others employing scores of people who were the actual earning powers of the companies sought shelter behind this provision, but were quickly driven into the open when an examination was made and it was found that they were not entitled to the status claimed.

In one instance a so-called personal-service corporation consisting of two bona-fide stockholders, neither of whom took a really active part in the business, properly reported their share of the earnings on their individual returns. When these items were eliminated each was entitled to a refund of about $15,000, but the corporation as an entity was assessed $102,000. In cases of this sort, and where excessive salaries have been drawn, the Government, as a rule, could not present sufficient evidence to convict of fraud in a United States district court, but it is obvious why some of these schemes were carried out.

Bootlegging, with all its attendant evils, gave rise to income-tax dodging among a class that had not attempted it before. The man who consistently breaks one law is not likely to have great regard for another; and realizing that he must cover up his every footprint, he takes every precaution against detection even by the income-tax officers.

Those who bootleg on a large scale are easier to ferret out than the man who sells an occasional case or two. The experienced and trained investigator usually compares a man's surroundings and possessions with his income. A high-priced automobile, sported by an individual whose reported income was only $7500, was the groundwork on which a revenue agent solved a very cleverly concealed income that ran well into five figures. In making an examination of the taxpayer's accounts the agent saw that practically his entire income had gone for family expenses, and that it would not have been possible to purchase and maintain such a car on the income reported. The circumstances would have made the average man, knowing the taxpayer's financial status, suspicious at once.

Inquiry at the agency where the car was purchased brought out records that showed that the check for the purchase price of $7800 had been drawn on a different bank from the one where Mister Bootlegger had claimed all his money was deposited. Carrying the investigation on to this bank, it was found that in one year he had deposited $66,000. Canceled checks still held by the bank showed to whom large sums had been paid; and following down other clews, the income-tax investigators unearthed a big rum-selling ring, and taxes and penalties imposed upon its members amounted to more than $100,000.

Another group of bootleggers was run to earth in the West in the same way, but in this case it was a palatial home that resulted in the undoing of the entire gang. A man with a $10,000 income cannot very well afford an $85,000 home. The dodger cannot even enjoy his unreported income without running the risk of probable detection.

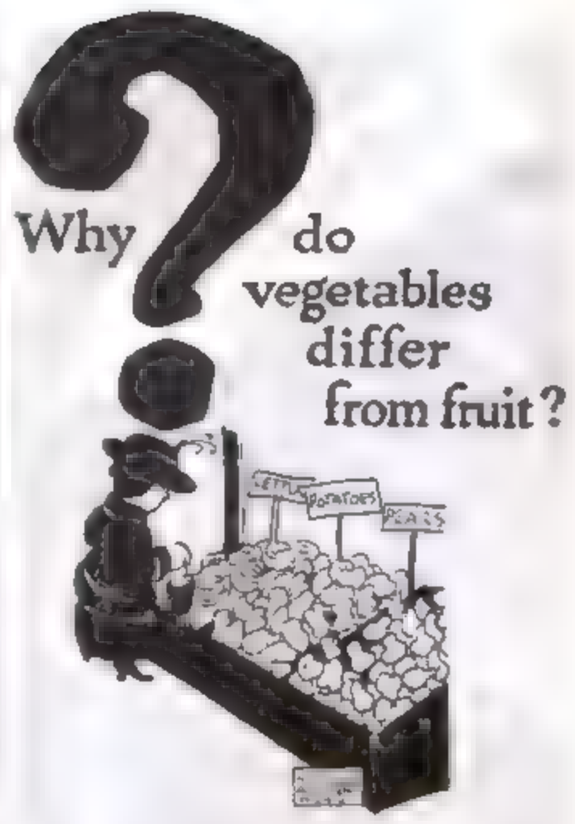
Ingenious Attempts at Evasion

In attempting to increase their exemption for dependents, some taxpayers resort to all kinds of poorly devised schemes. One well-to-do merchant, having a poor relative to support, had her sign a promissory note each year for the amount he contributed towards her support, and then claimed deduction for it on his income-tax return as an irrecoverable debt. The practice was continued without discovery until a verification was made by an agent. Common sense would dictate that one would not continue to advance money as loans to a person who could not repay it, after it had been proved that the first obligation could not be met.

To show to what extent some organizations will go to make their efforts to beat the tax seem legal is best exemplified in the case of a large Eastern brewing company. It had been in the practice of financing saloonkeepers and other retail dealers in their products and accepting promissory notes. Some notes were to be paid off in monthly installments, others by the brewer adding one dollar to the regular price of each barrel of beer sold to a dealer, and still others in annual amounts. Some were interest-bearing and others were not.

In the year 1918, when taxes were especially heavy, the brewery officials decided to offer at auction the notes of several hundred saloonkeepers. A few of the saloonkeepers had been told that they would never have to pay their notes, and the majority were assured that they could pay at their leisure. All the notes were held to be collectible and worth their face value. The auction sale was duly and legally advertised and the notes taken to a stock-and-bond auction house and sold under the hammer. Saloonkeepers, seeing this legal announcement in the papers, came to the brewery in hordes, but were told that the title of the notes would not pass out of the brewery's hands. At the sale a straw man bid in all the notes, the total face value of which was $241,000.23, for $13,900, making a difference of $227,100.23, which was set up as a loss on the corporation's income-tax return. Notes for $4000 were sold for five dollars, and corresponding prices went all along the line. The company had $816,414.04 of such notes on its books, and tried to write off the remainder in subsequent years. Proving that the sale was irregular and part of a system to beat the Government out of just tax due was no easy task for the revenue agents, who even went so far as to interview makers of the notes to determine their ability to meet their obligations, and in every instance it was found that the brewery could have collected the face value from each saloonkeeper; but competition was keen and why should customers be driven away?

A fraud case that attracted the attention of the public throughout the East was discovered in a large city, and a corps of six



—because, in general, vegetables (radishes) are, or grow on, plants that die after yielding once. Fruits (apples) grow on plants that keep yielding, year after year. Each of the following

Puretest
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differs from the others in action, yet all are effective, pure and safe —higher in quality than the United States Government standard.

PURETEST EPSOM SALT—Thoroughly refined by a new improved process that removes irritating, bad-tasting elements. Epsom salt at last that you will not dread to take!

PURETEST MINERAL OIL (Russian type)—A gentle intestinal lubricant, potent and complete. No taste, no color, no odor.

PURETEST CASTOR OIL—Positive in action and so carefully purified that it has a sweet nutty taste suggesting fine salad oil. Especially easy to give to children.

Three of the 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000
Rexall
Drug Stores
There is one in your town.

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What story do they tell?

Hold out your own hands. What do those scars recall? Pain, constant irritation as they slowly healed; possibly dangerous infection and a serious time of it. And there—for the rest of your life—disfiguring scars.

If you had known what to do—at once—how different the story could have been. Do you know Unguentine and what this "friend in need" does for skin accidents and injuries?

The skin defends the body
It needs your aid

YOUR skin, the outer defense of your body, is attacked by many enemies. ***Accidents,*** like cuts or burns, bruises, scratches: ***conditions*** like chapping, cold sores (fever blisters) or rashes. But whatever these accidents or conditions, the result is much the same. The once healthy cells that make up the three layers of the skin are injured, irritated or destroyed. Pain is always present. The door is open to possible infection, to discomfort, irritation, slow healing, disfiguring scars—unless you know what to do—at once.

You do know what to do—if your first thought is "Unguentine—quick!"

Today in millions of households Unguentine is always handy in the medicine chest, ready to do its soothing, healing, antiseptic work for any member of the family.

Put Unguentine in your medicine chest, too. Skin accidents or injuries are bound to happen. Be prepared for them.

At your druggist's. He knows what Unguentine will do. Price 50 cents.

Pronounced UN-GWEN-TEEN

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY
Laboratories—Norwich, New York
New York Chicago Kansas City

Norwich

—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

Return this coupon. Test Unguentine yourself

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., Norwich, N. Y.
Enclosed find 4c for trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What to Do" (for little ailments and real emergencies) by M. Webster Stofer, M. D. 34

Name

Address

City and State

government examiners worked three weeks gathering data that resulted not only in additional tax but sent the perpetrators to jail for a year and a day.

The concern in question was engaged in the junk and scrap-iron business. A revenue agent presented himself at the yard with a copy of the original return filed, showing an estimated income of $12,000, and asked to make a verification of the books. It was claimed that books had never been kept and no accurate account of income could be given. This was embodied in an affidavit which became part of the original examiner's records. Questioning other junk dealers in the city showed that statements had been sent out from time to time, and that a large volume of business had been carried on. A search warrant was secured and inspectors discovered 12,000 pieces of records and a mutilated set of books.

Six men worked three weeks assembling data and evidence, and statements from firms with which the taxpayers had transacted business. One transaction alone showed that the equipment of one company had been bought for $50,000 and sold a few days later for $198,000. Inventory at the beginning of the year was set up as $200,000, while a balance sheet submitted to the Dun Mercantile Agency showed a net worth of $74,000 and goods on hand valued at $40,000. Figures indicated purchases amounting to $141,613.97, and sales amounting to $320,174.95, cost price, making it impossible to have still $200,000 worth of goods on hand.

Among other transactions on their books was an item of $23,000 paid to a close friend. The friend was in the livery business. In order to preserve some of his assets, it was claimed, the taxpayers took them over before he went into bankruptcy and turned them back after he had become a bankrupt.

Total tax and penalties in this instance amounted to $128,734.02. After the case had been discharged from the district court, and each one of the brothers who formed the partnership given a year and one day in jail, their attorneys threw their clients upon the mercy of the income-tax officials. It was claimed that their combined assets would total only $20,000, but that $50,000 could be raised if the case could be compromised for that. In view of the fact that the defendants were to serve terms in the Atlanta Penitentiary, the Washington officials were inclined to be lenient, and agreed to accept $53,000. The revenue agent who had served as group leader during the investigation carried it still further and discovered that each brother had about $66,000 in his own name, and that they had transferred assets worth more than $200,000 to their wives. Government officials had agreed to and accepted the compromise, and the transaction was accordingly a closed one

Another firm engaged in the same line of business showed large payments to a brother of the proprietor. These payments were said to have been made for the purchase of merchandise for the firm. The statement was accepted, but in determining the taxpayer's personal exemption—he was single—he made claim for the dependency of two small children, declaring they were his brothers, who had been ill in a sanatorium. This immediately discounted the allegation that the brother had been purchasing merchandise. It would have been impossible to buy junk while a sanatorium patient. The truth of the matter was that the money had been paid to the brother to cover up income-tax liability. He indorsed the checks and returned them to the firm.

Grafters have not found themselves beyond the reach of the long arm of the internal revenue service. In large cities it is far easier to run to earth wholesale graft, not reported as income, than in state or county affairs. Occasionally a city official receives amounts ranging from $500 to $50,000 for awarding large contracts to favored firms. On the contracting firm's books will appear payments of corresponding sums to John Doe, salesman. When these payments are followed through, and John Doe's return is taken up to see whether he has reported the full amount paid to him by the company, it is invariably discovered that no such sums appear. John Doe, appearing in the eyes of the revenue officials as a tax dodger, immediately follows the instinct of self-preservation and makes known to whom the amounts were paid. If the city official in question denies having received any such inducements, his bank account is generally a good index to his true income. The contractor's books clearly record the payment to John Doe; and Doe, having no records, declares the money passed on to someone else. The burden of proof rests on Doe, and he is usually able in the pinch to produce satisfactory evidence of payment.

More than $80,000 was found to have been paid to four men in one city in one year by two contracting firms. Uncle Sam did not concern himself with the ethical side of the transaction. His only direct interest was to secure the total tax due.

Income-tax investigations within the past year brought to light that several hyphenated Americans had sold their wares directly to Germany while this country was engaged in the war. One firm's continual additions to its capital account without showing the source of the money was the first clew that led to the unraveling of the whole system. At frequent but not regular intervals items of $10,000 and $15,000 would be added to the capital account without any other entry to show from what account it was carried. These amounts proved to be the net profits on the sale of goods to the Imperial German Government. Remittances were put through the regular banking channels, but their identity was well covered up.

The assistance of clearing-house officials was solicited in this case. The time spent in following up bits of evidence proved worth while, for it not only put $75,000 additional in the United States Treasury but it also brought to the attention of the Government a group of individuals who will find themselves under surveillance for years to come.

Every scheme, however clearly devised and well executed, has a vulnerable spot somewhere. Occasionally it is difficult to find just the one spot, but there always is one. Training, experience, perseverance and unlimited resources make a combination that individuals or groups of individuals find it practically impossible to beat. From present indications the income tax will go merrily on for another generation. It is becoming an American institution. The Government is gradually perfecting its application and scope. At one time the counterfeiter flourished; today he is almost negligible; and so it will be with the income tax—the man who can successfully evade it will be in a class by himself.

EASY COME, EASY GO

(Continued from Page 25)

the Perono firm and his change to the Wilkways silk-and-linen house.

It happened, too, that at this particular time the Hathley car was in a garage for repairs and Nora, the maid, had gone home for a visit. Nora was a country girl who liked to go home often, and Nina was never hard-hearted enough to stand in her way. But there was necessitated a hasty and rather confused telephone call to an employment agency in order that Alice might not think it necessary to help do the dishes. Alice listened silently to the call and was tactfully silent when Nina related how long she had had Nora and next week would have her again.

Alice was tactfully silent when Dennis, all blandly unconscious, loudly regretted that his car was laid up that particular week. Oh, the maddening way Alice could be silent! Nina reddened guiltily.

"Old car, anyway," rattled on Dennis, cheerfully. "Needs paint and an engine. Going to trade it in next month on a new one. And what you're allowed these days on a car traded in would curdle a Scotchman's oatmeal," said Dennis disapprovingly. "So I'm not putting on paint."

"A new car next month? That'll be nice"

"Well, maybe not for two months." Dennis crinkled his forehead. "Pretty busy right now. Might not be able for a while to take time off to buy one."

Nina knew well enough that his month was to be busy. But she saw, with annoyance, that Alice disbelieved the story.

It was after Tom had hurried off for the 8:10 sleeper to St. Paul that Alice—oh, tactfully, like a mother with a child—drew Dennis out on his last change. And under the sunshine of a supposedly kind ear, how Dennis could expand! Like a purple hollyhock in a midsummer garden, once he had grinningly self-admitted.

With his capable hands clasped behind his good-looking dark head, leaning back in the gray velours armchair which was the oldest—and looked it—piece of furniture in the living room, he told Alice exactly how it had happened.

There had arisen a rumor that the Perono establishment was on the rocks. Apparently matter-of-fact, the textile business was a sensitive plant whose green leaves curled at a hint of bad weather. Also ever since the well-known last war all wholesale business had been a bunch of nerves. The Wilkways house was sound, and happened to have its city sales force depleted of two good men in a week; flu for the one; moonshine the other. An opening and a welcome for a man like Dennis.

"I see," said Alice evenly.

Nina sat on the davenport between the two. Oh, Dennis' every word was true. She could picture, and know herself not misled, Crozier snapping at Dennis and Dennis jeering back.

Crozier was a thin driving desk man, intent on his firm's interests, and with the chip of ability on his own shoulders. Nina had known him in her premarriage days, when he was a subhead. She could picture him angrily accusing Dennis of breach of ethics in the manipulation of certain orders.

"He told me," grinned Dennis, who liked Alice's occasional ringing laugh, "that some day he'd skin me alive and feed my hide to the perch in Lake Michigan."

"Switching orders?" Alice was not familiar with the trade jargon. She had been a music teacher before her marriage.

"Abie Klein and some others," he explained, "were ready to stock their shelves for the season. Well, I didn't command 'em to control their desire for Turkish toweling and Madeira doilies until I'd changed pay rolls. It is true"—laugh—"that I refrained from telephoning Klein and another man for two weeks. But Crozier had no business accusing me of sticking Klein's two-thousand-dollar order in my vest pocket for two weeks and tricking his house out of it."

"I see. But now I dare say you'll stay where you are for some years?" Oh, the tact in Alice's ready voice!

"Don't fancy so," said Dennis genially. "Wilkways house is sound, but it's no blimp. And I heard a rumor that the Eastern Lesser silk people are planning an excursion into the cotton-and-linen highways. Know what the Lessers are?"

No, Alice did not know.

The Lessers were to silk what Rockefeller was to oil. Had branch houses in every capital of the world, including Madrid and Petrograd—this last bombed at present. Rumor contained headquarters in Chicago, with eighteen new stories of Indiana limestone.

"Get into the Lesser and I'd be settled for life," confided Dennis.

After a while Nina changed the subject. Alice told them about the mountain guide in Italy who had been a driver of a sightseeing bus in New York; the *pension* in Nancy where Tom got the best artichokes he ever tasted; the little dark shop in Brussels where she got the pink dolls for Janie and Josie.

It was the next morning that Alice said, "Nina, why don't you and Dennis get into a house and out of this tiny apartment? My dear, if you ever had plenty of windows and closets ——"

"Oh, Alice!" Nina was slightly ironic. "I lived in one, you can't have forgotten, until dad and then mother died. A house"—though she felt self-convicted of treachery to secret hopes—"has its drawbacks! Stair carpets to be cleaned. And a furnace's smoke. And lots of closets need lots of clean shelf paper every little while. With two children ——"

"Oh, I admit all that."

"You ought to. I remember you took that first position in Pittsburgh, Alice, to get away from spring housecleaning."

"So I did! Wasn't I a conscienceless little wretch!" Alice could be maddeningly agreeable when one would really prefer her in quarrelsome temper. "But the children really need ——" She diverted, irrelevantly: "By the way, Nina, don't you

(Continued on Page 46

NO AMERICAN MOTOR CAR, REGARDLESS OF PRICE, EXCELS THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IN PERFORMANCE, DEPENDABILITY, BEAUTY AND COMFORT

It is particularly significant that the most enthusiastic comments on the superiorities of the Peerless Eight come from those who have long been accustomed to the finest and best in motor cars.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Since I began buying motor cars years ago, I have owned and driven several of the various high class cars made in this country, but I find in my Peerless Eight sedan a greater degree of satisfaction in many ways. Wonderful riding qualities, beautiful in appearance and finish, but most to be appreciated is the ease with which it is controlled, quickly going from the slowest pace that you might desire to any speed, and taking the steepest hills on high with no perceptible effort.

I consider the Peerless superior in every way to any of the high class cars being offered in this market, regardless of price.

ALFRED HAMMER,
President, Valley Savings Bank
Des Moines, Iowa

PEERLESS

Watch This Column

Mary Philbin in a new play

"Fools' Highway," Universal's latest Jewel, is an adaptation of Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose," and with MARY PHILBIN in the leading part, you know in advance that you are going to find a sweet and beautiful heroine. The play is laid in the old Bowery and we have spared no detail to aid MISS PHILBIN in her splendid and artistic work.

And speaking of Universal Jewels, have you seen ***"Sporting Youth," "A Lady of Quality," "The Acquittal," "The Darling of New York"*** and ***"Merry Go Round"***? If so, I wish you would write and tell me your opinions of them.

REGINALD DENNY'S next production will be ***"Love Insurance,"*** from the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. The title isn't permanent. Can you suggest a better one? I will pay $100 cash for the title we accept and use. The plot is novel. An English lord falls in love with an American heiress and applies to a noted insurance company to insure him against any failure of the marriage. A clerk is sent to the resort where the bride is staying to see that the wedding comes off. He falls in love with the heiress himself and resigns his job. Numerous complications ensue, during which there are spectacular automobile, yacht and train flights. If this is not enough information, write me for detailed synopsis.

Send in all title suggestions by March 8. In the event that more than one person submits the title we decide to use, I will pay the full amount to each. These conditions apply also to our advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post of February 9 and 16.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the greatest spectacle Universal has made in 15 years of history, is playing to fine audiences throughout the large cities of the country. When you see it please write me about it. Tell me your opinion of it.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

Continued from Page 44

think it would be wiser for Dennis to anchor himself?"

"Dennis is offered so often a better opening. He's really rather a wonderful salesman, you know."

"Oh, of course," agreed Alice at once. "Oh, I don't doubt that, Nina! But you see, speaking psychologically—well, that isn't what I mean, either—but it seems to me a certain fixity of purpose and action is necessary if a man is really to set his mark. Now, Nina, please let me say this for your own later reflection ——"

Nina broke in hurriedly. "A city textile salesman isn't a Wall Streeter, Alice. But Dennis' commissions each year ——"

"Oh, of course, I know. But—well—psychological is the word I want. Dennis is a dear. But you see ——"

Nina averted a proud, helpless face. She was not minded to tell Alice that her floundering arrow of words had sickeningly hit the secret target of her own fears.

"Tom says he'd just as lief get him into his office."

"Alice! Dennis wouldn't dream of ever giving up his own line of work."

Tactfully Alice gave over. She reached, too, to save a small vase which the woman from the employment office was periling with a mop handle.

Alice departed two days later. From the station to see her off, Nina returned with a feeling toward Alice which verged upon dislike. Her sister had paid the taxicab fare down with a tactful insistence which came near being patronage. And then, to make a small offense large, she had deliberately given the man a bill for Nina's trip back home.

The latter had no wish for a quick easy return to home. Three blocks from the station was an out-of-way workshop belonging to a wood polisher whom Dennis had known from early wholesale days. Two blocks from the shop was a curio den whose owner, too, was an old acquaintance of the two Hathleys. While she was in that part of town she had planned to see about the hole Janie dug in the piano and also look for an ivory bowl for Alice's Christmas present. Alice's attention therefore was undesired and unwelcome. Nina drove off in annoyance with the waiting man.

And it was while rounding the first crowded corner that she became conscious of a wad in one glove lying in her lap. Suspicion darted into her mind like a black bird of prey.

She got the wad out, uncrumpled the yellow bill. It was a fifty, which Alice had deftly left behind, without words. How dared Alice! After Dennis had taken such pains to make two days and a half a pleasant round of luncheons, matinées and evening orchestra seats!

With scarlet cheeks, deliberately Nina dropped the bill to the floor of the taxicab. Deliberately she bent then, picked it up, leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Oh, I've picked up some money on the floor. Perhaps your last passenger ——" A suggestive pause. Eyes as candid as violets in a sunny dell.

Stare as suspicious as a watchdog offered a strange bone. Eyes like jumping gimlets. Then sudden volubility: "Oh, yes, lady! I remember—I remember ——"

"—— the house where you were born, I dare say," commented Nina icily, but not audibly

With scarlet firm countenance she leaned back and composed the letter that later would go Aliceward.

"So odd; tempted to keep it"—implied laugh at such dishonesty!—"but remembered the eighth commandment. The man described perfectly the old lady in black who had asked him to keep his eyes open for it. I think the poor man was quite horrified by my honesty in handing it right over to him."

That would properly punish Alice for her would-be charity! She could picture Alice's face. Alice would see through the letter of course. But a needed lesson would be taught.

As the taxicab made its way through the crowded downtown streets she became conscious that her mounting feeling against Alice was merging into anger against Dennis. It was his fault that Alice had done this thing! He ought to be told of it. As soon as possible! But of course she could never hurt him by the telling. Like a cup of cold water in the face, judgment slapped the brief impetuous wish. Dennis liked Alice. Talebearing would rip that liking into ugly shreds.

While the taxicab lurched past a corner Nina with too clear sight half-resented her own limitations of affection, her inhibition against causing one more creak in the world's rasping machinery—rasping that has turned most of humanity into a whimpering mass.

Perhaps she had too much inhibitory judgment for Dennis' and her own good. Perhaps another woman —— But at this point Nina Hathley sat up straight and uninhibited. Dennis might not be making all that he should out of life and mind, but she preferred him exactly as he was to a nobler, wiser Dennis made over by some other woman! Deliberately she fell upon the favorite device of the average troubled soul—that of counting over one's mercies and other persons' lack. She and Dennis and the children were healthy; not hungry, cold or shabby. Indeed, the very mention of such undeniable facts put a preposterous angle on the situation of her discontent. Many degrees removed were they from these three hardest planks of the mortal bed.

Other things too. Dennis was—well, Dennis. No ugly incidents in their life together, such as some wives have wretchedly to hug. Ada Delph, for instance—who must redden and control a bitter self-conscious grimace when was uttered the old joke about a man buying a new ribbon for his typewriter. Jim Delph had whitish cheeks and oblique full-staring eyes to go with his managership of the Western department of the Ambulox company. And even Alice—well, Tom was all right, of course, but he had a way of plucking at his small black mustache, very affectedly, when he told a joke. "You see it was this way—one was named Pat and one was named Mike." Nina knew that one joke to utter boredom; and she had noticed that Alice of late years did not listen much to Tom.

Well, she, Nina, had no old jokes to endure. Dennis always told new ones!

And the autumn day was fair. Alice was gone, and so was criticism. She recalled that it was Friday, when the city salesmen gathered in downtown office for managerial conference. She might detour and pick up Dennis for early homing.

Pure absend-mindedness was responsible for her action. Instead of down Monroe Street to the time-grayed high Wilkways Building, she directed the driver down Madison Street to the newer Perono façade. And she was inside the wide plate-glass front doors and advancing to the call girl before she realized her mistake.

Upon the heels of realization came sight of Crozier, erstwhile her husband's general manager, gloved and hatted for the street. His way was directly toward her. She bowed, with a touch of confusion and strong annoyance at her own absence of mind, and turned hurriedly toward the doors.

But Crozier with an imperative word stayed her. And for this impulsive action a few words must be allotted Robert Crozier. Wars may come. Wars may go. Europe may be bathed in blood or poppies. Cals or Abrahams may sit at Washington. But the Midwestern textile trade is a kingdom of its own, and its Croziers are its cabinet members; driving, textile-absorbed, petulant, ambitious, capable men, usually addicted to whole-wheat bread and pepsin tablets, middle-aged or older, with one stern eye on their salesmen and the other on interstate-commerce statistics and the boll weevil.

Crozier was dyspeptic, with his hopes pinned on bran muffins every noon. He was forty-nine years old, thin-haired and had watched the prewar neat-haired filing clerks metamorphose into bobbed flapperish young persons who greedily demanded larger and larger pay. And he distinctly recalled Mrs. Dennis Hathley when she had been pretty violet-eyed Miss Woods, over whose typewriter the younger men of the Ambulox establishment, neglecting business, used to hang and hand candy and flowers. And the years had not sat hard on Nina. They seldom do so sit on a woman who is well beloved by the man she loves, and married to him, to boot. Moreover, her state of mind over Alice's action had whipped her cheeks to an exaggerated scarlet, which to Crozier's nearsighted eyes may have been too artificial. Her small velvet *cloche* matched her eyes. Her coat and lacy blouse were extravagances of Dennis'. One dressed up to Alice anyway. Crozier undoubtedly surveyed her with that grimness which many men feel a large half of the women have in this generation earned.

"Mrs. Hathley, I am indeed pleased to run across you," he began, with a sarcasm not lost even on Nina's startled mind. "And I am just in the humor today to inform you that when a good man goes wrong there is usually the one reason!"

"Mr. Crozier!"

"Only," he went on with a venom which was the accumulation of weeks, "there happen to be two kinds of good men—those who have the ability to look straight in spite of home distortions, and those who—have not!"

"Mr. Crozier, you ——"

"Also to men of promise who become men of promises the poorhouse usually opens the door around three score and ten. And to their families."

And that was all. He had strode on. And Nina was outside the wholesale doors, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry. She did neither. She went home, however, without calling for Dennis. He breezed home an hour later.

"Alice gone? Sorry I couldn't get to the train; had a State Street buyer in tow for two hours. Say, hon, I heard some more about the Lesser move. Jim Delph's out for the general manager's hat; so it's about as good as if I'd arranged matters personally for my own good."

For once Nina did not respond with animation. Of course Crozier was a peevish person whom Dennis had snapped his fingers at. Of course Alice was a busybody; oh, yes, sister or not, that was what she was. But in spite of both facts Nina was a little frightened at a vague and pale peril.

Dennis' breeziness, his plans and hopes were they becoming to her ears touched with tarnish? She hurriedly put the sinister thought away as if it were a contagious-disease sign.

The day was put away with past days. The weeks went on. The routine of life took on its usual pleasant matter-of-factness; sometimes unpleasant, of course, as Janie's mumps and Josie's month of fever. Dennis got his new car, paying fifteen hundred dollars more than he and Nina had planned.

"But I'll need a classier car for the Lesser job," he declared briskly.

It meant debt. Josie's doctor bill had not been small and had come after the usual riotous and expensive Christmas that Dennis always insisted on. Generous—that had always been Nina's soft self-whispered word for him at December's end. Never until this year had she somewhat coldly self-questioned if Dennis spent money to please others particularly—or to please himself.

And then in February she met Ada Delph one noon in a department store. The two women went together up to the tea room. Ada was sandwiching coffee and a salad between a facial massage and a glove fitting. She was off to New York the next day for a four months' stay.

"Four months?" said Nina. "So long a while? Jim will ——"

"Jim won't care," interrupted Ada calmly. "And I don't care if he won't care. And, by the way, Nina, life's really more comfortable after you've reached that point with a man! I don't need half the facial massages that I used to."

A smiling "Ada!"

"All a woman gets from looking up at what she's set on a pedestal is a stiff neck."

"Still," said Nina, with no smile, "one likes to look up. Instead of—of not looking at all."

There was a hint of unevenness in her voice. Fortunately Ada was one of the entirely self-absorbed women.

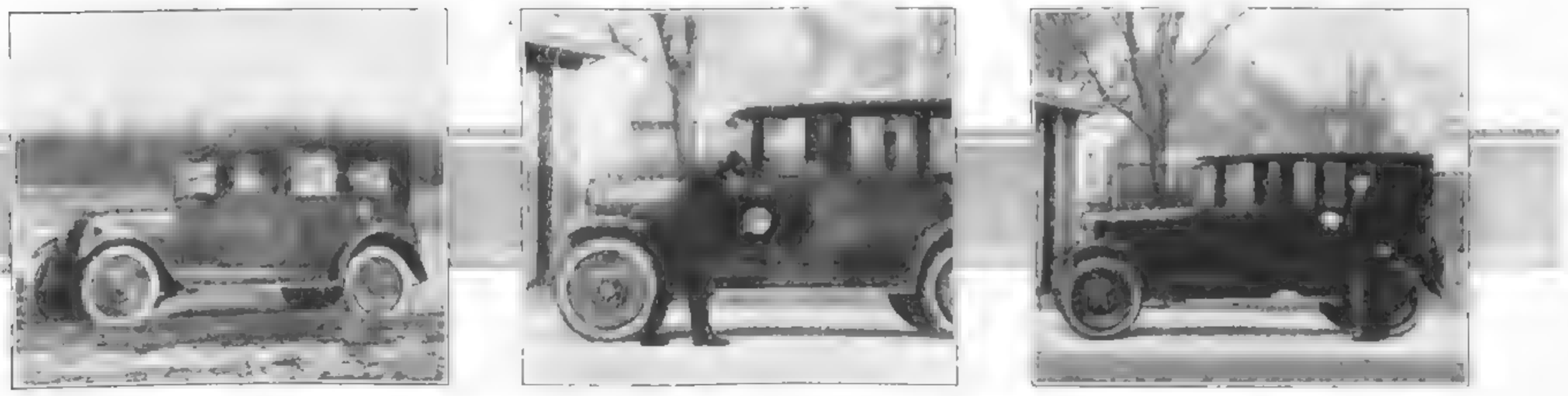
Two altogether different men were Jim Delph and Dennis, was the reflection that came to Nina; but there may as well be two different sorts of pedestals.

She said abruptly that evening, "But, Dennis, perhaps the Lesser house won't really prove a better opening for you than—than others have." Adding diffidently, "A small increase of commission won't——"

"Oh, the per cent of commission won't be as large as I'm getting now," he said. "But my yearly sales will be topping. Lesser stuff sells on its own reputation. Won't have to spiel it up. Besides, to get inside track as soon as possible in a new field, the Lessers will slash prices. Salesmen of other houses will have to get down to brass tacks and pound away."

After that Nina hoped intensively that Dennis would make this change. As the weeks went on, however, she did not listen so intently to his continued, rather too exuberant plans and expectations.

Continued on Page 48



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1 You can drive a True Blue Oakland through rain and mud for weeks, allow the spattered mud to remain on the finish

2 And then—quickly and easily wipe off this dirt and mud with any kind of cloth, using no soap, water or compounds

3 So that—the original lustrous body finish of the car is restored in all its beauty, without a damaging scratch or mar!

UNTIL now — there has never been a *really* enduring automobile body finish. For twenty years manufacturers have striven to develop a product more durable than the finishes inherited from the days of horse-driven carriages.

Through all these years, buyers have admired brilliant and beautiful new cars. Yet while they admired, they knew that, at best, the delicate finishes of these cars would be dimmed and aged after a few short months of ordinary usage. But no body finish was available that would withstand the constant daily use to which automobiles are increasingly subjected.

Happily, those days are gone forever! Oakland has revolutionized motor car body finishes by the development and application of a radically different substance — *Duco*. It is a beautiful, durable, weather-proof coating, impervious alike to sun and wind, rain and snow, salt air from the sea and the alkaline climate of deserts.

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How fitting that the True Blue Oakland—the car with the new six-cylinder engine, four-wheel brakes, permanent top, automatic spark advance, centralized controls, and so many other exclusive features—should be the first car to offer this remarkable finish!

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THE trouble was that shaving cream caps got lost. But now on Williams there's a cap that can't get lost. It's hinged on. That's a whale of an improvement, isn't it?

The shave Williams gives is a whale of an improvement, too.

—Williams lather is heavy and closely woven. It holds the moisture in. Result: faster and better softening of the beard.

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Williams is a pure, natural-white shaving cream absolutely without coloring matter. Try a tube—with the new Hinge-Cap—see if you ever used a shaving cream as fine!

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Shaving Cream

See that Cap →

Write for a sample of Williams Aqua Velva, a scientist's formula for after-shaving use. Address Dept. 12-B.

(Continued from Page 46)

"Seems to be a lot of secrecy about the expansion," he grumbled once. Cheerfully enough, however. "I'm not worried, though. Are you, hon? Guess I'll get a mat spread out for my feet, with the word 'Welcome' woven plain." His smile was large and satisfied.

She wished—Nina sewing silently on a romper for Janie—that Dennis' smile was not habitually so satisfied. A man has a right to feel pride in his own ability, to be sure. But the pride that begins to express itself in a sort of smirk —— Rather frightened, she put her thoughts hurriedly away and began to talk fast to Janie, to Josie and to Dennis.

Under her chatter, like a persistent ripple of water far down under sand, ran a silly recollection. Ostensibly it touched not herself or Dennis. It was a bit of picturization which, like a dock burr, had stuck in mind from a long past viewed seven-reeler of oversentimentality.

It had to do with a shawl; with a shawl's unraveling, rather. That had served as the metaphorical motif of the motion picture.

A broidered useful shawl in the beginning. But a man and a woman unraveled it slowly but surely. A slight tug one day; another time a bitter pull at the loosened yarn. Sometimes, to further damage, an inadvertent jerk. Sometimes the hand that tugged was vicious and purposeful. And presently many patiently made stitches had come all to naught, and there was no more shawl. Nothing but a snarled and vagrant heap of threads across which a man and a woman gaped in grief. The shawl might have been faded—the subtitles rioted in effusive adjectives—and still have served one or both for warmth. But, unraveled, it was worthless.

The picture clung to Nina's mind that night and afterward. Perhaps her mind had become somewhat morbid. Something like a raveled fold seemed to hung over her days. Was her daily little critical thought of Dennis a daily tug?

The Lesser opening presently seemed to have become vitally necessary, as if it might be a bridge; or a clicking, skillful needle.

It was a relief when it neared; when the actual official expansion of the Eastern firm loomed upon Midwestern mercantile plat like a great rock upon a plain. The eighteen new stories of limestone were going up straight and high as architects could effect. Temporary office and stock room were secured. Dennis' interest in Wilkways profits slumped visibly, by the day.

"Just playing tiddledywinks with trade while I wait," he confided breezily to Nina. "That's all. But next year—honey, you watch me next year this same time. I'll be toting my sample cases around the Loop and Sides in a Barrow-Six." He added: "Glad the Lessers are moving to our village. The Wilkways house is all right, but it's no blimp. Don't know just where I would have taken myself and grips this coming year if it hadn't been for their move here."

"Don't you, Dennis?"

"Oh, you needn't think you'd had to worry, hon! But I certainly would have made some kind of a change. Got rather fed up, for one thing, on old Wilkways' weekly talks on making good to his various forces, sales, stenographic, and even filing clerks."

He telephoned late one afternoon that he would not get home for dinner; had an appointment with Jim Delph. Lesser!

Nina ate her own dinner soberly, neglecting Josie and Janie; at least, so far as conversation went. She was reflecting that once the meal without Dennis' brisk boastful talk would have been flat. Now—was it a relief not to contribute the frequent word of acquiescence or even applause?

She put the thought away hurriedly. Oh, not inadvertently to tug at any shawl! She interlaced her fingers as if physical action on their part was to be feared, as if an actual shawl lay there.

As the evening wore on there came over her that sense of helplessness, impinging on terror, which can come to those, even those most fortunate, whose happiness and welfare are at the mercy of one other person. It is true that in this age and this land the independence of the individual is lauded. But to all practical purpose she was at Dennis' mercy until life should end.

But when at 8:30, almost before Nora had finished the dishes, almost as his key clicked in the lock, Dennis, grim and purplish of face, strode into the room, she forgot vague emotional terrors and sprang to her feet to face something imminent.

"Dennis, what's the matter?"

He flung coat and hat to a chair.

"Dennis!"

"Listen, Nina! I don't happen to be in the humor for talking just now."

"Why, Dennis!"—in surprise and hurt

"O—well—if you will have it right away! Would have saved you. Who do you think the Lessers picked for their Western general sales manager?"

"Not Jim Delph?"

"No. Gave him a tabbycat desk job. Who?"

"Who, Dennis?"

"Crozier!"

"Oh! And—and he ——"

"Got Jim to frame an interview with me so he could step on me as if I was a toad and he was a foot!"

"Dennis! And he wouldn't—wouldn't take you ——"

"He said he wouldn't take me on as a city salesman if I was the last good one foot-loose in the Middle West and he was harder up for men than a porcupine for a smooth coat." He went on furiously, "He said a lot of other things too. Things I'll pay him back for, good and plenty!"

"What other things?"

At that Dennis, who had been pacing up and down the room, turned furiously on her.

"Why must you turn the knife round for curiosity's sake! What if I don't care to repeat what he said?"

"Don't tell me if—if you'd rather not." She did her utmost to keep her voice non-irritating.

"Oh, possibly you'll enjoy hearing! Possibly you're even of the same opinion—that I'm a blowhard and undependable, without any sense of ethics or word keeping. Without, indeed, a sense of anything but small-boy showoffness!"

"Dennis! I never thought anything of the sort! What a hateful, detestable man Crozier is!" And partly because of all that had previously happened, partly because his tone, never heard before by her, had cut to the quick, she burst into tears.

"I wonder if that's sincere, Nina! I wonder if you never ——"

"Dennis!" She was sure that under the anger of his voice rasped a hint of appeal. Tightly her fingers interlaced, as if inadvertently they might pluck as if at a thread. "How can you ask me that? Never!" she declared passionately. "Never!" She added, "And, oh, how can this be worth a quarrel between you and me?"

Whereupon Dennis Hathley cooled down and was somewhat ashamed of his display of feeling.

"Well, by Jiminy, it isn't worth it! Even if you're not telling the truth, Nina. I don't think you are telling it. But never mind. I'm not tonight hankering for a second person's exposé of my character."

He was fast getting back to something of his usual briskness. He strode across the room to a small desk that had been one of their wedding presents—and looked it.

Nina, face wet, crossed swiftly in his wake.

"Dennis, one position isn't worth fretting over."

"This one was"—laconically. "Chance of a lifetime. And Crozier has got a ten years' contract and will keep me out that long. Watch me pay him back." He flung himself into a chair and opened the desk. "Watch me! Where's some paper?"

"Here's a loose-leaf tablet. How"—uneasily—"will you pay him back? Oh, Dennis, really I wouldn't ——"

"Wouldn't you? I would! I'll spend the next ten years grabbing orders from under his best men's noses; and believe me, Nina, I don't mind admitting to you that I never yet put on full steam at my job. Now I will, by Jiminy! And if I do, Crozier'll have something to look at that will blister his eyes. I'll put in twenty-two hours a day; I'll use every ounce of personality I've got."

"For whom?" she asked. "You said Wilkways ——"

"Oh, I'll stick right on at Wilkways. Haven't got time to make a change. Besides, Crozier told me I was like a butterfly showing my yellow wings. I'll let him see that I can stick to one spot like a cocoon." He wrote rapidly names and then more names. This from a vest-pocket notebook. "Just making a list of buyers I can count on; and those I'll have to really work on."

Nina dropped into a near-by chair and watched him. Apparently, for the first time that she remembered, he had forgotten that she was in the room. She watched, fascinated. Something indefinable had left Dennis' brisk smiling face. Something indefinable had replaced it. Under the likable, clean-shaven skin the flesh had become tauter, in a permanent way.

Not long afterward, on Monroe Street, Mrs. Dennis Hathley met Mr. Robert Crozier. She bowed to him most cordially. Indeed, at sight of him a lovely and serene light had appeared in her violet eyes. It is the light found only in the eyes of women to whom life seems a friendly thing, and the future seems a safe thing. Reasonably safe, that is. Because, after all, the most generous-appearing future is never hung with the rich purple of perfect safety to any man or woman.

But there was a quizzical curving touch to the corners of her mouth that seemed to be connected personally with Crozier. Evidently he was a person whom she well liked, and was glad to meet in any street; a cheerful ship passing in her content-touched night.

Crozier stared. Then a cynical thought came to him.

"H'mph!" he grunted, looking after her. "Women have a terribly inflated idea of their power, these days. See that little smart-hatted individual who just beamed at me?"

His companion had seen her.

"Wonder," mused Crozier, in disgust, "if she thinks she can vamp me into giving her husband a job?"

But this was beforehand. Some time afterward again Nina met Crozier. Again she nodded brightly. And gratefully? After her Crozier stared most thoughtfully, with no comment.

"Do you know, I b'lieve I made a mistake once," he said meditatively to his companion. "And while I may have been doing someone a service"—with uneasy presence—"I'm not in business for the sake of doing this kind of service and letting a firm that's not mine reap the benefit."

His companion did not understand.

"And I guess," said Crozier obscurely, "for the sake of my own reputation I better not go around talking about it. But I have a hunch that regret, like a carbuncle, is going to swell on me."

THE LONDON SEASON

(Continued from Page 27)

grumpy old Scotch peer, Lord Stair. I was rather amused when Lady Reay asked them if they were going to the State Ball. They answered that they had wanted to and had written to Cambon to say so, but his answer was that it was quite impossible, as they had never been presented. When I thought of the fact that the Francises had never been presented either, and whose invitation had been sent at once, it seemed funny. However, I made no remarks.

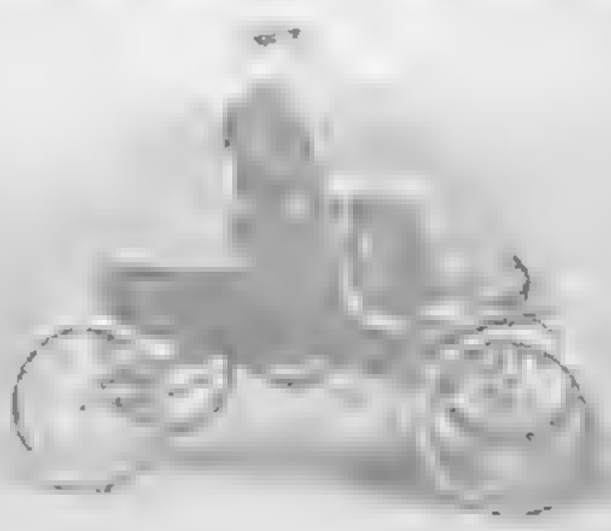
Lord Reay was rather put out with Lord Stair, who was not in uniform. They were going to present the Franco-Scottish committee to Poincaré, but he said he really couldn't stand his uniform in this heat. He was quite sure Poincaré would never know if he had the right to wear it. After lunch Lady Reay and I started off to see Pavlova, the Russian dancer, and we could hardly get through the streets, they were so crowded. It was Alexandra Day and the two queens were to drive through London, while at every corner stood girls dressed in white, with pink ribbons, selling artificial pink roses. We crossed them in Piccadilly, driving, one outrider in front, the two ladies in an open carriage, side by side, Princess Mary in front. Queen Alexandra was simply dressed in black, with her usual small hat; Queen Mary in white, with a very high hat covered with white and blue feathers. Both ladies were smiling and bowing all the time.

After the dancing, which was wonderful—Pavlova really dances beautifully—I went to a child's party at Lady Newton's. There, too, I saw lots of people I knew, including

Continued on Page 50

The late Mark Twain, (Samuel L. Clemens)

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew drove an Oldsmo-



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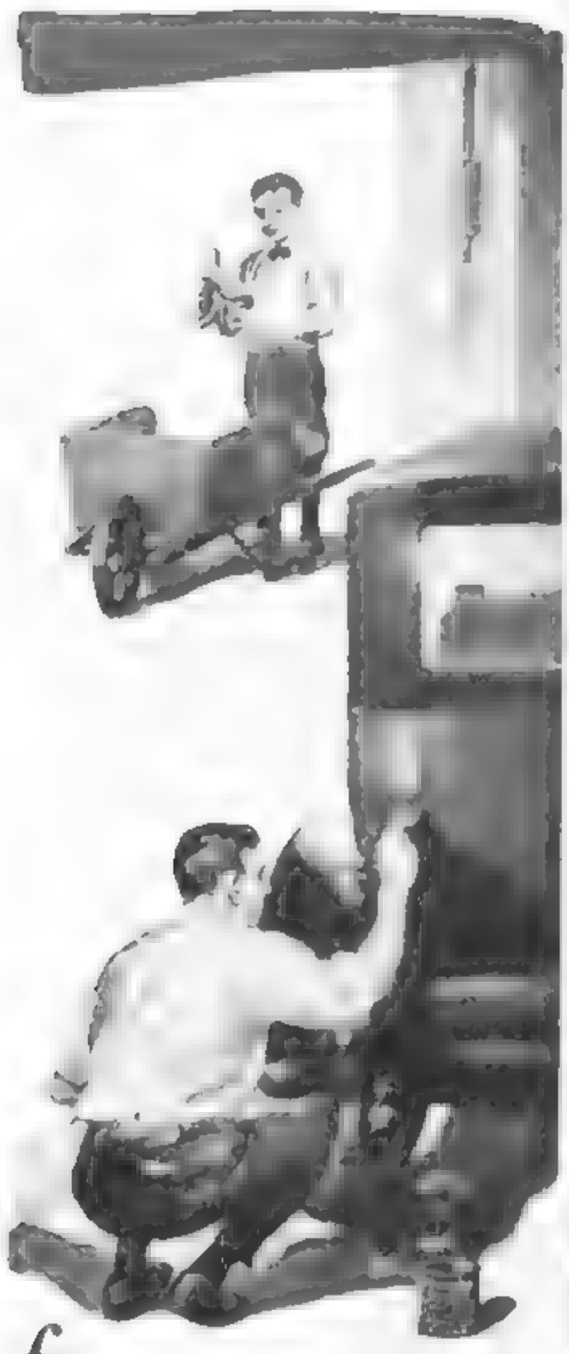

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(Continued from Page 48)

Lady Granville, and made a rendezvous to go and have tea with her at Kensington. Princess Mary was at the party, dancing hard. She is pretty, with brilliant hair and complexion, but was badly dressed in some sort of green gauze. All the other girls were in white, with pink and blue sashes. May Harcourt was there with her two eldest girls, who looked charming.

The Francises turned up at dinner. They had been to write us all down for Poincaré, who was lodged in St. James's Palace. They had also been to Lady Newton's. Charlie Townshend appeared at dinner. He, too, is staying here. There is always room in this most hospitable house. After dinner we went to a musical party at the Schroders'—Baron Schröder, head of the great banking firm, J. Henry Schroder & Co.—where I again saw quantities of old friends—the Arthur Herberts—she was a Miss Gamel, of Providence—Duchess of Montrose, looking very handsome; the Lützows—Count and Countess Lützow. A Dutch woman named Culp sang beautifully. I was tired, but still I enjoyed the music. She sang the old English song Long, Long Ago, which I had not heard since I was a child in America. It was quite charming.

THURSDAY, 26th.

I WAS lazy; sat in the garden. Charlotte and Francis went for a row in Regent's Park. Just as we were starting to lunch with Lord and Lady Laurence we got a telegram from the princess royal, saying she would receive us at four o'clock. Our lunch was pleasant—the De Billes, Mrs Buxton and one or two men. Anna Laurence was so pleased to see Francis; they played together so much as children.

We went to Brook Street and got Mary Burns as soon as we got away from lunch, as she had offered to take us about that afternoon. We told her we were commanded to the princess royal, but she said she didn't mind and would wait for us while we paid our visit. We arrived a few minutes before four in the big house in Portman Square I knew so well. We had dined there often with Fife. A groom of the chambers in black, with a silver chain, and two powdered footmen were waiting in the hall. They took us upstairs at once, and in a few minutes the princess and her two daughters came. She was in black, the girls in gray. They are not pretty, nor chic—seemed very shy. She has grown very much like her mother, so has her daughter, the Duchess of Fife, but without Queen Alexandra's graceful *tournure*. She was much more talkative and animated than I had ever seen her. Everyone says she has come out extraordinarily since Fife's death. He did everything for her—and, I fancy, rather sat upon her. She had just had Poincaré's visit and was very pleased with him. She was quite pleased to see Francis again and said her mother had told her how pretty and *élégante* Charlotte was. The girls said very little. She said they were not going to the State Ball, had just lightened their mourning, and were doing no big things.

We found Mary Burns waiting for us. We took the Francises to the Savoy, where they were to have tea, and I went to tea with her. I didn't stay long, as I wanted to dress before dinner. Everyone told us we ought to start early, as there would be a great crowd, even with the entrée, and of course the Francises wanted to see everything, and the court comes punctually at ten o'clock. Charlotte wore her green brocade dress her mother gave her, and I my black brocade, all my English orders and a diamond tiara.

Francis looked very well in breeches, white waistcoat and silk stockings. Being neither diplomat nor soldier, he has no uniform, and everyone told him he would be obliged to wear English court dress—black velvet, with lace jabot and ruffles and a sword. That he said he wouldn't do, so I had quite a correspondence with Sir Arthur Walsh, master of ceremonies, an old friend. I asked if he mightn't come in breeches and stockings—what the Frenchmen wore in Paris when King Edward dined. There was delay in getting the answer, and everybody said it would never be allowed, as there were precedents—several Frenchmen who had no uniforms had worn the English court dress. However, they made an exception for his father's son, and Walsh wrote that the King would be very happy to see Monsieur Waddington in *la tenue française*.

We got to the palace in very good time and the children were delighted with everything—guardsmen, beefeaters, chamberlains, and so on. It seemed funny to go up the big staircase and then branch off to the diplomatic entrance, as I had done so many times. There were quite a number of people there when we arrived. I saw Walsh almost at once and introduced him to the Francises. He said would I take my usual place on the *banc des ambassadrices*? I said no I wouldn't; I would sit somewhere in a corner. He said that was quite impossible, that he had his orders, and also would I go in to supper with the court? The Turkish ambassador would give me his arm, and would I present my son and daughter-in-law to their majesties at suppertime? He said he couldn't place the children in the Diplomatic Tribune, but would put them in the one next, so he carried them off and introduced Charlotte to his wife, Lady Clementine, who sat down next to her and told her who all the people were.

The court came punctually at ten, the chamberlains with their rods walking backwards into the ballroom, everyone, of course, standing, bowing and curtsying. The Queen walked between King George and Poincaré. She looked very handsome in green brocade and, of course, splendid jewels. The King was in field marshal's uniform, with the Grand-Croix de la Légion d'Honneur. All the English princes wore the French decoration. Poincaré was in plain black and long trousers—not breeches—and wore the Victorian Order. He looked quite composed and smiling, as if he had been at court balls all his life. They played first several bars of The Marseillaise and then God Save the King. They all seated themselves on the dais and the Quadrille d'Honneur began at once, all the princes dancing, as well as the King and Queen. Poincaré didn't dance; remained sitting on the dais, talking to Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, sister of King Edward VII. I saw him quite well and thought he looked very well. He is not good-looking, but has an intelligent, thoughtful face. He is short and square, but a little taller than the King.

I talked to various old friends and colleagues while the dancing was going on—Mensdorff, Austrian ambassador; Merry del Val, Spanish ambassador; Imperiali, Italian ambassador. The only ambassadresses present were Mmes. Benckendorff—the Russian ambassador's wife—and Imperiali.

In the course of the evening Cambon came up to me and said Princess Beatrice—Princess Henry of Battenberg, sister of King Edward VII and mother of the Queen of Spain—wanted to speak to me, so I went forward, and she came down from the dais and we talked some time. While we were talking she said to me, "Madame Waddington, the president is trying to speak to you." He was seated with the Queen on the dais, so, of course, I couldn't go up, but we exchanged bows and smiles. Later, when he descended from the dais, Cambon came to get me and I had quite a talk with him. He is delighted with his visit; said he had no idea how well he would be received.

Then I had a nice talk with King George, who said, "It is so nice to see you here in your old place; you ought to come oftener."

Queen Mary, too, came and talked and asked me if I didn't find Queen Alexandra much older looking. There is not much love lost between these two ladies.

I sent for the Francises to come and stand near me a little and Charlotte was instantly joined by Cambon. They had got all their instructions from Walsh—they were to follow as close as they could to the *cortège* when we moved to supper. I and my fat old Turk—not the ambassador, but an ex-grand vizier who was presiding over the conference—got on very well. He wanted to know who everyone was.

The supper room was very handsome. They had brought up all the gold plate from Windsor, and the big dishes and *plateaux* looked splendid hanging on the walls—like walls of gold. The whole scene was so familiar—all the diplomats and officials making a pretense of eating, but with their eyes fixed on the King and Queen so as not to miss anything when they turned to make their circle. The room looked splendid when everybody—the favored ones—got in. There are three long tables—the middle one for the royalties, and the diplomats on one side and the court people on the other. A slippery, shiny parquet floor, and the middle space kept by a circle of ushers and chamberlains in uniform.

After about a quarter of an hour Walsh came up to ask me where the children were. He couldn't find them anywhere in the room. He also introduced Lord Shaftesbury, the Queen's chamberlain, who said he had her majesty's commands to introduce the children at once. I was getting a little nervous at their nonappearance, when they finally arrived, Walsh having sent two ushers for them. I introduced them to Shaftesbury, who was standing near, his rod in his hand, when suddenly he brought it down with a bang in front of me, saying, "Madame Waddington, will you advance?" I did, followed by the children, and crossed the slippery parquet floor, the whole court looking on and criticizing.

The King and Queen were charming came forward to meet us, the King telling Francis he needed no introduction, he was so like his father; and the Queen recalled old days when we used to go out to tea at White Lodge and Francis had tea with her and some of her brothers at a small table in the garden. While they were talking I went and talked a little to Poincaré, who was standing on one side. Of course, it was very complimentary to us the way it was done. Before the royalties spoke to anyone else we were called up, and for a few minutes in the middle of that immense room, in the circle kept by a glittering row of officials, there was no one but the King and Queen and the Waddington family. I was very pleased, as I thought they would merely have stood behind me and I would have named them when the royalties passed down the line making their circle, when they would have made a bow and a curtsy, but have no conversation. Francis was very pleased also. Some of the women spoke to him afterwards, saying, "I hope you were pleased with your reception; it was wonderful."

When the King and Queen moved on, the other princesses asked me to present Charlotte, and the Crown Princess of Sweden, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, was much pleased to see them both. They all talked together to Poincaré, who was much amused to hear that the Swedish princess had been to Montmartre, and told them what it was like in his student days. Connaught asked me who the pretty woman was I was presenting, and talked for some time with her. We spent all our time with the princesses while the King and Queen were making their circle. Then when the *cortège* formed again my old Turk came to get me and we went back to the ballroom. Francis and Charlotte remained with one of the young chamberlains, who suggested that they should have some supper before the doors were opened to the general public.

Poincaré did not go back to the ballroom—took leave of the Queen at the door, the King and all the princes escorting him. He was to start back to France the next morning at nine o'clock. Pichon, *Ministre des Affaires Etrangères*, was with Poincaré, and I had quite a talk with him while the dancing was going on. He looked beaming and said they were all most gratified at the reception they had had. We didn't get away until 2:30. I thought I would never get Francis away. He found plenty of people to dance with and enjoyed himself very much. On our way to the carriage we stopped and had tea and sandwiches in one of the last rooms, served by maids. The Yarde-Bullers—he is military attaché to the British Embassy in Paris—were there, and we stayed on some little time.

FRIDAY, 27th.

WE WERE all late this morning. I sat in the garden with Hilda, telling her about the ball. She was much interested. Francis had a business appointment in The City, but met us at the Stamfordhams', where we lunched. Lord Stamfordham is the private secretary and trusted friend of the King—goes everywhere with him. They have a charming apartment in St. James's Palace. We were a small party. Fritz Ponsonby and his wife—he is one of the King's equerries—was always with King Edward, and his wife is a very pretty woman, very showily dressed in black satin and white lace; two men whose names I forget, and Sir Arthur and Lady Nicholson. He looked very old, so bent, but was intelligent and easy, bored to death with being Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and so tied down; wants an embassy where he could be his own master—yet he refused Vienna. I fancy he wants Paris. They all do. As I wrote you, he spoke most warmly of you and Eugene; said how astonished he would be to see the Bulgarians so disciplined and taking such a prominent place as Christians. I wonder what he would think now, with the horrors one reads in the papers.

(Continued on Page 52)

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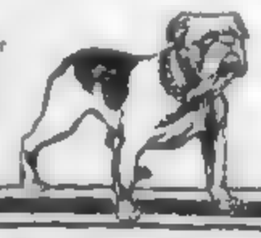

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(Continued from Page 50)

We came home to tea, as Hilda had invited some of the various cousins. The Francises went off to the opera, stopping for Miss Byng, Stamfordham's daughter, whom Charlotte likes very much. I had a quiet evening with Hilda and Charlie Townshend.

SATURDAY, 28th.

HILDA and I went to the Royal Academy. There are scores of bad pictures and a few charming ones. Francis had to go back to Paris this morning, as he had people to see. Hilda took Charlotte to a garden party at Sion House, and I went for a drive with Mary Burns. We went to Hampstead Heath, where the air is lovely, it stands so high. It is much changed since my days in London; many more villas built. As it was Saturday afternoon, all the fields were filled with boys and girls playing tennis and cricket, all dressed in white. It looked so pretty on the grass. Charlotte enjoyed herself at Sion House and made many more acquaintances. She said the place was handsome, but the party not nearly so well done as Osterley—not so many servants and not the pretty little tea tables in the great hall, with flowers and fruit on each.

We dined quietly with Mrs. Edwardes. She didn't come to table; she has become so crippled with rheumatism that she has to be carried up and down stairs. Her daughter Gay—now Countess Gleichen—did the honors. She is very intelligent and has a charming manner. Gleichen—Major General Count Gleichen, distant relative of the British royal family—wasn't there—could not get leave. We had Lord Grenfell, who was in Cairo—an interesting man—and a Captain Peacock, an equerry of the Prince of Wales, who seemed to adore him, and a Mr. Ward Cook, whom I have always known. They all went off to the theater and Grenfell said he would bring Charlotte home. I stayed and talked to Mrs. Edwardes until eleven o'clock.

SUNDAY, 29th.

A BEAUTIFUL warm day. Charlotte went off early to mass, and then to lunch with some friends on the river and spend the afternoon punting. I did my church in the garden with Hilda, listening to her Commentary. I wish I could believe in it as she does. It is such a comfort to her. I lunched quietly with Mrs. Jago. I drove in the afternoon with Mary Burns. I wanted to write ourselves down for Queen Amélie—ex-Queen of Portugal, widow of King Don Carlos, who was assassinated in Lisbon in 1908, and mother of ex-King Manuel; she was born Princess Amélie of Orleans, daughter of the Count de Paris and great-granddaughter of King Louis Philippe—who lives at Richmond, so Mary quite agreed to that and said we would go to tea at Dober House, Mr. Morgan's beautiful place, afterwards. It was charming driving through the park and we found the queen's villa quite easily; not very far from the old Star and Garter—which doesn't exist any more; no more teas or maids of honor. Do you remember the little cakes with icing on top that were always called maids of honor?

It is a forlorn little place, almost on the road. A wonderful sort of Portuguese servant, half man, half monkey, with some gold braid on his coat, opened the door and showed us the book. The narrow passage was so dark—this beautiful summer afternoon—that he had to light the gas. I put "née Sallandraize de Lamornain" on Charlotte's card, as the Queen had always known the admiral—Vice Admiral Sallandraize de Lamornain, chief of the French naval staff and father of Mme. Francis Waddington—very well, and almost the last thing he did before he died was to give her and the King a dinner on his flagship, the Formidable, when he was stationed at Lisbon for a few days. Mary Burns was horrified by the shabby little villa, with hardly a carriage drive up to the door, and the one slovenly servant. We drove through the park to Dober House, where she had sent word to the housekeeper we would have tea. The gardens, greenhouses and fruit houses looked beautiful; quantities of roses and enormous carnations and strawberries and nectarines; a profusion of everything. It made me rather melancholy. The last time I was there Mr. Pierpont Morgan was there, heaping strawberries on my plate, and so kind and hospitable.

I got back just in time to dress for dinner, and we went off, the three of us, to dine with the Ivor Herberts—now Major General Lord Treowen—in the fine old family house in Great Stanhope Street, with its high rooms, Adam ceilings and family portraits.

MONDAY, June 30th.

WE HAD a quiet afternoon at Hurlingham. It was an off day, nobody there, and it was nice walking about and having our tea under the trees. We all three dined with the Lützows, who have a nice house. We had the Norwegian minister and his wife, and a nice man, Dudley, a brother of Lord de L'Isle, who sat next to Charlotte and wouldn't believe she was French; also a nice American couple, McCormicks of Chicago—rich of course; have made a great fortune in reaping machines. The Lützows were leaving the next day. They begged us to come and see them at their place in Bohemia—Zampach—the next time we went to Marienbad.

TUESDAY, July 1st.

CHARLOTTE and I lunched with Mrs. Lumley Holland—a large affair. I think we were twenty-four at table. The menu had the French flag on it, and the table was garnished with red, white and blue flowers. Needless to say, Mrs. Holland is very French in her sympathies. I sat between Sir Charles Knollys, brother of Lord Knollys, private secretary of King Edward VII, and Charlotte Knollys—the former's sister, secretary and trusted friend of Queen Alexandra—whom I had known in the old days, and General Nicholson. He was rather amusing over the American women and the way they quietly came over and took possession of London.

We didn't get away until nearly four, and tried to go to the flower show at Holland House, but the streets were so blocked it was impossible to get on. After having wasted a quarter of an hour opposite Harvey & Nichols' we decided to give that up and go straight to Westminster, where we were to have tea on the terrace. Even then we did not get to the Parliament House until nearly five, and then had some difficulty in getting in. They are so afraid of the suffragettes that the rules are very strict. We had to write our names on a card which was sent to Ivor. However, we finally managed it. He was waiting for us just outside, and it was a pretty sight when we emerged on the terrace. There were a great many people—pretty women, well dressed, lots of well-known members walking about, and a fine hum of conversation. We had a very good tea and strawberries, and a sort of bun or scone, which is the specialty of the House of Commons teas. Charlotte was perfectly amused, had never seen anything like it. She dined at home with Anna Laurence and Frank Mayer and they went to the opera afterwards. I dined quietly with Mary Burns. It is rather pathetic to see her in her elaborate tea gown and beautiful pearls in the pretty rooms. We had a most copious dinner—enough for ten people. She ate nothing and I not much more.

I said to her, "Why do you have so many dishes? You don't eat them, and I can't."

She replied, "One must have all that; if we didn't it would look so bad for the servants."

There is a curious change in her—difficult to define; she seems far away at times.

WEDNESDAY, July 2nd.

TODAY we had our audience with Queen Amélie. I had written to Soveral to arrange it for us, and he telegraphed me it was for today at four. Hilda said she would come with us—would like the drive through the park—so we started at three in a motor. We got there a little before four. The same slovenly servant was waiting in the anteroom—or rather, the dark passage—and we were shown at once into rather a nice drawing-room opening on a winter garden. There we found a lady and gentleman, both Portuguese, who received us and said her majesty would see us in a few minutes. We had a little banal conversation. She asked how long it was since I had seen the Queen, and so on. Then a bell rang.

The gentleman conducted us across the winter garden into a large drawing-room with open doors. He merely bowed and departed—didn't announce us. The Queen was standing at a table in the center of the room, dressed in black, with no jewels. The Queen shook hands with us both, thanking us warmly for coming to see her in her solitude. I don't think many French people take the trouble to go all the way out to Richmond to see an exiled queen. She was very agitated at first; said she had not seen me for twenty-six years, not since the happy days in London, when she came as a bride for Queen Victoria's first jubilee. I said I remembered her so well at the Court Ball, where she and the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia—born Princess Elisabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt, sister of the Empress Alexandra of Russia and granddaughter of Queen Victoria—were two lovely young women just beginning their married lives. I wonder if either of them had a presentiment of the tragedy which was in store for both. Her face changed; tears came into her eyes, and she said, "*Ah, qu'elles sont loin ces premières journées de bonheur; que de changements depuis!*" She spoke very warmly of Willy—always so moderate and so just, and was charming to Charlotte about her father; told her what a beautiful entertainment he had given them in Lisbon Harbor on the Formidable. She asked her about her children, and said to me, "*Je l'ai connue quand elle était une toute petite fille avec les cheveux blonds dans le dos.*" She kept us quite half an hour; said she was very pleased with her son's marriage, that the young princess was intelligent and charming; she thought they would be very happy. She spoke very bitterly of the smallness of the Portuguese in keeping all her personal things. She only got some of her jewels back through King George's insistence.

Charlotte was delighted with her audience, and was much struck by the contrast between her gracious, simple manner and the stiff shyness of the English princesses, even when they mean to be gracious. Hilda was waiting for us in the auto, and we went to a small hotel halfway down the terrace for tea, just below the old Star and Garter. We had tea on the piazza, with a lovely view of the river and boats, with boys and girls in white, rowing and punting. We stayed there so long we had to take the short way home through the streets. London has grown so immensely that Richmond is now practically part of the town.

Charlotte and I dined at the Reays'—twenty-four people—though Lady Reay had told me it was a small party. The party was pleasant: Dowager Duchess of Montrose, still very handsome, Lady Tullibardine—he is the Duke of Atholl's eldest son—Merry del Val, Hohlnau, counsellor of the German Embassy, Lady Waterlow, Sir Donald McKenzie, a great admirer of Eugene, who wrote Little Russia, and several men I didn't know. Charlotte had a clever young Irishman, Lord Kilkenny, next to her, and a young M. P. whose name she didn't catch. They seemed all three most cheerful and were talking hard. All the men were most complimentary over Poincaré; said it was an absolute treat to hear him speak such graceful, beautiful language. They also found him good-looking, so intelligent; the eyes and brow of a thinker.

THURSDAY, July 3rd.

I LUNCHED with the Mildmays, just a family party—Lily Harcourt, Mary Sheridan and her girl May. They were all most affectionate and sent love to you, and wasn't it a pity you never came any more to Europe, and why had you given up Washington? So many people said it was the only place in America to live in. Charlotte came for me and we went to have tea with Lady Granville at Kensington Palace. She was waiting for us at her door and took us over the gardens and old palace, which is now turned into a museum. Some of the old dresses were curious. Coronation dresses of various queens; Queen Victoria's wedding dress and going-away dress, such funny, narrow, short-waisted garments. Queen Alexandra's looked *chic et élégant*, even on a manikin. There were some fine pieces of old furniture, and on one table under glass a collection of small silver boxes, with pieces of the wedding cake of all the royal family from Queen Victoria to the princess royal.

We walked through the Dutch garden, which is quite charming. One could fancy William of Orange spending long melancholy hours there, so homesick for Holland and The Hague and the long roll of the sea at Scheveningen, but in reality it has just been made and planned by Lulu Harcourt. Lady Granville gave us tea in her pretty rooms in the palace, and we plunged, of course, into old times, when Lord Granville was foreign minister and she such a stately aristocratic figure at the head of the stairs at the Foreign Office when there was a big reception. She was most affectionate, so glad to see Charlotte. She had

(Continued on Page 54)

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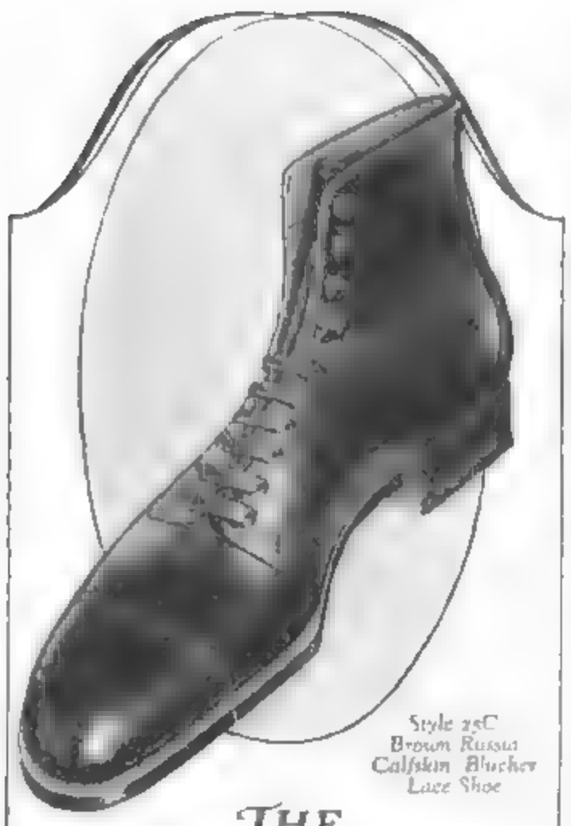

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(Continued from Page 52)

a capital portrait of Lord Granville and a charming picture of herself and her two daughters, taken on the terrace at Walmer Castle, near Dover, residence of the lord lieutenant of the Cinque Ports. Charlotte found her very handsome and high-bred—a thoroughly English type. I went to tea with Julia Monk. Charlotte declined that festivity—where I found plenty of people I knew, including Lady Violet Rivers Wilson, whom I was glad to see, and I got home very late. Happily had no dinner and was glad to get to bed early.

FRIDAY, July 4th.

CHARLOTTE and I walked about a little this morning in Oxford Street, doing some last shopping, and we lunched with Mrs. Hope-Vere. Her house is filled with pretty furniture and bric-a-brac of all kinds, and quantities of books in old French bindings. We were not a very large party: Lord and Lady Graham—he the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, a tall, good-looking man, stone-deaf. Lady Mary Something, a daughter of the Duchess of Hamilton, Count and Countess Montholon, of the French Embassy, and various odd men.

After lunch we went to see Cambon, who was at home and evidently rather pleased with our visit. He told us a funny story. You will remember that at King Edward's funeral a long line of kings—nine—followed the gun carriage on horseback. The last two were Alfonso of Spain and Manuel of Portugal. Just in front of them was King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and a splendid figure he was. King Alfonso, who is very royal—not a Spanish Bourbon for nothing—said to King Manuel, "*Tiens, voilà un nouveau collègue, un roi qui ne fait pas le métier depuis longtemps.*" Ferdinand heard him, turned in his saddle, saying, "*Oui, mon ami, comme vous dites, je suis un nouveau roi, mais je crois que j'ai plus de chance de mourir dans mon lit que vous deux.*" Just now Ferdinand's chance of dying quietly in his bed doesn't seem a very good one.

I got home about four and went with Hilda to see an old friend of hers, Lady Nicholson, who has a charming house and garden just out of London, towards Campden Hill. Lady Nicholson's father was a friend of Sir Thomas Lawrence and she has an interesting collection of his original sketches, also some of Burne-Jones'. She was the first old lady—about sixty-seven—I had seen with smooth brown hair and a cap. I asked her why she wore one. She said her husband was so much older than she was that she thought it seemed more fitting.

We had a big dinner at home tonight—the Norwegian minister and his wife, Swiss Minister, the Montholons, Bruno Schröder, and a man I used to know, Sir Edgar Sebright, who used to be with Princess Mary of Teck—Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, first cousin of Queen Victoria and mother of the present Queen of England.

SATURDAY, July 5th.

CHARLOTTE and I lunched with the Billes, who have kept their house in Pont Street. We had Wrangel, the Swedish minister, and his wife, the Reays, Elsa, the daughter, and her husband—a nice, clean-looking young Englishman, devoted to the country and sport of all kinds, and one or two other men. I went afterwards to Mary Burns', who had promised to drive me about and leave some last cards. Circulation was very difficult, as the King was reviewing the volunteers in Hyde Park.

SUNDAY, July 6th.

I WAS lazy this morning—didn't go out till late with Charlotte. We went to tea with Lady Waldegrave, who has a nice old-fashioned house in Portman Square, with some fine pictures and old china. Afterwards to tea with Lady Stamfordham to say good-by. We had a quiet dinner. Some of Hilda's Norfolk cousins, the Buxtons, came.

Maurice—Sir Maurice de Bunsen, brother of Baroness Deichmann and British ambassador in Madrid—is named to Vienna, and is much pleased. He was afraid they would leave him one more year in Madrid and then shelve him. He had an excellent position in Madrid, because the Queen was so fond of him and Bertha—Lady de Bunsen. She sent for them on every occasion.

I had a little note from Queen Alexandra asking me and Charlotte to go to her tomorrow afternoon to a child's party she was giving at Marlborough House. It is not very convenient, as Hilda has a big garden party here tomorrow—half the people invited to meet me, and I have also invited some of my friends she doesn't know. She looked so disappointed when I read the note, yet I think I must go for a little while late. Charlotte will stay.

MONDAY, July 7th.

IT IS mild, but gray—no sun and no possibility of walking or sitting in the garden, though we did get out on the terrace. We had a great many people, but I was able to get off about six. I had written to the Queen that I would be late, as we had a party at home. There were already people with children coming away when I went in. I asked the groom of the chambers where their majesties were. He said on the terrace. Just at the bottom of the steps I surveyed the position for a moment to see just where the royal group was, and then wandered down. The Queen, Empress Marie, Queen Amélie, Duchess de Vendôme and King Manuel were all sitting in a row, listening to a Russian band. Lady Ripon was on one side of King Manuel, Mrs. Hartman, Madame de Jaucourt's sister, just behind the Queen. King George and Queen Mary were not there. The Queen saw me coming, got up at once; so did the Empress. Someone brought me a chair and I sat down just behind the two sisters. Queen Amélie, too, was very gracious. The Russians played and sang well some of their pathetic, wild, national airs, and ended with the Russian hymn, everyone standing. I talked to all the princesses. Queen Amélie asked me where Charlotte was. She had been so glad to see her; she recalled her father, whom she was so fond of.

As soon as the music was over there was a general move, and Queen Amélie said she would like to present me to her son. He is short, insignificant looking, talked easily enough, but has none of the charm and grand air of his mother. I congratulated him on his engagement and asked him if his fiancée was pretty. He said—he speaks English perfectly well—"I think so, but I couldn't say anything else, could I?" Three or four old friends—Soveral, Mensdorff and Farquhar—came up and we had a nice talk, Soveral telling Queen Alexandra that I had written him such a stiff letter asking for an audience with Queen Amélie that his feelings were hurt. I protested, saying I was perfectly correct—began "*Cher Monsieur*" and ended "*Je vous prie de croire à mes meilleurs sentiments*," but he said that was absurd; I should have written "*Mon cher Soveral*," and ended "*Je vous embrasse*." All these little pleasantries were roared into Queen Alexandra's ear—she is deafer than ever, poor dear. Willy used to say my jokes were so foolish, but at least they made people laugh and dispelled all stiffness.

Then the Duchess de Vendôme asked me if I would come for a walk with her and find her children, so we strolled about a little, sat a few minutes at a Punch and Judy, where the children were sitting. She was very friendly and asked me to come and lunch with her on Saturday, but I told her we were going on Thursday back to France. I saw lots of people I knew and had quite a funny talk with Douglas Dawson, comptroller of the household, over Francis' dress for the Court Ball. I had quite a talk, too, with the princess royal.

All the royal ladies were simply dressed in black coats and skirts, and pearl necklaces. Queen Amélie was in dressy black over white, the Duchess de Vendôme, who is rather handsome—though on a very large scale, just like Rubens' women—pink and white. She is a sister of the present King of the Belgians and looks very Belgian. It was very damp and chilly in the garden and I was rather cold, as my dress was thin and I had left my wraps in the carriage.

Queen Alexandra said to me, "I am sure you must be cold, Madame Waddington; do let me send for a wrap for you."

"Oh, no, madame, I am quite comfortable."

Upon which Queen Amélie said to me in an aside, "*Chère madame*, that is nothing but politeness on your part; you must be shivering. I am half frozen."

All the old set were there, and it seemed strange not to see King Edward standing at one corner of the terrace with his little circle of intimates around him. It looked so pretty when the Queen stood at the top of the steps and all the children trooped by, kissed her hand and thanked her for the delightful afternoon they had had. It reminded me so much of old days and the many children's parties I had seen there. She said good-by affectionately to me, kissed me, and said she hoped I would come back soon. I was afraid I should have to wait a long time for the carriage, as of course everyone went away at the same time, but it was in the courtyard and I got it at once. Hilda's old coachman knows all the royal servants and told them he was driving her excellency Madame Waddington, and must of course wait in the courtyard. It was after 7:30 when I got back to Abbey Lodge and found Hilda rather tired after the party and the long hours of standing, but much pleased, as almost everybody came she asked.

WEDNESDAY, July 9th.

WE LEFT this morning at ten o'clock by Newhaven and Dieppe. Had a delightful crossing, perfectly smooth sea, and were most enthusiastically received by our respective families. All Charlotte's men were enchanted to have her back.

THE DOLLAR CHASERS

(Continued from Page 21)

during the day the guests' cabins and luggage will be—er—examined. I'm hospitality itself, but this is a vital business for me and I'll stop at nothing. I've also given orders to the captain not to put in anywhere. There are supplies and coal enough aboard to carry us for five days, and I'll stay out that long if I have to."

"It's a good idea, sir," Bill agreed.

"I've also just posted a notice on the board offering a reward of three thousand dollars for the immediate return of my lucky piece, and no questions asked. 'Immediate' is the important word there. The money's yours if you run down the thief."

"Oh, but I wouldn't take your—money, sir," Bill said. The emphasis on the "money" was not so marked as he had intended.

"Rot! Why not? I'd be getting off cheaply at that. Three thousand is a small price to pay for the peace of mind the return of that dollar would bring me. My boy, I'll never know a happy moment until I get it back."

"Bill, why don't you tell him?" Sally suggested.

"Tell me what?" Jim Batchelor asked quickly.

"Bill's unearthed the most amazing things, dad. You'll never believe ——"

"Good Lord, why keep me in the dark?" He was all excitement. "What's up?"

"If you don't mind, sir," Bill said, "I'd like just a moment more before I let you in on it. You see ——"

"A moment? Well, well—if you say so. But only a moment. My boy, don't keep me waiting."

"I'll make it snappy, sir," said Bill, and hurried off.

Tatu, making up the berth in Henry Frost's cabin, informed him that the millionaire had slept late and was now at breakfast.

Bill looked round inquiringly.

"How about the collars, Tatu?" he said.

"Him lock collars in suitcase," Tatu explained. "Put key in pocket."

Smiling to himself, Bill went to the dining saloon, where his employer sat alone at his breakfast.

"Good morning, sir," said Bill.

"Good morning. You breakfast late." Frost's tone implied that it was a bad sign.

"I've had my breakfast, Mr. Frost. I want to speak to you, if you don't mind."

"And if I do mind?"

"I'll have to speak anyhow," said Bill firmly. Henry Frost looked up sourly from his grapefruit.

"I'll say this for you: You're the most offensive man on my pay roll."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm only trying to do the right thing."

"People who are only trying to do the right thing generally make fools of themselves. What is it now?"

"Last night I told you I didn't intend to go to Mr. Batchelor with certain information I had picked up. I've been forced to change my mind."

(Continued on Page 56

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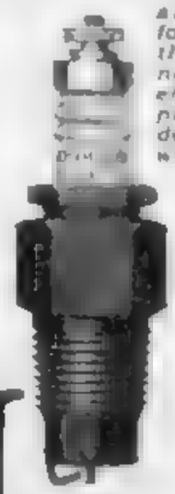

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(Continued from Page 54)

"Really? What forced you?"

"That story of yours about the collars. I've found out it wasn't true."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. You say you went to Jim Batchelor's room for a collar. I say that's a typographical error. You went there for a dollar."

Henry Frost rose and tossed down his napkin.

"Will you come with me?" he said.

"Certainly, sir." Bill followed his employer on deck. "This is all very painful for me, Mr. Frost."

"Yes, more so than you think. Do you happen to know where Jim Batchelor is?"

"He's on the after deck."

Henry Frost turned in that direction.

"Regarding that interview with Mikklesen, you needn't trouble. You're not on the paper any more."

"Just as you say, sir," Bill replied smilingly.

But his heart sank. In love and out of work—a great combination.

Jim Batchelor was waiting with Sally on the spot where Bill had left them. He looked up eagerly as the two men approached.

"Jim, I've got something to say to you," began Frost.

"All right. What is it?"

"This young idiot thinks I took your dollar."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Batchelor, disappointed in Bill. "I know you wouldn't take it."

"Well," continued Mr. Frost, "I—I——" His face turned scarlet. "As a matter of fact, Jim—I did."

Jim Batchelor leaped from his chair.

"What's that? Say that again!"

"Now, Jim, don't get excited. I give you my word, it was all a joke."

"A joke! You old simpleton! Getting funny at your age! Well, hand it over!"

"I want you to understand how it was," Frost continued.

"I was determined to take you out and trim you at golf today. Last night somebody happened to say something about your losing that dollar, and it came over me all at once that if you did you'd be so upset you'd be easy picking on the links. So just for fun, Jim—that was all—I slipped into your room and substituted that other dollar."

"You're a criminal at heart, Henry. I always knew it. But where in Sam Hill ——"

"Of course I never dreamed you'd take it so seriously. And I want to talk to you about that. Really, Jim, that dollar's become an obsession with you. No man ought to build his whole life on a thing like that. It's wrong—all wrong. Let this be a lesson to you."

"Will you cut out the sermon and produce my dollar?"

"I'll get it. It's in my room. There's no hard feelings, Jim ——"

"There will be if you don't shut up and get that dollar."

Frost departed. Jim Batchelor stalked the deck. He was mad and he showed it, for no one had told him repression was the fashion.

"The old idiot!" he stormed. "What's got into him? Second childhood, I call it. A joke! You heard him—he said it was a joke!"

"Never mind, dad, it's all right now," said Sally soothingly. "And you must remember, it was Bill here solved the mystery."

"Mighty clever of him too. I'll write him a check in a minute."

"Oh, I couldn't allow that, sir," Bill protested. "Not under the circumstances."

"Rot! Just as serious as a real theft. And for that matter—who knows? The old fox! I never did trust him."

"Dad! Your best friend!" Sally was shocked.

"Well, how do I know what he's up to?"

At that moment Mr. Frost reappeared. For once his famous poker face failed him. It registered emotion.

"Jim," he said, "I feel like a fool."

"You're certainly acting like one. Where's my dollar?"

Frost slowly extended his bony hand. Eagerly Jim Batchelor reached out a hand to receive. Into it Henry Frost dropped—a bit of paper, a greenback, the promise of the United States Government to pay one dollar on demand.

"What the devil's this?" roared Batchelor.

"I found it in the place where I'd hidden your dollar, Jim," said Henry Frost humbly.

Jim Batchelor did not speak. He cast the paper dollar to the deck. His face purpled, so that Bill Hammond wondered what one did first in case of apoplexy.

"What can I say, Jim?" Frost pleaded. "I wouldn't have had this happen for a cool million."

"Apologies!" gurgled Batchelor. "Regrets! What do I care for them? I want my dollar!"

"It was all a joke," said Frost—an unfortunate remark.

"Yeah, a joke! Ha-ha! Fine joke! Somebody else thought so too. Somebody decided to steal your stuff. And now where are we? Just where we started!"

"With this difference," said Frost. "I'm in on this now. You and I will run the thief down together. I've something at stake, too, and my first move will be to add another couple of thousand to that reward you offered."

"A lot of good that will do," shrugged Batchelor. "If three thousand wouldn't bring it, five won't either. I tell you, we're up against it." He turned suddenly to Bill. "You—you haven't any other clew, have you?" he asked. The trustful note in his voice was pathetic. It made two young people very happy.

"Well, I have one," Bill admitted.

"You have?" Batchelor brightened at once.

"Yes; it may not be very important. But I'll work on it. I'd like your permission to do whatever I think necessary—to invade other people's staterooms if I think best."

"You go as far as you like." Batchelor turned to Frost. "This boy's promised to help me."

"Oh, he's a wonder!" sneered Frost.

"You bet he is," Batchelor answered. "He ran you down in record time, and I'll back him to get the other thief."

"Dad!" Sally reproved.

"All right, Jim," said Frost. "I've got it coming to me."

"I'll say you have!"

Bill bent over and picked up the greenback from the deck.

"I'll take charge of this, if you don't mind. And by the way, Mr. Frost, did anybody else aboard know you took that dollar?"

"Yes—come to think of it," said Frost. "It seemed best, in case my motives should be misunderstood, to let a second party in on the—er—the joke. So I told Julian Hill."

"When did you tell him?"

"Last evening—before I took it. And afterwards I mentioned to him that I had it in my stateroom."

In the silence that followed, Bill had a vision of the night before—two tables of bridge, with Julian Hill wandering alone somewhere outside.

"By the way," said Batchelor, "this may not mean anything; but I heard this morning that Mrs. Keith lunched last Wednesday at the Palace with Norman Blake. The Blakes are old rivals of mine," he explained to Bill, "and they've never made any secret of their interest in that dollar."

"And who told you about Mrs. Keith, sir?"

"Julian Hill."

"Ah, yes," Bill smiled. "Well, I'll do my best."

"I'm sure you will, my boy," said Batchelor. "Don't forget, there's five thousand in it for you now."

"I hope there's more than that," thought Bill. "Yes, sir," was what he said. He smiled at Sally and moved away. Frost called after him.

"By the way, Hammond," he said, "if you get the time you'd better do that Mikklesen story. Simon Porter will be expecting it."

"Thank you, sir," Bill answered. Sally joined him and they went forward along the rail.

"What did he mean, Bill?" she asked.

"Oh, he was just handing me back my job. You see, he fired me a little while ago. Now he loves me again. And speaking of that, where do you stand this morning?"

"Just where I stood last night," she told him.

"The day of miracles arrived last night," he said. "You can sit down now, my dear—if you'll tell me all about it."

"All about what?" They found a couple of deck chairs.

"All about how you—like me pretty well."

"Never mind that. You tell me. You love me, don't you, Bill?"

"Sally, words can't put it over! I gave 'em a chance last night, and they fell down on the job."

"When did you start, Bill—being fond, I mean?"

"That day when you were helping the orphans. The moment I saw you—honest, Sally, I loved you on the spot. And for ten minutes I madly worshiped you. Then somebody told me your name. So I went away and never loved you again."

"Bill!"

"Well, that was the idea. Only it didn't work out very well."

"I'm glad it didn't. But business before pleasure, Bill. What's your other clew?"

His bright look faded.

"It isn't any good," he said. "I thought for a minute there might be something in it. I see now I was wrong."

"But what is it, Bill?"

"It's a shirt."

"A shirt?"

"Yes, we've run the collars to earth, and now we'll get busy on the shirt. I tell you, Sally, this is beginning to look to me like the annual outing of the Laundrymen's Benevolent Society."

"You interest me strangely. What's it all about?"

He told her. The misadventure in the steamy laundry of Honolulu Sam, his agony when he found himself shirtless, Tatu's prompt rescue, the theft in the night, the Jap's reticence on the morning after—all these he detailed at length.

"The trouble with the detective game," said Sally, when he had finished, "is that it's so full of mystery. Whose shirt do you imagine that was?"

"Well, there's Julian Hill. He appears to have an extensive wardrobe."

"Bill, you don't think that Julian ——"

"I don't know—just a guess. My job now is to get hold of Tatu and pry the information out of him."

"Japs are difficult," said Sally.

"You bet they are, and this boy is Gibraltar's little brother. But I'll make him come across."

"I'm sure you will."

"I'll get the facts out of him if I have to strangle him," Bill told her, "just to prove to you how tenderly I love you."

VI

BUT Bill Hammond's optimistic prediction failed to come true. He did not get the facts from Tatu. After fifteen minutes of the third degree, the little Jap still stood as firm as Gibraltar—or maybe firmer. Bill cajoled, pleaded, threatened. Tatu looked at him with all the calm mystery of the Orient in his eyes, and suavely protested that he had forgotten just where he acquired that shirt. The luncheon bugle came as a merciful interruption.

"All right, go along," said Bill. His efforts had wilted him. "But I'm not through with you, my lad."

"Yes-s, thank you," answered Tatu, and had the audacity to smile as he went out.

Near the door of the dining saloon Sally was eagerly waiting.

"Well?" she asked.

"Salute your hero," said Bill. "He's just been licked by a Jap."

"Tatu wouldn't tell you?"

"Adamant, that boy. He's never heard the word, but he can act it out."

"Why not set father on him?"

"No," protested Bill, "let's keep father out of it. I've got to pull this off alone. You know why."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Just what a regular detective would do," he told her. "Wait for a lucky break."

"Is that the way they work?" she asked, unbelieving. She was all for action—her father's daughter.

"It certainly is," said Bill. "I read an interview once with a great French detective. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time, as I didn't know then that I was going into the business. But I remember one thing—he said that the detective's chief ally was luck."

"But suppose you're not lucky."

"Something that happened last night," smiled Bill, "proved I'm the luckiest man in the world."

Jim Batchelor came up.

"What's doing?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I'm working," said Bill, and tried to make it sound businesslike.

"Results—that's what we want," Batchelor reminded him.

(Continued on Page 58)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

"FLOWING GOLD" —A ROMANCE

A barren stretch of acres of long drought and fierce floods. Then—overnight—a treasure land giving forth the riches of a dozen King Solomons. That's the history of Texas oil fields—the land of "Flowing Gold." Withered crops and scraggy cattle. Then a forest of towering derricks and looted gushers. Misery and toil. Then wealth and luxury. Od. Romance.

Rex Beach, when he wrote "Flowing Gold," knew this country and its people. Richard Walton Tully, when he produced the picture, took his company to the land of the derrick forest and filmed those full, exciting days of the oil boom.

Below are Milton Sills and Anna Q. Nilsson, who play important rôles.

WHO has not dreamed of sudden wealth and the gratification of smothered, half-formed desires? Pa Briskow did as he fought off starvation all those years on his scorched Texas farm. And Ma Briskow, lashed by the unending toil and the worry. Allegheny, the gaunt yet attractive daughter, and big-boned Buddy, sullen and resentful of strangers.

Then the suspicion of oil, the sinking of the well, the gusher!

But with the wealth came other worries. Thousands of quick-wits speculators and soldiers of fortune invaded the new wonderland. The gold-rush to California all over again in 1919. The story moves on and on with swelling momentum. The matching of wits and the matching of brawn. The burning of a huge oil gusher. And through it all a beautiful romance.

Richard Walton Tully has given the screen his greatest picture in "Flowing Gold," adapted from Rex Beach's novel. Joseph De Grasse directed and in the leading rôles are Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills, Alice Calhoun, Josephine Crowell, Bert Woodruff and Cissy Fitzgerald.

Tourneur Starts Another

ALL set for another?

Another Maurice Tourneur production, of course, which M. C. Levee will present. Without losing a week's time the famous director has found himself a story and is now whipping it into shape for the screen. It is "The White Moth," a zestful society drama by Izola Forrester.

And—here's more good news. Tourneur has signed Barbara La Marr for the principal rôle. No star is more sought after than Miss La Marr—the dark-eyed, exotic beauty—with a personality as vivid as any on the screen. Remember her in her important rôle in "The Eternal City"?

"Lilies of the Field"

STARS shine with a steady light, most of them. But occasionally one bursts forth with a greater glory and the light dazzles. I was thinking of this when I saw "Lilies of the Field" in which Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle appear. It is Miss Griffith's first independent production, and as its tender story of love unfolded it seemed that this actress had found a place in the brightest galaxy. John Francis Dillon, who made such a success of "Flaming Youth," directed.

There's something keenly pathetic in the sorrow and grief that haunt the high places of society. In the dizzy summits of luxury where the "Lilies of the Field" pass their tortuous lives, I found a story that goes deep into untouched emotional depths of the soul. A story that sheds a tear. And laughs a little. And shows always the power of love and the trust of love in love.

A picture you must not miss.

"The Sea Hawk" and His Prey

THERE is talent aplenty in "The Sea Hawk," Rafael Sabatini's novel which Frank Lloyd is filming. We told you about Milton Sills in the title rôle. Here are the others: Enid Bennett as *Rosemond Godolphin*, Lloyd Hughes as *Lionel Tresilian*; Wallace Beery as the piratical *Jasper Leigh*; William Collier, Jr., as *Marsak*; Marc McDermott as *Sir John Killigrew*; Wallace McDonald as *Peter*, the slain man, and a dozen others.

A Drama in the Offing

WE told you a few weeks ago about "The Woman on the Jury." A dramatic story that punches at the heart from start to finish. Remember we wondered to whom would fall the prize of the leading rôle? They've told us at last—Sylvia Breamer who has become more popular than ever since "Her Temporary Husband."

An Invasion of Mexico

THERE'S an American expeditionary force in Mexico, but they're paying no attention to the rumblings of revolution. Their only arms are twenty movie cameras, and their only concern the filming of scenes showing the largest herd of cattle on the world's largest ranch. "Sundown" is nearing completion under the direction of Larry Trimble. South of the Rio Grande, across from Arizona he commands a troop of cavalry, a fast scout plane, motor transport, signal corps and, of course, the battery of cameras.

Over a million-acre principality, a two million acre ranch this battery roams, turning the camera crank on scenes which will record history—the retreat of the cattle kings into the fenceless plains of Mexico. The "wild and woolly" is gone forever. You will see its passing in "Sundown."

You May Have Missed—

I must can't forget Maurice Tourneur's "Torment." The memory lingers like the memory of Armistice Day, 1918. And our friends the critics seem to feel the same way. Don't miss its thrills—as sharp and keen as a knife blade. Owen Moore and Bessie Love have the leading rôles.

And speaking of pictures you should see, there are:

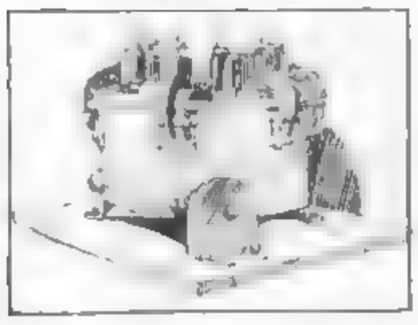
"THE LOVE MASTER," with Strongheart, the Belgian police dog, a picture that will leave happy memories with millions of fans. The story is laid in the Northland; its drama is gripping; its star incomparable.

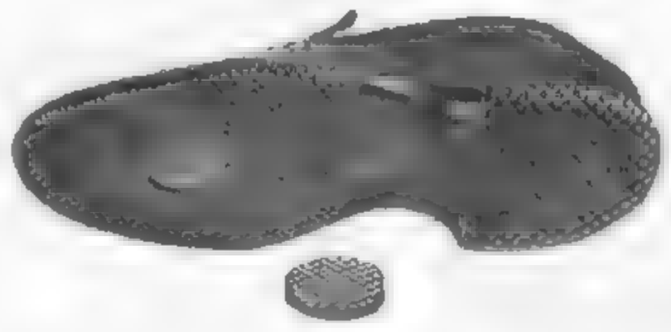
"PAINTED PEOPLE," which finds Colleen Moore, "the Flaming Youth Girl," in the fascinating rôle of a tomboy in an industrial town who strives to rise above her surroundings. A sincere and human story, and one that you and all your family will enjoy.

"Lilies of the Field"—"they toil not, neither do they spin." Corinne Griffith, on the left, is too busy with the baby's bath to be one of them. On the right are Miss Griffith, Conway Tearle and Sylvia Breamer in a scene from the screen version of the famous stage success.

Into a few short hours

months of wear are compressed— *and measured!*

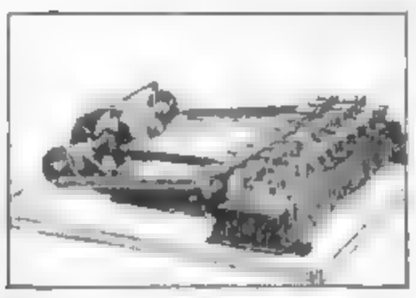




CUT a section from the sole of a rubber—place it in the machine shown above—turn on the current—

And that piece of rubber will get the same hard wear your own rubbers get, scuffing over hard pavements or pushing through mud and slush. What's more remarkable—the effect of this wear can be measured to the finest fraction of an inch!

This is only one of the many ways in which the wear of "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics *is actually measured and tested before they leave the factory.*



Discovered before the eye can detect them

Where it bends, poor rubber is apt to break. In the above machine strips cut *from* "U.S." Rubbers are bent *double* thousands of times and examined through a magnifying glass for the first signs of cracking or checking

Compressing months into days

Several days in this cabinet, where a certain temperature is maintained day and night, has the same deteriorating effect on rubbers as months of exposure to the ordinary atmosphere. Here the actual "length of life" of "U.S." Rubbers is subjected to the most rigid examination rubbers can undergo.

These tests insure the high quality which has made "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics the recognized standard of value today. They are why so many people are finding that it pays to insist on "U.S." brand whenever they buy rubbers or arctics.

They cost no more and last longer. It will pay you to look for the "U.S." trade mark.

United States Rubber Company

Ask for "U.S." Rubbers

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

Trade Mark

(Continued from Page 56

'You bet we do," said Bill, and they went in to lunch.

At the table there was little of the cheery animation of the night before. The guests ate in preoccupied silence, and Jim Batchelor's intimation that they might wander about the Pacific for several days added nothing to the general gayety.

After lunch, Bill Hammond saw Mikklesen enter the smoking room, and followed. He sat down opposite the Englishman and offered him a cigar.

Mikklesen took it suspiciously and lighted it in the same spirit. Although it was a perfectly good cigar, his subsequent expression seemed to indicate that his worst fears were realized.

"If you've no objection," Bill said, "we might as well get that interview over with."

"As you wish," Mikklesen agreed. "Where's your notebook?"

"My what? Say, listen, it's only in plays that reporters carry those things."

"But I shouldn't care to be misquoted," the Englishman objected.

"Not a chance. I've got a mind like a phonograph record."

"Ah—er—what shall I talk about?" Mikklesen asked.

"Give me something snappy," Bill suggested. "Something they can hang a headline on."

"Oh, but that's hardly my style. Very bad taste, sensationalism. We have practically none of it at home. If you don't mind, I'd like to talk about the Chinese. A really admirable people, old chap."

"You think so?" asked Bill Hammond, without enthusiasm.

"I know it. I had charge of a copper mine in one of the northern provinces, and I found the Chinaman absolutely reliable. If he promised a thing, he did it."

"I heard different," Bill said. "But go on, this is your story."

Mikklesen told his story. Beyond question he had the gift of speech, and Bill Hammond reflected as he listened that he was getting something. By an adroit question now and then, he led the talker on. Some ten minutes had passed, when suddenly the second officer of the Francesca, who had charge of the yacht's wireless, entered.

"Mr. Hammond," he said, "a message for you."

"Oh, thanks," said Bill. The officer handed it over and departed. "Pardon me just a second."

"Certainly," agreed Mikklesen.

Bill opened the folded paper and read what the second officer had set down. As he read, he smiled happily to himself. The message was from Simon Porter.

"Never mind interview," Simon wirelessed. "Have investigated by cable. A little black sheep who's gone astray. Kicked out of the English colony in Yokohama because they didn't like his shirts."

His shirts! Oh, lady luck!

"Anything important?" inquired Mikklesen.

"Not at all," said Bill. "Go on, please. You were saying ——"

Mikklesen went on, but Bill no longer listened. The interview was cold, but the quest of the dollar was warming up. His shirts! They didn't like his shirts. Well, that might mean much or little; but Mikklesen's shirts certainly must be looked into.

"I fancy that's about all I can give you," said the Englishman finally.

"That's plenty," Bill answered heartily. He stood up. "You know, considering how fond you are of the Orient, I'm surprised you came away."

Mikklesen regarded him with a sudden interest.

"Pater's getting old," he explained. "Cabled me to come home. Couldn't very well refuse—family ties and all that. But sooner or later I shall return to the East."

"I'm sure you will," said Bill. "Thanks ever so much."

Eagerly he hurried below. Things were certainly looking brighter. Midway down the passageway he encountered Tatu.

"I want you," he cried, and seizing the Jap by the arm escorted him energetically into the cabin.

"What now, please?" inquired Tatu.

Bill pointed an accusing finger.

"That was Mikklesen's shirt," he announced.

"Somebody tell," said Tatu, with obvious relief.

"Yes, somebody's told. That lets you out. Now come across with the whole story."

"Nothing to say," Tatu replied. "I see he have two shirt. You have no shirt. I hear him talk unkind remarks about Japanese people. I take a shirt. Why not?"

"It was a noble impulse. But why the dickens wouldn't you tell me this before?"

"Last night, maybe twelve o'clock, Mr. Mikklesen ring," Tatu explained. "Tell me I take shirt, give to you. I say no, indeed. He say very well, but will give me fifty dollar I not tell to you whose shirt you have. I accept with pleasure." His face clouded. "Japanese boy lose fifty dollar," he added.

"Has he given it to you?"

"Give one dollar for a beginning. Very small beginning."

Bill's eyes narrowed.

"Let me see the dollar," he demanded. Tatu handed over a crisp new greenback. "You're sure this is the one?"

"Yes-s. Only dollar in pocket," said the Jap.

Bill took out a silver dollar, glanced at it and handed it to Tatu.

"I'll trade with you, if you don't mind. Now listen, my lad! From now on you and I are friends."

"Yes-s. Very nice," agreed Tatu.

"You stick to me. I'm helping Mr. Batchelor he's asked me to. No more secrets with Mikklesen. Otherwise trouble for you—much trouble."

"I know."

"The first thing in order is an examination of Mikklesen's one remaining shirt."

"Can't do," Tatu said. "Shirt locked up."

"I suppose so," Bill replied. "However, I'm going to take a look. Go and see if there's anyone in Mikklesen's cabin."

Tatu departed through the bath. In a second he was back.

"Empty," he announced.

"Fine," said Bill. He stationed Tatu in the corridor with orders to signal if the Englishman appeared. Then, with the bath offering a way of escape, he examined the room with care. But Mikklesen had left no dress shirt where eager hands could find it. Undoubtedly it was in the one piece of luggage that was securely locked—a huge, battered bag that had a London lock.

"Nothing doing," said Bill finally. He returned to his own cabin, followed by Tatu.

"You want bag open?" inquired Tatu.

"It would be a good idea," Bill admitted.

"Maybe dollar inside," suggested the boy.

"I don't know. It might be."

"Pretty strong lock," mused Tatu.

"Oh, so you noticed that?" Bill stared at the impassive face. "Well," he continued, thinking aloud, "my chance will come. It's bound to. Mikklesen's got to wear that shirt tonight, and perhaps —— Oh, good Lord!"

"Yes-s," said Tatu.

"Look here, my boy, what do I wear tonight? I'm worse off than I was last night. I haven't even got any studs."

"Excuse, please. Hear bell ringing," lied Tatu, and departed in great haste.

Bill Hammond sat down on his berth to consider developments. So it was Mikklesen's shirt he had worn so jauntily the evening before. Then it must have been Mikklesen who came in the night to reclaim his property. Knowing himself closely pursued, he had not dared turn into his own cabin, once he reached the corridor, and for the same reason he had thrown the shirt overboard. But why all this fuss about a dress shirt? And how, Bill asked himself, was it connected with Jim Batchelor's dollar, as he was sure now it must be. Well, detectives certainly earned their pay.

Bill left the cabin and returned to the upper deck. The Francesca appeared to be deserted.

He dropped into a chair that stood invitingly in a shady spot and began to consider his problem. Must get into that bag of Mikklesen's. But how?

Heavy footsteps sounded on the deck and O'Meara passed by. He did not speak or turn his head. He appeared worried. Bill Hammond began to worry too. Was he wasting time on a false trail? O'Meara, Julian Hill, Mrs. Keith—all possibilities. Ought to be looking them up a bit too.

But no. For the present he would follow that shirt—see where it led. He'd get into Mikklesen's bag. How would a regular detective go about it? Break open the lock perhaps? No, too crude. Find out where Mikklesen kept his keys? Much better. Find out—how?

(Continued on Page 60)

HUDSON

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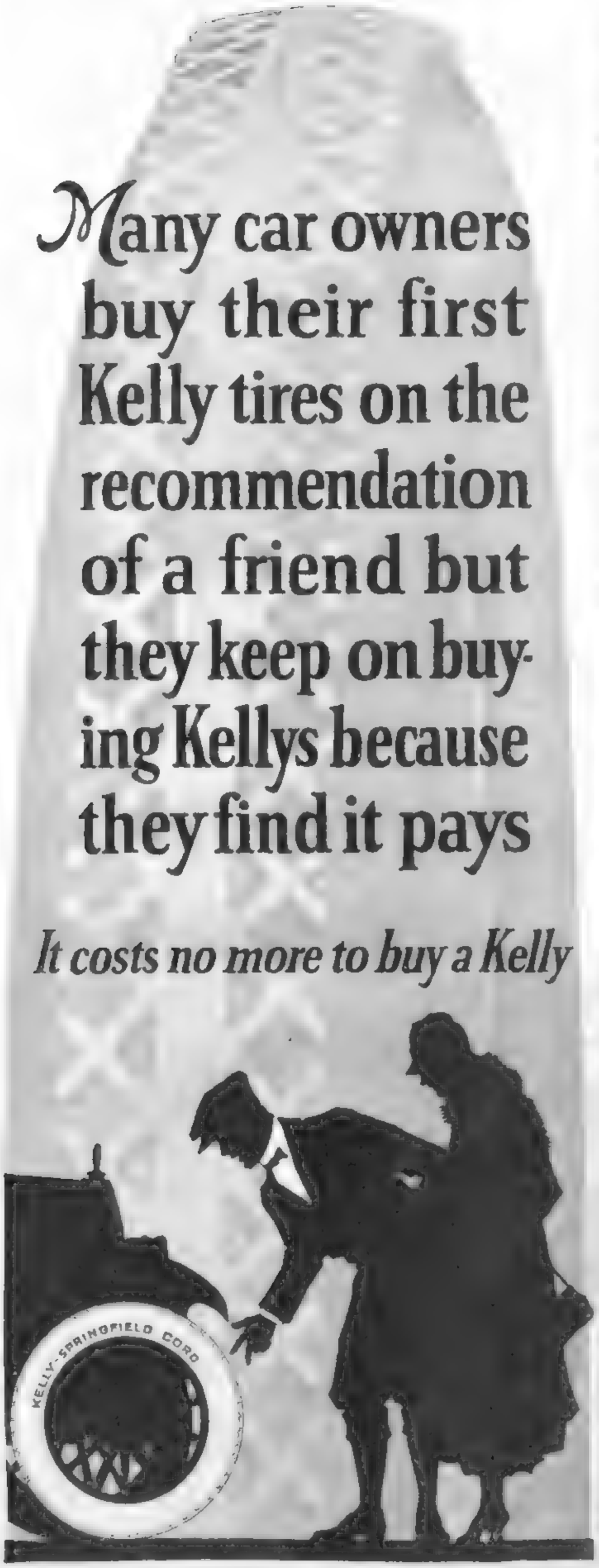
Many car owners buy their first Kelly tires on the recommendation of a friend but they keep on buying Kellys because they find it pays
It costs no more to buy a Kelly
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD CORD

(Continued from Page 58)

It was a rather drowsy afternoon, and a full twenty minutes passed before Bill had an idea. He rose at once to try it out. When he reached the door of the smoking room Mikklesen was just leaving

"Hello," Bill said. "I've been thinking about that story of ours. We really need a few photographs to dress it up"

"Oh, no, old chap," said Mikklesen hastily. "I shouldn't care for that at all."

"I don't mean pictures of you," Bill explained. "Just some snapshots taken in the Orient. You surely have some of those."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I have," admitted Mikklesen. "I'll give them to you later."

"But if you don't mind" Bill summoned his most winning smile. "I'm at work on the story now."

For a moment Mikklesen stood regarding him

"Oh, very well," he said, "come along"

He led the way below and Bill followed close, determined to miss nothing now. When they reached the Englishman's cabin Mikklesen took a bunch of keys from his pocket. Bill Hammond tried not to look too interested.

"I keep my bag locked," Mikklesen explained. "Things disappearing right and left, you know."

"It's the only safe thing to do," Bill agreed.

The Englishman bent over his bag.

"Look there!" he cried.

Bill looked. The lock on Mikklesen's bag had been smashed to bits.

"How beastly annoying!" The Englishman's face was crimson with anger. "This is too much, really it is. I understood I was to go on a cruise with gentlefolk, not with a band of thieves." He was hurriedly investigating the contents of the bag.

"Anything missing?" Bill asked.

"There doesn't appear to be," said Mikklesen, cooling off a bit. "But whether there is or not, I shall certainly complain to our host." He took out an envelope and glanced into it. "The photos, old chap. Pick out what you want and return me the rest, if you will."

"Surely," Bill agreed. He waited hopefully. "If you'd like me to stay here and keep an eye on things while you look up Mr. Batchelor ——"

Mikklesen stared at him. Did he imagine it, or was that the ghost of a smile about the Englishman's lips?

"Thank you so much," he said. "But I shall ask Mr. Batchelor to come to me here. I shan't leave my cabin again this afternoon—if you're interested."

If you're interested! Now what did he mean by that? Did he know that Bill was onto him, or was it a shot in the dark?

"Oh—er—of course ——" said Bill lamely, and departed.

Back in his own room, Bill tried to think things out. What did "if you're interested" mean? And who had broken the lock on that bag? Evidently Mikklesen wasn't the only shady character aboard.

He took out a book and settled down in his berth to read, his ear attuned to eventualities in the next cabin. Would Mikklesen keep his word and remain on guard by his mysterious shirt? An hour passed, and it began to appear that such was the Englishman's intention.

It was, as has been noted, a drowsy afternoon. Bill dropped his book and lay back on the pillow. Ah, this was the life! No harsh call from his city editor or from Simon Porter sending him forth for a bit of leg work on the hard pavements. No feverish hurry to make the last edition. Nothing but the soft swish of water, the thump of the engines—sounds that suggested slumber. Bill accepted the suggestion.

He was awakened some time later by a sharp knock on his door. Leaping up, he opened it. A servant stood outside.

"Mr. Hammond, you're wanted above, sir."

Wanted! What now? Some new development in the matter of the dollar, no doubt. He hastily brushed his hair and went to the upper deck. At the top of the companionway he encountered Aunt Dora, looking extremely competent.

"Ah, Mr. Hammond," she said, "I hope I haven't disturbed you. We've a table for bridge and we lack a fourth"

Trapped! Bill looked wildly to the right and left.

"I—I thought it was something important," he stammered

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean—you don't want me. I'm a terrible player. You have reason to know"

"Practice makes perfect," said Aunt Dora. "I'll be glad to give you a few pointers."

"It's awfully good of you, but—I'm very busy and my eyes aren't in very good shape."

"I noticed your failing eyesight," she answered, "last night when you trumped my ace of spades. However, we'll put the table in a strong light. Come along."

"I—I'll be very happy to," said Bill, surrendering.

Aunt Dora didn't care whether he was happy or not. She had him. He wasn't her ideal bridge player, but he was all she could get. And as Bill followed her into the main saloon he prayed to see Sally there

But he didn't. Julian Hill and Henry Frost sat glumly at a table, their manner that of captive slaves on Cæsar's chariot wheels. Aunt Dora sat down and the big game was on. It proved a long and painful session. At the close of each hand Aunt Dora halted the proceedings while she delved into the immediate past, pointing out to one and all the error of their ways. Bill got a lot of undesirable publicity out of these little talks.

The dinner hour was not far away when Sally came in and released him. When they left the saloon Aunt Dora was going strong. Mr. William Hammond, it seemed, had done something for which he should have been drawn and quartered.

"She'll never forgive me," said Bill. "I got her signals mixed."

"I'm afraid she's rather tiresome at times," Sally smiled.

"Well, she will insist on crossing her bridge after she's got well over it. There are people like that"

"You were good to play, Bill," Sally said

"Yes, but I didn't play so good, and I wasted a lot of time when I should have been sleuthing."

"Has anything happened?" she inquired.

"I should say it has. It was a big afternoon up to the moment I met your aunt." He told her of Simon's message and the accident to Mikklesen's bag. "Things are moving," he added.

"They seem to be," she admitted. "What are you going to do now?"

"Ah—er—something very bright, you may be sure. I'm keen eyed and alert. My brain is hitting on all twelve."

"Yes, but what are you going to do?"

"My dear, don't be so literal. Can it be you don't trust me?"

"Oh, I know you're simply wonderful. Only ——"

"Never mind the only. We're on the verge of big things. Watch and wait!"

His manner was confident, but by the time he had reached his cabin his confidence had begun to wane. He stood for a moment wondering just what his preparations for dinner were to be. No evening clothes tonight, that was certain. He would have to make some sort of apology to Jim Batchelor and let it go at that. At any rate, he had appeared properly clad the night before, and the other guests could draw their own conclusions regarding his appearance tonight.

He tried the door into the bath locked of course. He rattled and called there was no sound within. Have to go and open the door again. As he paused outside Mikklesen's cabin something told him not to knock. He entered very quietly.

The cabin was empty and in semi-darkness. He moved farther into the room and his heart stood still. A white blur in the dusk—Mikklesen's dress shirt! It was lying on the settee under the porthole within easy reach. He put his hand down and touched it, and as he did so a faint sound in the bath startled him. He drew his hand back from the shirt, but in that brief second he had made an interesting discovery. Mikklesen appeared in the bathroom door

"Good Lord!" he cried. "You gave me a shock! What are you doing here? Confound it all, is there no privacy aboard this yacht?"

"I'm sorry," said Bill. "I didn't know you were in the bath, and I was coming through to unlock it. I thought you'd gone off and left it that way it wouldn't be the first time, you know"

"Well, I happen to be using it," said Mikklesen testily, and the fact that half his face was lathered and he carried a razor seemed to bear him out. "In the future, I'll thank you to knock before entering my cabin."

(Continued on Page 62)

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THE REAL SHAVING SECRET ~Dermutation

THE development of *dermutation* by Mennen chemists has simplified the shaving process and introduced unheard-of speed and comfort in every detail of beard-removal.

Dermutation is the scientific term for absolute beard-softening. Dermutation causes each stiff, hard hair to become wholly soft and pliant. Hairs thus transformed offer no resistance, and instead of turning back the cutting edge of the razor, allow the blade to cut right through. The nerves of the skin are not irritated and there is no burning or smarting.

Facial hairs grow in all directions. The magnified diagram to the right shows a fair sample. Some stick out straight, some lean toward the razor, others away from it; some twist and turn and try to go back into the skin again.

Mennen dermutation works, regardless of the hair's position. As soon as each hair comes through the skin, Mennen lather can be brought in contact with it and dermutation starts. The hairs lose their horny, stiff character and become soft and limp, offering no resistance to the cutting edge of the razor. Hairs in this condition need no props or support to jack them up so that the razor can cut them. If the hair is on the outside of the skin, the razor is sure to get it.

To prove that Mennen lather with its dermutation action can so thoroughly soften the beard that no props are necessary, try this test:

Lather thoroughly with Mennen Shaving Cream (no need for rubbing or hot towels). Then wipe off the lather on one cheek . . .

. . . Now shave just as you would if lather were there. Note how easily the Mennen-processed hairs shave off.

USE ANY WATER

With any kind of water at any temperature, Mennen Shaving Cream gives all the benefits of dermutation. That is because certain elements in Mennen's soften hard water and neutralize the drying, irritating salts in alkaline waters.

Then the wonderful emollient in Mennen's, Boro-glycerine, feeds and stimulates the facial tissues. By relaxing the pores, the skin is enabled to throw off hidden oily deposits. This gentle action improves the skin and circulation.

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Get a handy 35c tube or extra-economical 50c tube of Mennen Shaving Cream at the drug store. Use it a full week. If it fails to deliver faster, smoother shaves than you've ever had, return the tube to us for a full refund. Or send the coupon below for a free trial tube.

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JIM HENRY, c/o The Mennen Company, 349 Central Avenue, Newark, N. J.
Dear Jim: That dermutation dope sounds good to me. Send a free demonstrator tube. If I like it I promise to get a big one at the drug store.

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Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 60)

Bill considered. He had Mikklesen where he wanted him, but his sense of the dramatic told him to bide his time. Better an unmasking in Jim Batchelor's presence than a scene with only two people in a half-dark cabin.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Sorry I disturbed you."

"It's rather upsetting," complained Mikklesen. "First my bag broken into, and then you popping up like a ghost." He followed Bill to the door and shut it after him in a manner suggesting extreme annoyance.

Out in the corridor, Bill gave himself up to a moment of unalloyed joy. It was almost too good to be true. Too easy. A bright lad, this Mikklesen; but not too bright for young Mr. Hammond, the peerless detective. For Bill knew where the dollar was now!

He must have a word with Jim Batchelor before he staged his big scene. He tiptoed down the passage and knocked at the millionaire's door. Batchelor called an invitation to enter, and when he did so he was glad to find that Sally also was in the room. She was tying Batchelor's dress tie, for she was a faithful daughter and didn't like Tatu's work as a valet. Her father broke from her ministrations at sight of Bill.

"Something doing?" he inquired, with pathetic eagerness.

"I'll say there is," replied Mr. Hammond cheerily.

"You've got it?"

"I've got it located—same thing."

"Not quite." Batchelor's happy look faded. "However, where is it?"

"That'll be revealed at the proper moment," Bill told him. "I just dropped in to lay my wires for a little scene after dinner tonight. Sally, I'm glad you're here. After the coffee you're to take your aunt and Mrs. Keith from the dining saloon and leave us men alone."

"What—and miss the excitement? Not much!"

"Sally, you heard what Mr. Hammond said," reproved her father. "Obey."

"But, dad ——"

"Sally!"

"Oh, well, if you think Mr. Hammond knows best," smiled Sally.

"I'm sure he does."

"I'm sorry, Sally," Bill said. "But the subsequent events will be such that I don't think it the place for the so-called weaker sex. Mr. Batchelor, I want you to back me up from that point on. Anything I say—and anything I propose to do."

"Of course. But you might give me a little hint ——"

"I will, sir." he handed over Simon Porter's wireless message. "Read that, please."

Batchelor read.

"Who's he talking about? Not—Mikklesen!"

"Yes, sir, Mikklesen."

"Good Lord! I never thought of him. What about his shirts?"

"You wouldn't believe if I told you, sir. I'll show you after dinner."

"Fine!" Batchelor's spirits rose. "I'll be mighty glad to get this thing solved tonight. The captain's just told me there's something wrong with the engines, and we're circling back to Monterey." He submitted while Sally put the finishing touch on his tie. "By the way, Mikklesen called me into his stateroom this afternoon and put up a terrible howl because his bag had been broken into. I was very sympathetic. I didn't tell him the captain was the guilty party."

"Oh, the captain broke that lock."

"Yes; pretty crude work. He swore he could pick it open with a jackknife, but his hand slipped and he ended by smashing it. I didn't approve of his going quite that far."

"Did he find anything?" asked Bill.

"Nothing. He went over the thing carefully, too—so he claims."

"He didn't have the combination," smiled Bill. "By the way, sir, I shan't be able to dress for dinner tonight. I'll come as a plain-clothes man, if you don't mind."

"Come in your pajamas if you want to," said Batchelor. "Only get me that dollar."

"I'll get it," Bill assured him. As he left the cabin he smiled triumphantly at Sally and Sally smiled back.

The conquering hero—that was how he felt.

VII

A TENSE air hung about the dinner table that evening, as though all present knew that some important development in the dollar chase was close at hand. Only one guest was entirely at ease—Mikklesen. He resumed his tale of far corners and strange adventures, and once more Bill Hammond had to admit that the boy was good.

When the women had left the saloon a pointed silence fell. Jim Batchelor sat for a moment staring at the end of his cigar.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know you'll pardon my mentioning again the matter of the missing dollar, for I'm sure you're all as interested as I am to see the property recovered. Mr. Hammond has been making an investigation, at my request, and I understand he has something to report."

They turned with interest to Mr. Hammond. Bill smiled cheerily about the circle.

"We've made several discoveries," he began. "For instance, we know that the dollar was taken from Mr. Batchelor in the first place as a rather ill-advised joke." Frost squirmed in his chair, but Bill mentioned no names. He told how the unfortunate jokester, on seeking to return the dollar to its owner, had found in the hiding place a greenback of equal value. He took the bank note from his pocket.

"This is a brand-new note," he said, "and its serial number is 2B7654328B. Some of you may have noticed that when you are paid money by a bank, and receive new bills, the serial numbers follow in perfect sequence." He removed another bill from his pocket. "I have here," he added, "another new dollar note, and the serial number is 2B7654329B. Is it too much to suppose that the two notes came from the same pocket?"

"Good work!" remarked Batchelor, beaming. "Where'd you get that other one?"

"The second note," Bill explained, "was given to Tatu, the valet, in return for some trifling service. It was given to him by one of you gentlemen here present." He paused. No one spoke. "It was given him by Mr. Mikklesen," Bill added.

They all turned and looked at the Englishman. His nonchalance was admirable.

"That may be true," he smiled. "I may have given the Jap that note—I don't recall. What of it?"

"Pretty flimsy, if you ask me," said O'Meara. "I'm a lawyer and I want to tell you, young man ——"

"Just a moment, Mr. O'Meara," Bill smiled. "We don't need a lawyer just yet. I recognize that this evidence is rather inconclusive. I mentioned it merely because it makes a good prelude to what will follow. The close relationship of these notes points to Mikklesen. Other things point to Mikklesen. I point to Mikklesen. I ask him to stand up and be searched—that is, of course, if Mr. Batchelor has no objection."

Batchelor nodded.

"Go to it," he said heartily.

"Fine!" Bill said. "Now, Mr. Mikklesen, if you'll be so good ——"

Mikklesen flushed.

"This is an insult," he protested. "Mr. Batchelor, I appeal to you. The simplest laws of hospitality ——"

"You've abused my hospitality, sir," said Batchelor. "I know all about you. Stand up!"

Slowly the Englishman got to his feet.

"The coat and waistcoat, please," Bill Hammond ordered. "Thanks. Now the collar and the tie. I'll help you, if you don't mind." He rapidly unfastened the studs in Mikklesen's gleaming bosom. "Our friend here," he explained, "has made a close study of his profession. He has perfected the Mikklesen shirt, for which he was famous in the Orient. The bosom is unusually stiff; it holds its shape well. And at the bottom, on the left side, an extra strip of linen makes a convenient pocket. You wouldn't notice it if the shirt were freshly laundered. I didn't"—he smiled at Mikklesen—"but after prying it open you have a handy receptacle for carrying slender booty—bank notes, or even a silver dollar. And the loot doesn't show, particularly if you are built concavely, as is young Raffles here." Bill removed from the bosom of the shirt a silver dollar and tossed it down before Jim Batchelor. His heart was thumping; this was his big hour. "Your lucky piece, I believe, sir," he said.

Batchelor's eyes shone.

"My boy, how can I ever thank you—— " he began. With trembling hand he picked up the dollar. A hoarse cry of rage escaped him. He threw the dollar back onto the table and got to his feet. "Damn it," he cried, "how long is this thing going to keep up?"

(Continued on Page 64)

NASH

Drawn especially for Nash by Mount, the Noted English Artist

Home of Ancestor of George Washington

The scene above depicts the home in England of Lawrence Washington, ancestor of George Washington. When the Washington family sold Sulgrave Manor this house was purchased. It is situated in the village of Little Brington, Northamptonshire, on the outskirts of Althorp Park. Lawrence Washington died in 1616 and was buried in the chancel of Great Brington Church. His tomb may still be seen, on which the carving of the Washington Arms is finely preserved. The coat of arms reveals the Stars and Bars which have been popularly regarded as the original basis of the flag of the United States. John Washington, grandson of Lawrence, came to Virginia in 1658, and was the ancestor of George Washington, born in 1732.

The Four-Door Coupé

Six Cylinders

The full creative resources of American body builders have never been more brilliantly illustrated than in this Nash Six Four-Door Coupé.

Gauged by the sternest standards of this country or Europe its finely fashioned body stands out as a supreme tribute to the skill and originality of Nash craftsmen.

It is an unique car mounted upon a chassis and powered by a six-cylinder motor equally unique in the highly developed degree of excellence with which Nash engineering has endowed them.

The final and clinching proof of the things you see to admire in this car is supplied in overwhelming measure by what you find and feel when you drive it.

Features and Appointments of Four-Door Coupé—Original Nash body. Five disc wheels and Nash self-mounting carrier, standard equipment. Large, highly finished black steel trunk at rear which is a built-in feature of the body. Sturdy, nickel-plated bars on top of trunk and at rear of body. Fine jeweled clock. Fine taupe mohair upholstery. Silk curtains. Vanity and smoking set, flush type. Silver-finished vase. Dome light overhead. Two reading lights. Wide door pockets. Door and side windows adjustable. Kick plates. Heater. Robe rail. Foot rest. Automatic windshield wiper. Rear-vision mirror. Maroon or sky-blue finished body. Black running gear and fenders. Transmission lock. Inside locks for three doors and exterior lock and key for fourth door.

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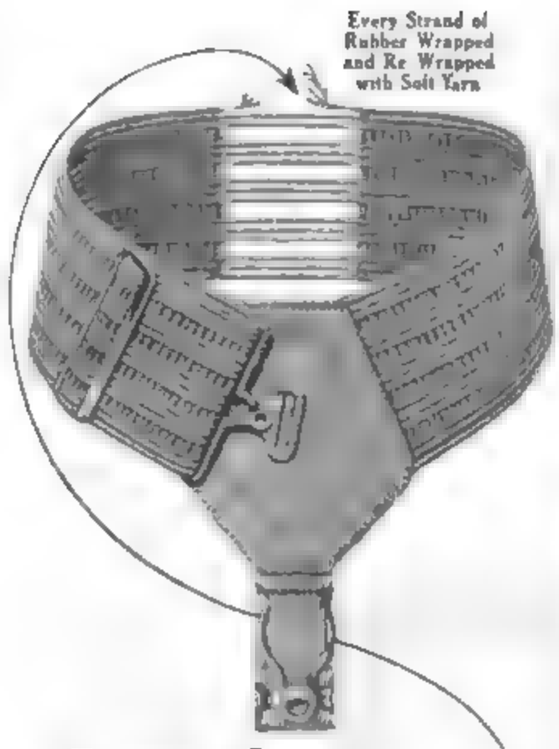

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Comfort is built into every inch of Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web Garters.

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And every little detail adds greater comfort. The longer web means a minimum of tension. The sure holding cast-off disengages easily, yet never slips. The double lined pad insures smoothness and prevents curling. Even the stitching is trebled to make comfort permanent.

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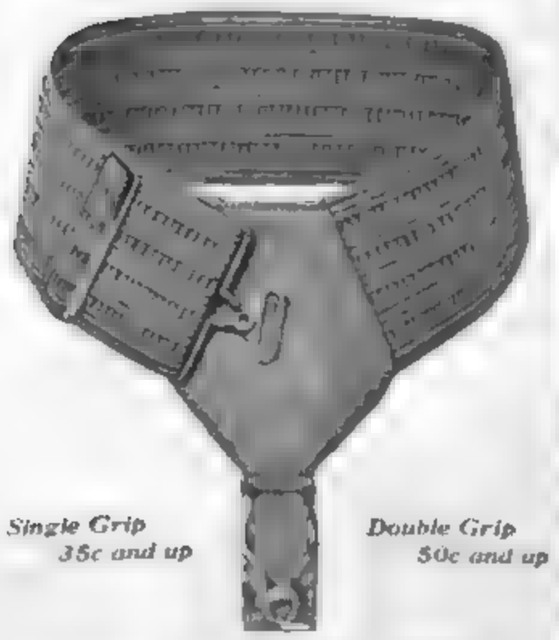

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Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

(Continued from Page 62)

"Wha-what thing, sir?" asked Bill, his triumph fading.

"That," roared Batchelor, "is not my dollar! It was coined in the year 1899."

"Good Lord!" cried Bill; and glancing at Mikklesen, he saw on that gentleman's face a look of undisguised surprise.

The saloon was in an uproar, everybody talking at once. But above the clamor Batchelor's voice rang out. He was facing Bill, and he was talking to Bill.

"You a detective! You're a defective, that's what ails you! You get my hopes way up, and then you—you—you ——"

"Well, I'm sorry, sir," said poor Bill. He was a bit dazed.

"Sorry! What kind of talk is that? Sorry! I could—I'd like to—I tell you this, you unearth any more dollars for me, and I'll skin you alive!" He turned to Mikklesen, who was tying his necktie as best he could without a mirror. "And you, sir! What have you to say? What explanation have you to offer? Honest men don't go about with trick shirts. I know your reputation in the Orient. How came that dollar where it was?"

"I'm afraid I've been done, sir," said Mikklesen suavely, putting on his coat.

"Done? How so?"

"Under the circumstances, I can't do better than tell you the truth. If you will pause to consider, there has been no real theft. In each case, nothing but substitution one dollar for another. The value of your lucky piece is purely sentimental. Remember that, if you will."

"Go on," said Batchelor.

"I went to your cabin last night to get that dollar. I'm a bit of a jokester myself. I heard Mr. Frost at the door and had just time to reach the closet. From there I watched him make the substitution. I followed him, and when he left his cabin to go to dinner, I slipped in. After locating your dollar, I made a little substitution of my own. I had your dollar last night, I had it this morning—right where our young friend here found this other one. I put the shirt with the dollar in it in my bag and securely fastened the lock. Mr. Hammond here will bear me out when I say that sometime in the early afternoon the lock of my bag was broken. That must have been when the dollars were exchanged."

"Nonsense!" answered Batchelor. "You mean to say you haven't made sure of that dollar since?"

"I saw that there was still a dollar in the bosom of the shirt and naturally supposed it was the—er—lucky piece."

Jim Batchelor slowly shook his head.

"I don't get you," he said. "You're too deep for me. However, I know one thing—you're not the sort of guest I care to have around. Something has happened to the engines and we're turning back to Monterey. In the morning you will greatly oblige me by taking your luggage and going ashore."

"Oh, naturally," calmly agreed Mikklesen.

"After you've been searched," Batchelor added. "Shall we join the ladies?"

As they left the dining saloon, Bill Hammond saw O'Meara seize Mikklesen's arm and hold him back. The politician's ruddy face was a study in various emotions, none pleasant.

Entering the main saloon last, Bill encountered Sally just inside the door. Her eyes were shining with excitement as she maneuvered him outside.

"Oh, Bill, I felt dreadfully," she said. "I mean, to miss your big scene of triumph."

"Ha-ha," he remarked mirthlessly.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Some triumph, Sally! A dud! A raspberry! As a detective I'm a great reporter." And he told her what had happened.

"What did father say?" she inquired when he had finished.

"Ah," he answered, "you go right to the heart of the matter. Father said plenty, and if a look ever meant poison in the coffee, his look meant that to me. I tell you, Sally, it's all over now. As far as father goes, I'm out."

"Don't give up," she urged. "Haven't you any more clews?"

"Well," he replied slowly, "a little one."

"I knew it!" she cried. "What is it, Bill?"

"Oh, nothing much. But I happened to pick up that dollar we found on Mikklesen, and ——"

Jim Batchelor and Henry Frost emerged from the main saloon and came up.

"Ah," said Frost sarcastically, "the young detective."

"Don't kid him, Henry," said Batchelor. "The boy's got a future. He can dig up more dollars than John D. Rockefeller."

"Mr. Batchelor, I certainly regret ——" Bill began.

"Never mind that. Where are we now? Things are more confused than ever."

"If you'll take a suggestion from me," Frost began, "how about your captain? He opened Mikklesen's bag. Was he alone at the time?"

"Nonsense!" Batchelor answered. "You're wrong as usual, Henry."

"Well, I don't know. What's all this about the engines, and turning back?"

"Rot, I say! The captain's been with me for more than ten years." Batchelor shook his head. "I tell you, I'm up a tree. A lot of things I don't understand. Very strange, for example, that Mikklesen should have made that confession. He could have denied everything and let it go at that."

"Dad," said Sally, "Bill's got another clew."

"I suppose so," her father replied. "He certainly is a marvel for clews. I shouldn't be surprised if he conjured a dollar out of somebody's ear next. But it won't be my dollar, I'm sure of that."

"If you'll give me a chance, sir," suggested Bill.

"Well, you're a broken reed, but you're all I've got to lean on. What is it now?"

"Mikklesen's luggage was broken into about 2:30. He didn't discover it until after three. The captain couldn't have been in there more than ten or fifteen minutes. What happened in the interval between the time the captain went out and Mikklesen came in?"

"Tell me that and I'll say you're good."

"I can only surmise, sir. But that 1899 dollar we found on Mikklesen—I know who had it last."

"What? You do?"

"Yes. That's the dollar I gave Tatu this morning in exchange for the greenback he got from Mikklesen."

"Tatu! That's an idea! Come into the smoking room and we'll have Tatu on the carpet."

The owner of the Francesca led the way, and Frost, Hammond and Sally followed. Tatu, summoned, appeared a bit lacking in his accustomed calm. He feared his employer, and showed it.

"You've seen this dollar before, Tatu," said Bill, holding it out. "I gave it to you this morning. What did you do with it after that?"

Tatu stared at the silver dollar.

"Give him back," he said.

"Back to whom?"

"Mr. Mikklesen."

"The truth, Tatu," Batchelor demanded.

"So help," answered the Jap. "Mr. Mikklesen say I do not keep promise. That not true. Make me give dollar back, anyhow."

That was Tatu's story, and he stuck to it. After a few moments of further questioning, Batchelor let him go.

"Well, where does that get us?" the millionaire wanted to know.

"The Jap's lying," declared Frost.

"I don't think so," Bill objected. "No, something tells me he speaks true. Mr. Batchelor, that big confession scene of Mikklesen's was staged with a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"I can't say. But I've a hunch he's still got your dollar."

"Where?"

"That's for me to find out, sir." Bill was again the man of action. "Sally, I wish you'd go in and lure Mikklesen into a bridge game, if you will, please. After that's under way, I'll act."

"You sound good," admitted Batchelor. "But then you always do. I wish I could be sure you'd get the right dollar this time."

"I'll get it," said Bill. His heart sank. He'd said that before with what result? But this time he must make good he must! However, he wasn't so sure.

When he saw the Englishman uncomfortably settled as Aunt Dora's partner in a game, he hurried below. Without hesitation he turned on the light in Mikklesen's cabin and began to search. He did a thorough job—under the carpet, in the closet, everywhere. But he found no dollar. Nothing at all of interest, in fact, save a little coil of flat wire which lay on the floor almost under the berth. It seemed of no importance, but he put it in his pocketbook. His heart was heavy as he turned out the light and started to leave via the bath. He had one foot in the bathroom and the other in Mikklesen's cabin when the door into the corridor opened.

"Hello," said a voice—O'Meara's—very softly.

Bill fled. He silently took the key out of the door leading from the bath into his room, and, safe in his cabin, fastened the lock from that side. He laid his hand gently on the knob of the door and waited. Footsteps sounded faintly in the bath, and then the knob began to turn slowly in his hand. He let it turn. A gentle shake of the knob, and then the footsteps receded. As soon as he dared, Bill unlocked the door and opened it an inch or two. He made out the occasional glimmer of a flashlight in Mikklesen's cabin.

For a time O'Meara searched industriously. Suddenly the flash went dark. Someone else had entered Mikklesen's cabin. Who? In a moment the politician enlightened him.

"Mrs. Keith!" he said in a low voice.

"Mr. O'Meara!" came the woman's answer.

"What can I do for you?" O'Meara inquired sarcastically.

"Is this your cabin, Mr. O'Meara?" she asked, equally sarcastic.

"It is not."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Just what you're doing. Looking for that dollar."

"Why, Mr. O'Meara ——"

"Come across. I made you early in the game. See here, our interests are the same. Let's work together."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do. You're here to get that lucky piece for the Blakes; and I—well, I represent other interests; interests that want to keep Jim Batchelor out of the primaries. Let me have that dollar until next Wednesday at six P.M. and you can have it after that."

"But I haven't got it, Mr. O'Meara."

"I know you haven't. I mean, in case we can get hold of it."

"You think it's in this room?"

"I think Mikklesen's got it somewhere. You know, I had my deal all fixed with him. I caught him last night throwing a shirt overboard, and after a little talk he admitted he had the lucky piece and agreed to deliver it to me in Monterey for twelve hundred cash."

"I thought of making him an offer myself," said the woman. "I knew his talents of old, and I was sure he had it."

"It's just as well you didn't. This morning, when Batchelor offered that whale of a reward, the dirty crook began to hedge. He'd have double-crossed me then and there, only I threatened to have him framed before he could get out of the state. He knew I could do it, so he held off."

"Then that performance tonight was all staged?"

"It sure was," O'Meara said. "I could see it in his eye. It was all for my benefit. I wouldn't be surprised if he led that young fool of a Hammond right into it. He wanted me to think he'd lost the dollar. Probably he's figuring on getting ashore with it, and then sending it to Batchelor by a messenger. But only over my dead body. Let's get busy."

"Where does this door lead?" asked Mrs. Keith.

"Into a bath. There's a door into another cabin, but it's locked."

And it was, for Bill Hammond took the hint just in time. He went to the upper deck and left them to their search, confident that it would have no results.

The bridge game was just breaking up, with the enthusiastic coöperation of everyone save Aunt Dora. Bill took Sally aside in a corner of the saloon, but before he could say anything her father joined them.

"Anything doing?" he inquired.

Bill told them of the conversation in Mikklesen's cabin. Jim Batchelor was indignant.

"Fine business!" he said. "O'Meara, and the woman too! I knew blamed well I couldn't trust anybody on this boat. Well, they'll go ashore, bag and baggage, with Mikklesen in the morning. But not until I've been over all three of them personally."

"Father!"

"Yes, I mean it. Well, Hammond, where are we now? Mikklesen's still got the dollar, you think? But where's he got it?"

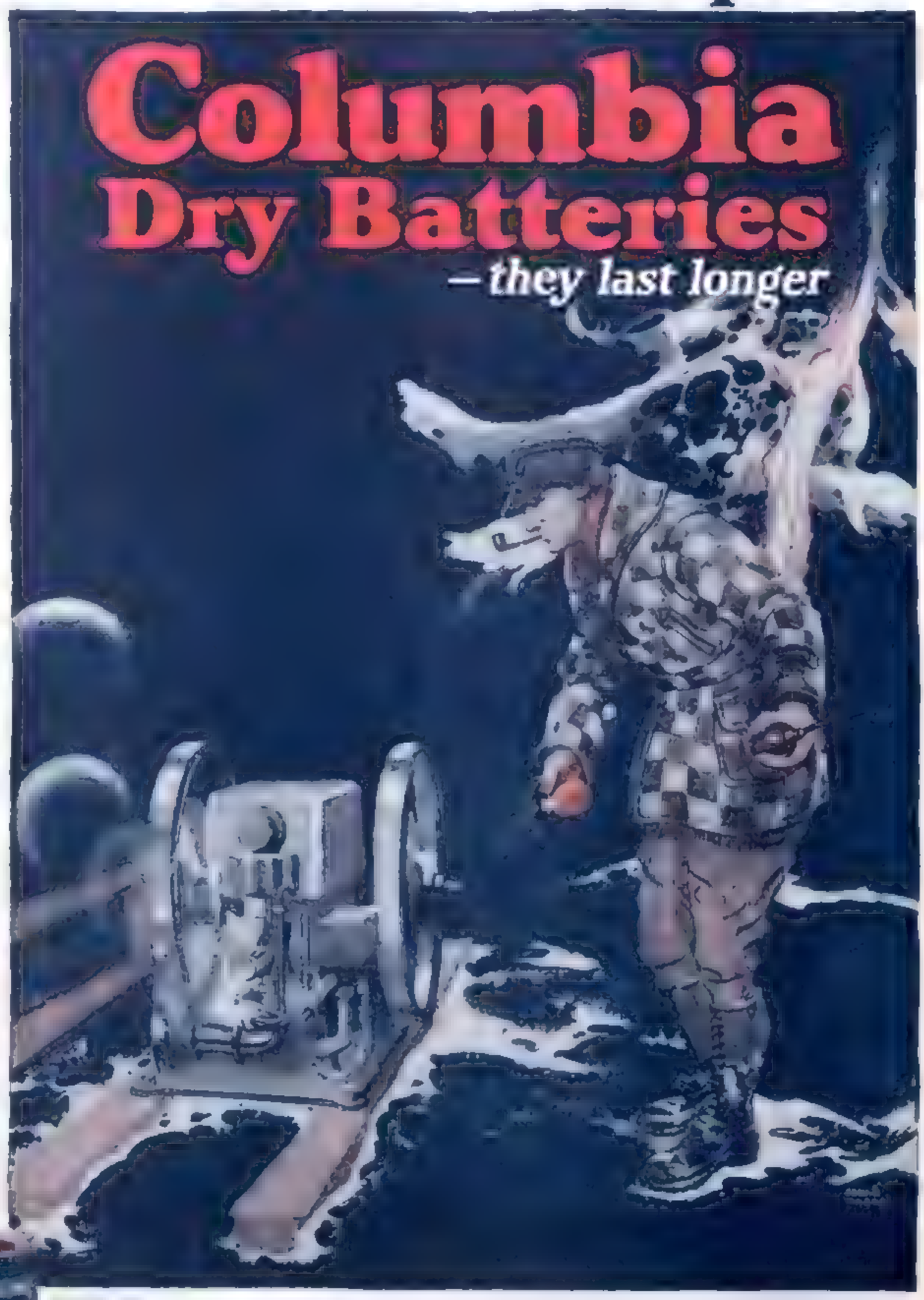
"Well ——" began Bill.

"You've got a clew, of course," said Batchelor.

"Not one," Bill answered sadly.

(Continued on Page 66)

For millions of fatter sure-fire sparks



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–gas engine ignition
–motor boat ignition
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–starting Fords
–door bells
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WITH fresh Columbias you save your back and start the balkiest engine quicker. She'll pull like a Missouri mule—until the leather breaks—with Columbia Batteries showering fat, fiery sparks into the cylinder. The Columbia Hot Shot contains long-lived Columbia Cells in a weather-proof, water-proof, durable, handy metal case. Columbias are longer-lasting batteries than any you ever used. There is added economy in their superior recuperative power.

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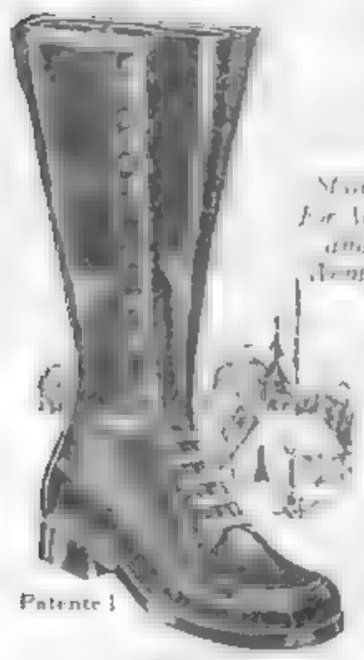

BUCKHECT "Buckstrips"

California's favorite outdoor shoe a national triumph

HERE is the famous California Buckheet "Buckstrip" shoe that has captured the East. Everywhere you hear people talking about these wonderful western boots. In the last year we have sold thousands of them to eastern men and women for every outdoor use.

Californians have worn these shoes for years. Here they are the favorite outdoor shoe for hunting, fishing, hiking, mountain climbing; for ranch work, for the oil fields, lumber [illegible] and construction work. [illegible] shoe is found in our varied outdoors and industries. For 65 years we have made shoes to meet these [illegible]

[illegible] from thousands of Buckheet wearers you would be convinced of the exceptional quality of these shoes.

Buckheet "Buckstrips" give you just the things you want in a good outdoor shoe: comfort, long wear, water resistance, form fit, and good appearance. [illegible] these qualities *more perfectly* than any outdoor shoe you have ever worn. Our long experience in building shoes with the *essentials* for outdoor service makes that possible.

"Buckstrips" are made only by us. They have exclusive, patented features. Their name comes from a tough strip of leather sewed around the vamp in moccasin style with strongest linen thread. Inside the regular vamp is a firm soft leather lining, making a *double* vamp. This *doubles* the wear and helps keep out dampness. The "Buckstrips" also hold the shoe in shape.

Soles are tough oak tanned leather. Uppers are either chocolate colored oiled storm tanned calfskin or of lighter glovelike leather where water resistance is not desired. Each heel layer is one piece of solid leather. As waterproof as a leather shoe can be made. Prices $6.50 to $16.50.

Three thousand retailers sell our shoes west of the Rockies. If no dealer in your town carries Buckheet "Buckstrips" we will gladly fill your order by mail. Our special method insures a good fit. If shoes are not satisfactory they may be returned at our expense and your money will be refunded. We pay all parcel post charges.

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EASTERN RETAILERS WANTED

(Continued from Page 64)

"What?" Batchelor stood up. "Well, if you've run out of clews, then the skies are dark indeed. Something tells me I'll never see my dollar again. You may be a good newspaper man, my boy, but as a detective—well—oh, what's the use? I'm going to bed. Good night."

Sally and Bill followed him outside. In a shadowy spot on the deck they paused.

"Oh, Bill, what are we going to do now?" the girl sighed.

"Well, I have one—one little clew. But it's so silly I didn't have the nerve to tell him about it. Just a little coil of wire I found in Mikklesen's cabin."

"What would that mean, Bill?"

"I don't know. But I'm going to think tonight as I never thought before. I can't lose you, Sally. I won't—that's all."

"Not if I have anything to say about it, Bill, you won't," she answered, and the wisdom of stopping in a shadow became at once apparent.

In his berth Bill settled down to do the promised thinking. He began to go over in his mind, carefully, every point in the equipment of a man like Mikklesen. But somewhere in the neighborhood of the military brushes he fell asleep.

VIII

THERE is a subconscious self that never sleeps, but applies itself to any problem in hand. Which probably explains why Bill awoke the next morning with the hunch of his life. It was very late; and struck by an unaccustomed quiet, he looked out the porthole. The little town of Monterey and the green forest of Del Monte met his gaze, and he knew the Francesca had reached port.

The bathroom door was unlocked, and the door leading into Mikklesen's cabin stood open. There was no trace of the Englishman, nor of his many pieces of luggage. Alarmed, Bill rang for Tatu; but from the Jap he learned that no one had yet gone ashore.

"Hurry," Bill ordered, "and tell Mr. Batchelor not to land anyone until he hears from me." And he prepared himself for a busy morning.

Jim Batchelor arrived just as Bill was tying his necktie.

"Any news?" inquired the young man.

"Not a glimmer," answered Batchelor. He sat down on the berth, his gloomy face in striking contrast to the sunny morning. "The second officer was in Mikklesen's cabin while he dressed, and examined everything he put on. We've been through his luggage again too. But there was nothing doing. Either he hasn't got that dollar or he's too smart for us."

"Where is he now?" Bill asked.

"He's on deck, waiting to go ashore. The launch is ready. O'Meara and Mrs. Keith are there too."

"Did you search them?"

"Well, no. There are limits. Besides, I'm sure they're just as much in the dark as I am. Both of them came to me this morning and said both wanted to leave the cruise here, so I simply told them to go. There seemed no occasion for a row."

"You were quite right, sir," Bill agreed.

"You—you sent me word not to let anybody land until you came up," said Batchelor.

"I did," Bill smiled.

"Are you—are you on a new trail?"

"I think so."

"My boy! No, no, I mustn't let you get my hopes up again."

"You're very wise, sir," Bill admitted. "This isn't much—a fighting chance, that's all."

"Well, let's fight it," said Batchelor as they left the cabin. "I tell you again, you get that dollar back and there'll be nothing too good for you."

"Careful!" said Bill under his breath, and they went on deck.

Sally joined them, as lovely as the California morning, but with a worried look in her eyes. Bill smiled his reassurance. They moved along the deck and came upon Mikklesen, O'Meara and Mrs. Keith sitting amid their luggage.

"We're losing some of our guests," said Batchelor.

"So I see," Bill answered. "I'd steeled myself to part with Mikklesen, but these others—I'm awfully sorry ——"

O'Meara glared at him. Henry Frost, alert for news, came up.

"Mr. Batchelor," Bill went on, "before Mikklesen goes out of our lives forever, I'd like to ask him one question."

"Certainly. Go to it."

"Mr. Mikklesen" the Englishman stood up, and he and Bill faced each other—"Mr. Mikklesen," Bill repeated, "what time is it?"

The Englishman's eyes narrowed.

"I don't understand."

"The time—by that watch of yours. I've seen you consult it before. Why not now?"

"My dear fellow"—Mikklesen was quite at ease—"it's a frightfully old thing, really. Belonged to my grandfather. Something has happened to it. It's not running."

"Not running? That's too bad." Bill held out his hand. "Let me have a look at it. I might be able to fix it."

Mikklesen's eyes turned quickly to right and left. He appeared to be measuring the distance between the Francesca and the shore.

"Come on," said Bill. "There's no way out. Hand it over."

"Why not?" said Mikklesen. He took from his pocket a large ancient timepiece and unfastened it from the chain. He was smiling. Bill's heart sank—was he wrong, after all?

His strong fingers closed eagerly on Mikklesen's watch. Anxiously he opened the back. The thing was packed with tissue paper. He lifted out the paper—and smiled, for underneath lay a silver dollar.

"I hope it's the right one this time," he said, and handed it to Batchelor.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Batchelor. "My lucky piece! The first dollar I ever earned. Little secret mark and all. My boy—my boy, I take back all I said."

Bill glanced at Sally, her eyes were shining. He handed the watch case back to Mikklesen.

"When you took out the works," he said, "you shouldn't have let the mainspring get away from you. Lively little things, mainsprings. Elusive, what?"

"I fancy so." Mikklesen, still smiling, still nonchalant, restored the watch to his pocket. "Mr. Batchelor, I'll toddle along. There's been no actual theft."

"Who says there hasn't?"

O'Meara, purple with rage, was on his feet. "Batchelor, you turn this crook over to me. I'll put him behind the bars, where he belongs."

Jim Batchelor shook his head.

"Your passion for justice is splendid, O'Meara," he said, "but I prefer it otherwise. Publicity never did appeal to me. Mr. Mikklesen, I congratulate you. You must have been a wonder at hide and seek when you were a kid. You may as well—go along."

"Thanks, awfully," said Mikklesen. "It's been a frightfully jolly cruise, and all that." He glanced at O'Meara, and his smile faded. "I'm going to ask one last favor, if I may."

"Well, you've got your nerve," Batchelor said. "What is it?"

"Will you be so good as to send me ashore alone, and let the launch return for—these others?"

The owner of the Francesca was in high good humor. He laughed.

"Of course I will," he replied. "I can't say I blame you either. It isn't always safe for birds of a feather to flock together. Get into the launch. And you, O'Meara"—he put himself in the angry politician's path—"you stay where you are."

Mikklesen indicated his luggage to a sailor and hastily descended the ladder. The launch putt-putted away. O'Meara moved to the rail and shook a heavy fist.

"I'll get you," he cried, "you low-down crook!"

Mikklesen stood in the stern of the launch and waved a jaunty farewell. He was off in search of new fields and better luck.

"Oh, Mr. Batchelor," purred Mrs. Keith, "it's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know. If you have no objection I'll stay with the party."

"Oh, no, you won't!" said Batchelor. "I've got my dollar back and I intend to hang on to it."

"Why, what do you mean?" she said, staring at him with wide, innocent eyes.

"I'm on to you—and O'Meara too. I'm sorry you've forced me to say it. Go back to your friends the Blakes, Mrs. Keith, and tell them they've got me to lick on that China contract—if they can. As for you, O'Meara, my name will be entered in the primaries next week. And I'm glad to know where you stand."

"What's it all about?" O'Meara inquired blandly.

"You know very well what it's about. The second officer has some errands in the town, but he'll be back with the launch in an hour or so. When he comes I'll ask you both to leave the Francesca." Batchelor turned and his eye lighted on Bill Hammond. Smiling, he put his arm about Bill's shoulder. "Some detective, if you ask me. Come into the saloon, son. There's a little matter of business between us. Henry, you're in on this. Got your check book?"

"I've got it," said Frost, and he and Sally followed the pair into the main saloon.

"Two thousand from you, Henry," Batchelor reminded him.

"I know it." Mr. Frost reluctantly sat down at a desk and prepared to write.

"Wait a minute," Bill interposed. "I don't want any money, Mr. Frost."

"What do you want?" asked Frost.

"A better job."

"And he deserves it too," said Batchelor.

"Well," began Frost, whose first instinct was always to hedge, "I don't like to interfere at the office ——" Still, his expression seemed to say two thousand is two thousand.

"The Sunday editor quit last week," Bill went on. "A word from you and the job's mine. It pays a hundred, I believe."

Frost stood up.

"All right," he agreed. "We'll consider the matter settled." He patted his check book lovingly and departed.

"Now that was sensible," beamed Jim Batchelor. "A job—a chance to make good. Better than money."

"It looks better to me," smiled Bill. "You see, I'm thinking of getting married."

Batchelor got up and seized his hand.

"Fine! Fine!" he cried. "My boy, I wish you all the luck in the world."

"Then you approve of it?"

"The best thing that could happen to any young man. A balance wheel—an incentive."

"That's the way I feel, sir," said Bill heartily.

"And it does you credit." Batchelor sat at the desk. "My little check will come in the way of a wedding present." He stopped. "I hope you're getting the right sort of girl?"

"I'm sure of that, sir."

"Of course you feel that way. But these modern girls—not the kind I used to know. Flighty, extravagant—they don't know the value of a dollar."

"This one," said Bill, "knows the value of one dollar. At least, she ought to."

"What's that?" cried Batchelor.

"Put away your check book, sir," said Bill. "It isn't your money I want."

Batchelor threw down his pen. "I—I didn't dream—Sally, what about this?"

She came and sat on his knee.

"Dad, you've never refused me anything yet. You're not going to haggle over a little thing like Bill."

"But—but I don't—this young man—why, he hasn't anything!"

"What did you have when you were married?" she asked.

"I had my brains and a strong right arm."

"So has Bill," she told him.

He turned slowly and looked at Bill.

"I'm thinking of you too," he said. "I like you, my boy—I won't deny it. But this—this—could you get away with it? A girl like Sally—it isn't so much the initial expense—it's the upkeep. Could you manage it?"

"With your permission," said Bill, "I'd like to try."

Batchelor kissed his daughter and stood up.

"You'll have to give me time on this," he said. "All so sudden. I'll think it over."

"Yes, sir," Bill answered. "And in the meantime ——"

"In the meantime ——" Batchelor stopped at the door. He looked at Bill Hammond long and wistfully. "You know," he said, "I'd give a million dollars to be where you are now." And he went out.

"Poor dad," said Sally. "Isn't he a darling?"

"It runs in your family," Bill told her. "I've noticed that."

"Bill, you'll always love me, won't you?"

"Love you—and keep you close," said Bill. "In the big moments of my life you'll give me courage to go on. The first wife I ever earned."

"Bill, be careful!" she said. "Somebody might come in."

(THE END)

The Woman whose Children Grew Away

"I KNOW HELEN is slipping away from me," she said, "we seem almost to live in different worlds. I know she disapproves of my furniture, and that my wallpaper grieves her soul. Even in the kitchen she pities her poor, old-fashioned mother who cannot tell a vitamine from a calory.

"I'm not up on the welfare work she's so interested in and when they're discussing county politics around the dinner table, I don't know enough to venture an opinion. And the last shreds of my influence vanished when I had to admit one day that I could not even name our Congressman. 'My influence!'—she'd as soon take advice from Rajah, the cat.

"I suppose it's mostly my fault. Maybe I am getting out of date. But all day I'm busy with housework, and evenings I'm tired. I'd like to catch up—but I never seem able to find the time.

"I guess she's what you call the 'New Woman' and I'm sure I'm what she'd call an 'Old Woman'—though I'm not so old in years. I don't care for the books she reads or the plays she goes to. Even the phonograph only seems to show how far apart we are—I'm fond of 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny' and 'Old Black Joe' and she plays them to humor me; but when she really wants to enjoy herself she puts on something with French words, written by a Russian composer and sung by an Italian tenor. I'm even afraid to refer to them for fear I'll mispronounce their names. And then if I lik
something I call it a 'pretty piece' and
nificent aria' or
fox trot musi
the answers o
years back.
because those
aren't answers
all to her, she
doesn't care for
opinion on anyt
I'd like to give
the benefit of m
experience—afte
all, I do know so
things that she h
yet found out—bu
poor, dear mid-Vi
mother—what doe
she know about th
world of today?

l she calls it a 'magn trying to waltz to stions of today with Freudian complexes ificial complexions, nd cigarettes and obbed hair and all rest of the things t go with the jazz e are beyond me. ight just as well yself to running boarding house her and letting thought of any companionship t of my mind."

Hours for Sale . . . *and you can have them*

How often have you seen women who lost themselves in the routine of housework until they were complete strangers to the thoughts of those about them? The world has passed them by; their families have grown up only to grow away.

They need time—time to remain the companion of the husband and the "pal" of the children. And Time is exactly what the laundry offers. It does more than the mere washing of clothes—it brings new hours, new days, new leisure in which to really live.

The laundry is not only a time saver—it saves fatigue and worry, too. And more than 2,000,000 women testify to its reliability and the high quality of its work. To every home is offered a service suited to its needs and its income; for every woman washday hours can be largely or entirely eliminated. And these hours saved from housekeeping can be more wisely invested in home-making.

The laundry has "Hours for Sale"—and you can have them.

PRIM PREST
A finer laundry service. Everything carefully washed in many changes of rainsoft water and mild suds; everything beautifully ironed ready to use or put away; a dainty service complete in every detail

HO-MESTIC
A most acceptable medium priced service. Everything is tastefully ironed and folded because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost

ROUGH DRY
Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, towels, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing on the lighter pieces is left to be done at home

FLOAT IRONED
A low priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed starched and 75 per cent finished. Articles like shirts waists and house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home

THRIF-T SERVICE
Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the work is ironed and carefully folded either work is returned damp ready for starching

WET WASH
Everything washed in mild suds and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp sweet and clean ready to run or starch and hang up to dry

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

"You're right, Mister. That is genuine Texaco and some oil!"
Simply stated, Texaco Motor Oil is the clearest looking oil, because it is the cleanest.
The most careful and complete refining gives it that distinctive clean, clear, golden color—and that full body.
Full-bodied enough to prevent destructive metallic contacts, and so carefully refined that it will keep the engine sweet-running and clean for longest periods. Texaco more than adequately fulfills its visible promise of clean and complete lubrication.
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
Also refiners of Texaco Gasoline, "the volatile gas," and a complete line of high-grade Petroleum Products.
TEXACO
TEXACO
GASOLINE
MOTOR OILS

RODNEY FAILS TO QUALIFY

(Continued from Page 9)

"Looks a bit of a Gawd-help-us," said William critically.

"He is going to walk round with you."

It was impossible for a man of William Bates' temperament to start, but his face took on a look of faint concern.

"Walk round with us?"

"So Jane said."

"But look here," said William, "I can't possibly seize her and clasp her in my arms and do all that hot-breath stuff with this pie-faced exhibit hanging round on the outskirts."

"No, I fear not."

"Postpone it, then, what?" said William with unmistakable relief. "Well, as a matter of fact, it's probably a good thing. There was a most extraordinarily fine steak-and-kidney pudding at lunch, and, between ourselves, I'm not feeling what you might call keyed up to anything in the nature of a romantic scene. Some other time, eh?"

I looked at Jane and the Spelvin youth, and a nameless apprehension swept over me. There was something in their attitude which I found alarming. I was just about to whisper a warning to William not to treat this new arrival too lightly, when Jane caught sight of him and called him over, and a moment later they set out on their round.

I walked away pensively. This Spelvin's advent, coming immediately on top of that book of desert love, was undeniably sinister. My heart sank for William, and I waited at the clubhouse to have a word with him after his match. He came in two hours later, flushed and jubilant.

"Played the game of my life," he said. "We didn't hole out all the putts; but making allowance for everything, you can chalk me up an eighty-three. Not so bad, eh? You know the eighth hole? Well, I was a bit short with my drive and found my ball lying badly for the brassy, so I took my driving iron and with a nice easy swing let the pill have it so squarely on the seat of the pants that it flew ——"

"Where is Jane?" I interrupted.

"Jane? Oh, the bloke Spelvin has taken her home."

"Beware of him, William," I whispered tensely. "Have a care, young Bates! If you don't look out you'll have him stealing Jane from you. Don't laugh! Remember that I saw them together before you arrived. She was gazing into his eyes as a desert maiden might gaze into the eyes of a sheik. You don't seem to realize, wretched William Bates, that Jane is an extremely romantic girl. A fascinating stranger like this, coming suddenly into her life, may well snatch her away from you before you know where you are."

"That's all right," said William lightly. "I don't mind admitting that the same idea occurred to me. But I made judicious inquiries on the way round and found out that the fellow's a poet. You don't seriously expect me to believe that there's any chance of Jane falling in love with a poet?"

He spoke incredulously, for there were three things in the world that he held in the smallest esteem—slugs, poets and caddies with hiccups.

"I think it extremely possible, if not probable," I replied.

"Nonsense!" said William. "And besides, the man doesn't play golf. Never had a club in his hand and says he never wants to. That's the sort of fellow he is."

At this, I confess, I did experience a distinct feeling of relief. I could imagine Jane Packard, stimulated by exotic literature, committing many follies; but I was compelled to own that I could not conceive of her giving her heart to one who not only did not play golf but had no desire to play it. Such a man, to a girl of her fine nature and correct upbringing, would be beyond the pale. I walked home with William in a calm and happy frame of mind.

I was to learn but one short week later that woman is the unfathomable, incalculable mystery, the problem we men can never hope to solve.

The week that followed was one of much festivity in our village. There were dances, picnics, bathing parties and all the other adjuncts of high summer. In these William Bates played but a minor part. Dancing was not one of his gifts. He swung, if called upon, an amiable shoe; but the disposition in the neighborhood was to refrain from calling upon him, for he had an incurable habit of coming down with his full weight upon his partner's toes, and many a fair girl had had to lie up for a couple of days after collaborating with him in a fox trot.

Picnics, again, bored him, and he always preferred a round on the links to the merriest bathing party. The consequence was that he kept practically aloof from the revels, and all through the week Jane Packard was squired by Rodney Spelvin. With Spelvin she swayed over the waxed floor; with Spelvin she dived and swam; and it was Spelvin who with zealous hand brushed ants off her mayonnaise and squashed wasps with a chivalrous teaspoon. The end was inevitable. Apart from anything else, the moon was at its full and many of these picnics were held at night. And you know what that means. It was about ten days later that William Bates came to me in my little garden with an expression on his face like a man who didn't know it was loaded.

"I say," said William, "you busy?"

I emptied the remainder of the water can on the lobelias and was at his disposal.

"I say," said William, "rather a rotten thing has happened. You know Jane?"

I said I knew Jane.

"You know Spelvin?"

I said I knew Spelvin.

"Well, Jane's gone and got engaged to him," said William, aggrieved.

"What?"

"It's a fact."

"Already?"

"Absolutely! She told me this morning. And what I want to know," said the stricken boy, sitting down, thoroughly unnerved, on a basket of strawberries, "is, where do I get off?"

My heart bled for him, but I could not help reminding him that I had anticipated this.

"You should not have left them so much alone together," I said. "You must have known that there is nothing more conducive to love than the moon in June. Why, songs have been written about it! In fact I cannot at the moment recall a song that has not been written about it."

"Yes, but how was I to guess that anything like this would happen?" cried William, rising and scraping strawberries off his person. "Who would ever have supposed Jane Packard would leap off the dock with a fellow who doesn't play golf?"

"Certainly, as you say, it seems almost incredible. You are sure you heard her correctly? When she told you about the engagement, I mean. There was no chance that you could have misunderstood?"

"Not a bit of it. As a matter of fact, what led up to the thing, if you know what I mean, was me proposing to her myself. I'd been thinking a lot during the last ten days over what you said to me about that, and the more I thought of it the more of a sound egg the notion seemed. So I got her alone up at the clubhouse and said 'I say, old girl, what about it?' and she said 'What about what?' and I said 'What about marrying me? Don't if you don't want to, of course,' I said, 'but I'm bound to say it looks pretty good to me.' And then she said she loved another—this bloke Spelvin, to wit. A nasty jar, I can tell you it was. I was just starting off on a round and it made me hook my putts on every green."

"But did she say specifically that she was engaged to Spelvin?"

"She said she loved him."

"There may be hope. If she is not irrevocably engaged the fancy may pass. I think I will go and see Jane and make tactful inquiries."

"I wish you would," said William. "And, I say, you haven't any stuff that'll take strawberry juice off a fellow's trousers, have you?"

My interview with Jane that evening served only to confirm the bad news. Yes, she was definitely engaged to the man Spelvin. In a burst of girlish confidence she told me some of the details of the affair.

"The moon was shining and a soft breeze played in the trees," she said. "And suddenly he took me in his arms, gazed deep into my eyes and cried, 'I love you! I worship you! I adore you! You are the tree on which the fruit of my life hangs; my mate; my woman, predestined to me since the first star shone up in yonder sky!'"

"Nothing," I agreed, "could be fairer than that. And then?" I said, thinking how different it all must have been from William Bates' miserable, limping proposal.

"Then we fixed it up that we would get married in September."

"You are sure you are doing wisely?" I ventured.

Her eyes opened.

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, you know, whatever his other merits—and no doubt they are numerous—Rodney Spelvin does not play golf."

"No, but he's very broad-minded about it."

I shuddered. Women say these things so lightly.

"Broad-minded?"

"Yes; he has no objection to me going on playing. He says he likes my pretty enthusiasms."

There seemed nothing more to say on that subject.

"Well," I said, "I am sure I wish you every happiness. I had hoped, of course—but never mind that."

"What?"

"I had hoped, as you insist on my saying it, that you and William Bates ——"

A shadow passed over her face. Her eyes grew sad.

"Poor William! I'm awfully sorry about that. He's a dear."

"A splendid fellow," I agreed.

"He has been so wonderful about the whole thing. So many men would have gone off and shot grizzly bears or something. But William just said 'Right-ho!' in a quiet voice, and he's going to caddie for me at Mossy Heath next week."

"There is good stuff in the boy."

"Yes," she sighed. "If it wasn't for Rodney Oh, well ——"

I thought it would be tactful to change the subject.

"So you have decided to go to Mossy Heath again?"

"Yes; and I'm really going to qualify this year."

The annual Invitation Tournament at Mossy Heath was one of the most important fixtures of our local female golfing year. As is usual with these affairs, it began with a medal-play qualifying round, the thirty-two players with the lowest net scores then proceeding to fight it out during the remainder of the week by match play. It gratified me to hear Jane speak so confidently of her chances, for this was the fourth year she had entered, and each time, though she had started out with the brightest prospects, she had failed to survive the qualifying round. Like so many golfers, she was 50 per cent better at match play than at medal play. Mossy Heath, being a championship course, is full of nasty pitfalls, and on each of the three occasions on which she had tackled it one very bad hole had undone all her steady work on the other seventeen and ruined her card. I was delighted to find her so undismayed by failure.

"I am sure you will," I said. "Just play your usual careful game."

"It doesn't matter what sort of a game I play this time," said Jane jubilantly. "I've just heard that there are only thirty-two entries this year, so that everybody who finishes is bound to qualify. I have simply got to get round somehow, and there I am."

"It would seem somewhat superfluous in these circumstances to play a qualifying round at all."

"Oh, but they must. You see, there are prizes for the best three scores, so they have to play it. But isn't it a relief to know that even if I come to grief on that beastly seventh, as I did last year, I shall still be all right?"

"It is, indeed. I have a feeling that once it becomes a matter of match play you will be irresistible."

"I do hope so. It would be lovely to win with Rodney looking on."

"Will he be looking on?"

"Yes; he's going to walk round with me. Isn't it sweet of him?"

Her fiance's name having slid into the conversation again, she seemed inclined to become eloquent about him. I left her, however, before she could begin. To one so strongly pro-William as myself, eulogistic prattle about Rodney Spelvin was repugnant. I disapproved entirely of this infatuation of hers. I am not a narrow-minded man; I quite appreciate the fact that non-golfers are entitled to marry; but I could not countenance their marrying potential

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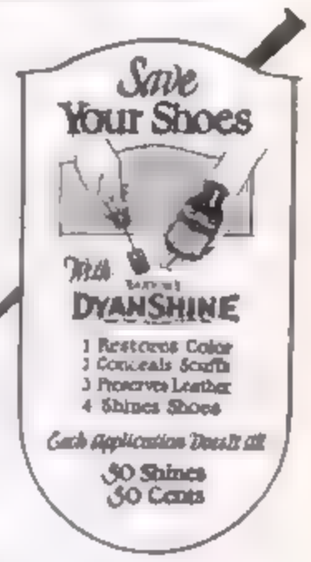

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winners of the Ladies' Invitation Tournament at Mossy Heath.

The greens committee, as greens committees are so apt to do in order to justify their existence, have altered the Mossy Heath course considerably since the time of which I am speaking, but they have left the three most poisonous holes untouched. I refer to the fourth, the seventh and the fifteenth. Even a soulless greens committee seems to have realized that golfers, long-suffering though they are, can be pushed too far and that the addition of even a single extra trap to any of these dreadful places would probably lead to armed riots in the clubhouse.

Jane Packard had done well on the first three holes, but as she stood on the fourth tee she was conscious, despite the fact that this seemed to be one of her good days, of a certain nervousness; and oddly enough, great as was her love for Rodney Spelvin, it was not his presence that gave her courage, but the sight of William Bates' large, friendly face and the sound of his pleasant voice urging her to keep her bean down and refrain from pressing.

As a matter of fact, to be perfectly truthful, there was beginning already to germinate within her by this time a faint but definite regret that Rodney Spelvin had decided to accompany her on this qualifying round. It was sweet of him to bother to come, no doubt; but still there was something about Rodney that did not seem to blend with the holy atmosphere of a championship course. He was the one romance of her life and their souls were bound together for all eternity; but the fact remained that he did not appear to be able to keep still while she was making her shots, and his light humming, musical though it was, militated against accuracy on the green. He was humming now as she addressed her ball, and for an instant a spasm of irritation shot through her. She fought it down bravely and concentrated on her drive, and when the ball soared over the cross bunker she forgot her annoyance. There is nothing so mellowing, so conducive to sweet and genial thoughts, as a real juicy one straight down the middle, and this was a pipterino.

"Nice work," said William Bates approvingly.

Jane gave him a grateful smile and turned to Rodney. It was his appreciation that she wanted. He was not a golfer, but even he must be able to see that her drive had been something out of the common.

Rodney Spelvin was standing with his back turned, gazing out over the rolling prospect, one hand shading his eyes.

"That vista there," said Rodney, "that calm, wooded hollow bathed in the golden sunshine. It reminds me of the island valley of Avilion ——"

"Did you see my drive, Rodney?"

"—— where falls not rain nor hail nor any snow, nor ever wind blows loudly. . . . Eh? Your drive? No, I didn't."

Again Jane Packard was aware of that faint, wistful regret. But this was swept away a few moments later in the ecstasy of a perfect iron shot which plunked her ball nicely onto the green. The last time she had played this hole she had taken seven, for all round the plateau green are sinister sand traps, each beckoning the ball into its hideous depths; and now she was on in two and life was very sweet. Putting was her strong point, so that there was no reason why she should not get a snappy four on one of the nastiest holes on the course. She glowed with a strange emotion as she took her putter, and as she bent over her ball the air seemed filled with soft music.

It was only when she started to concentrate on the line of her putt that this soft music began to bother her. Then, listening, she became aware that it proceeded from Rodney Spelvin. He was standing immediately behind her, humming an old French love song. It was the sort of old French love song to which she could have listened for hours in some scented garden under the young May moon, but on the green of the fourth at Mossy Heath it got right in amongst her nerve centers. "Rodney, please!"

"Eh?"

Jane found herself wishing that Rodney Spelvin would not say "Eh?" whenever she spoke to him.

"Do you mind not humming?" said Jane. "I want to putt."

"Putt on, child, putt on," said Rodney Spelvin indulgently. "I don't know what you mean, but if it makes you happy to putt, putt to your heart's content."

Jane bent over her ball again. She had got the line now. She brought back her putter with infinite care.

"My God!" exclaimed Rodney Spelvin, going off like a bomb.

Jane's ball, sharply jabbed, shot past the hole and rolled on about three yards. She spun round in anguish. Rodney Spelvin was pointing at the horizon.

"What a bit of color!" he cried. "Did you ever see such a bit of color?"

"Oh, Rodney!" moaned Jane.

"Eh?"

Jane gulped and walked to her ball. Her fourth putt trickled into the tin.

"Did you win?" said Rodney Spelvin amiably.

Jane walked to the fifth tee in silence.

The fifth and sixth holes at Mossy Heath are long, but they offer little trouble to those who are able to keep straight. It is as if the architect of the course had relaxed over these two in order to insure that his malignant mind should be at its freshest and keenest when he came to design the pestilential seventh. This seventh, as you may remember, is the hole at which Sandy McHoots, then open champion, took an eleven on an important occasion. It is a short hole, and a full mashie will take you nicely onto the green, provided you can carry the river that frolics just beyond the tee and seems to plead with you to throw it a ball to play with. Once on the green, however, the problem is to stay there. The green itself is about the size of a drawing-room carpet, and in the summer when the ground is hard a ball that has not the maximum of back spin is apt to touch lightly and bound off into the river beyond, for this is an island green, where the stream bends like a serpent. I refresh your memory with these facts in order that you may appreciate what Jane Packard was up against.

The woman with whom Jane was partnered had the honor, and drove a nice high ball, which fell into one of the traps to the left. She was a silent, patient-looking woman, and she seemed to regard this as perfectly satisfactory. She withdrew from the tee and made way for Jane.

"Nice work!" said William Bates, a moment later. For Jane's ball, soaring in a perfect arc, was dropping, it seemed, on the very pin.

"Oh, Rodney, look!" cried Jane.

"Eh?" said Rodney Spelvin.

His remark was drowned in a passionate squeal of agony from his betrothed. The most poignant of all tragedies had occurred. The ball, touching the green, leaped like a young lamb, scuttled past the pin and took a running dive over the cliff.

There was a silence. Jane's partner, who was seated on the bench by the sand box reading a pocket edition in limp leather of Vardon's What Every Young Golfer Should Know, with which she had been refreshing herself at odd moments all through the round, had not observed the incident. William Bates, with the tact of a true golfer, refrained from comment. Jane herself was swallowing painfully. It was left to Rodney Spelvin to break the silence.

"Good!" he said.

Jane Packard turned like a stepped-on worm.

"What do you mean, good?"

"You hit your ball further than she did."

"I sent it into the river," said Jane in a low, toneless voice.

"Capital!" said Rodney Spelvin, delicately masking a yawn with two fingers of his shapely right hand. "Capital! Capital!"

Her face contorted with pain, Jane put down another ball.

"Playing three," she said.

The student of Vardon marked the place in her book with her thumb, looked up, nodded and resumed her reading.

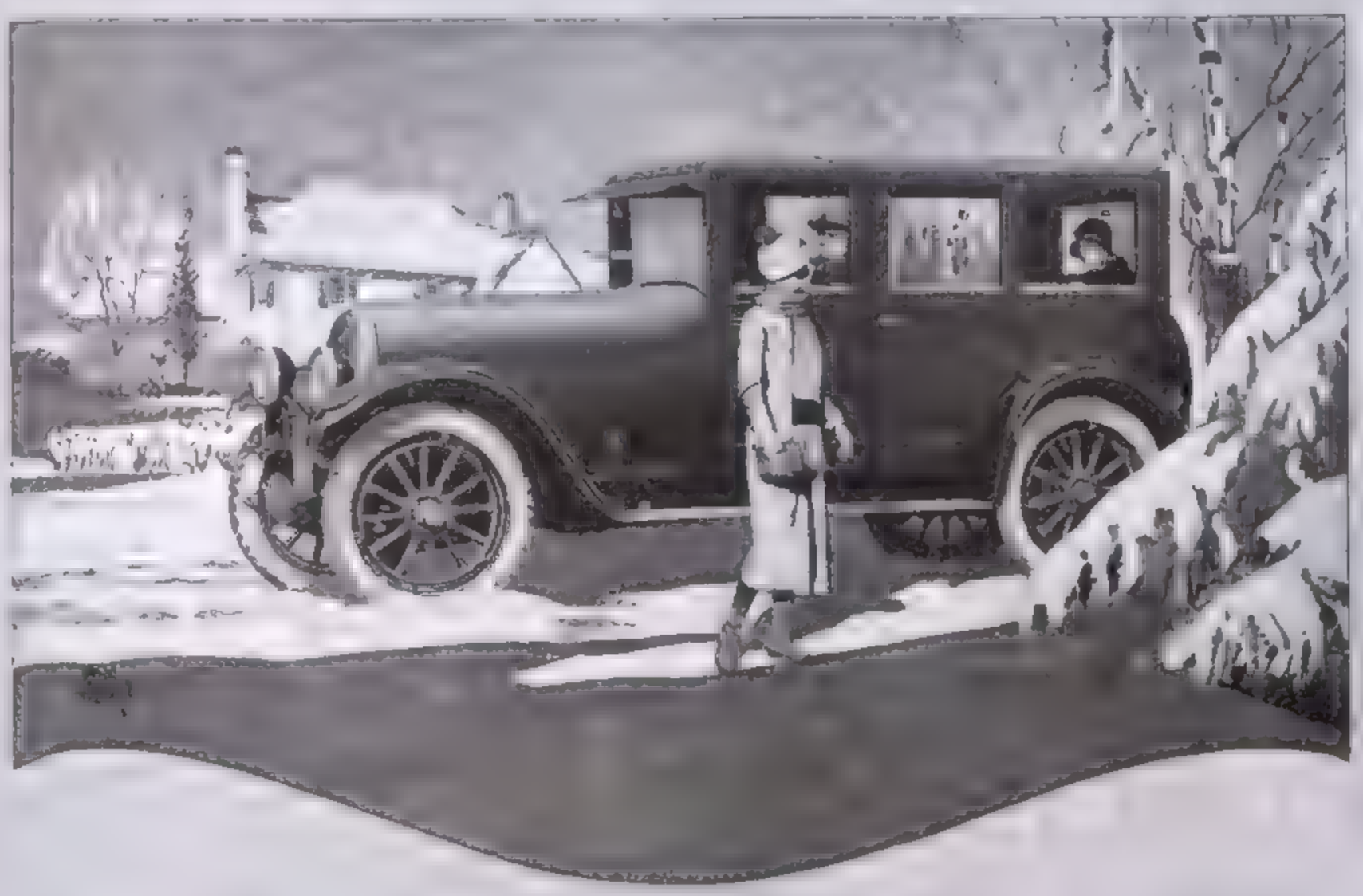
"Nice w——" began William Bates as the ball soared off the tee, and checked himself abruptly. Already he could see that the unfortunate girl had put too little beef into it. The ball was falling, falling. It fell. A crystal fountain flashed up towards the sun. The ball lay floating on the bosom of the stream, only some few feet short of the island. But, as has been well pointed out, that little less and how far away!

"Playing five!" said Jane between her teeth.

"What," inquired Rodney Spelvin chattily, lighting a cigarette, "is the record break?"

"Playing five," said Jane with a dreadful calm, and gripped her mashie.

(Continued on Page 72)



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(Continued from Page 70)

"Half a second," said William Bates suddenly. "I say, I believe you could play that last one from where it floats. A good crisp slosh with a niblick would put you on and you'd be there in four, with a chance for a five. Worth trying, what?"

Jane's eyes were gleaming. She threw William a look of infinite gratitude.

"Why, I believe I could!"

"Worth having a dash."

"There's a boat down there!"

"I could row," said William.

"I could stand in the middle and slosh!" cried Jane.

"And what's-his-name—that," said William, jerking his head in the direction of Rodney Spelvin, who was strolling up and down behind the tee, humming a gay Venetian barcarole, "could steer."

"William," said Jane fervently, "you're a darling!"

"Oh, I don't know," said William modestly.

"There's no one like you in the world. . . . Rodney!"

"Eh?" said Rodney Spelvin.

"We're going out in that boat. I want you to steer."

"Capital!" he said. "Capital! Capital!"

There was a dreamy look in Rodney Spelvin's eyes as he leaned back with the tiller ropes in his hands. This was just his idea of the proper way of passing a summer afternoon; drifting lazily over the silver surface of the stream. His eyes closed. He began to murmur softly:

"All today the slow sleek ripples hardly bear up shoreward, charged with sighs more light than laughter, faint and fair, like a woodland lake's weak wavelets lightly lingering forward, soft and listless as the —— Here! Hi!"

For at this moment the silver surface of the stream was violently split by a vigorously wielded niblick, the boat lurched drunkenly, and over his panama-hatted head and down his gray-flanneled torso there descended a cascade of water.

"Here! Hi!" cried Rodney Spelvin.

He cleared his eyes and gazed reproachfully. Jane and William Bates were peering into the depths.

"I missed it," said Jane.

"There she spouts!" said William, pointing. "Ready?"

Jane raised her niblick.

"Here! Hi!" bleated Rodney Spelvin as a second cascade poured damply over him.

He shook the drops off his face and perceived that Jane was regarding him with hostility.

"I do wish you wouldn't talk just as I am swinging," she said pettishly. "Now you've made me miss it again! If you can't keep quiet I wish you wouldn't insist on coming round with one. Can you see it, William?"

"There she blows," said William Bates.

"Here! You aren't going to do it again, are you?" cried Rodney Spelvin.

Jane bared her teeth.

"I'm going to get that ball onto the green if I have to stay here all night," she said.

Rodney Spelvin looked at her and shuddered. Was this the quiet, dreamy girl he had loved—this mænad? Her hair was lying in damp wisps about her face, her eyes were shining with an unearthly light.

"No, but really ——" he faltered.

Jane stamped her foot.

"What are you making all this fuss about, Rodney?" she snapped. "Where is it, William?"

"There she dips," said William. "Playing six."

"Playing six."

"Let her go!" said William.

"Let her go it is!" said Jane.

Splash!

The woman on the bank looked up from her Vardon as Rodney Spelvin's agonized scream rent the air. She saw a boat upon the water, a man rowing the boat, another man, hatless, gesticulating in the stern, a girl beating the water with a niblick. She nodded placidly and understandingly. A niblick was the club she would have used herself in such circumstances. Everything appeared to her entirely regular and orthodox. She resumed her book.

Splash!

"Playing fifteen," said Jane.

"Fifteen is right," said William Bates.

Splash! Splash! Splash!

"Playing forty-four."

"Forty-four is correct."

Splash! Splash! Splash! Splash!

"Eighty-three?" said Jane, brushing the hair out of her eyes.

"No, only eighty-two," said William Bates.

"Where is it?"

"There she drifts."

A dripping figure rose violently in the stern of the boat, spouting water like a public fountain. For what seemed to him like an eternity Rodney Spelvin had ducked and spluttered and writhed, and now it came to him abruptly that he was through. He bounded from his seat; and at the same time Jane swung with all the force of her supple body. There was a splash besides which all the other splashes had been as nothing. The boat overturned and went drifting away. Three bodies plunged into the stream. Three heads emerged from the water.

The woman on the bank looked absently in their direction. Then she resumed her book.

"It's all right," said William Bates contentedly. "We're in our depth."

"My bag!" cried Jane. "My bag of clubs!"

"Must have sunk," said William.

"Rodney," said Jane, "my bag of clubs is at the bottom somewhere. Dive under and swim about and try to find it."

"It's bound to be around somewhere," said William Bates encouragingly.

Rodney Spelvin drew himself up to his full height. It was not an easy thing to do, for it was muddy where he stood, but he did it.

"Damn your bag of clubs!" he bellowed, lost to all shame. "I'm going home!"

With painful steps, tripping from time to time and vanishing beneath the surface, he sloshed to the shore. For a moment he paused on the bank, silhouetted against the summer sky, then he was gone.

Jane Packard and William Bates watched him go with amazed eyes.

"I never would have dreamed," said Jane dazedly, "that he was that sort of man."

"A bad lot," said William Bates.

"The sort of man to be upset by the merest trifle!"

"Must have a naturally bad disposition," said William Bates.

"Why, if a little thing like this could make him so rude and brutal and horrid, it wouldn't be safe to marry him!"

"Taking a big chance," agreed William Bates. "Sort of fellow who would water the cat's milk and kick the baby in the face." He took a deep breath and disappeared. "Here are your clubs, old girl," he said, coming to the surface again. "Only wanted a bit of looking for."

"Oh, William," said Jane, "you are the most wonderful man on earth!"

"Would you go so far as that?" said William doubtfully.

"I was mad, mad ever to get engaged to that brute!"

"Now there," said William Bates, removing an eel from his left breast pocket, "I'm absolutely with you. Thought so all along, but didn't like to say so. What I mean is, a girl like you—keen on golf and all that sort of thing—ought to marry a chap like me—keen on golf and everything of that description."

"William," cried Jane passionately, detaching a newt from her right ear, "I will!"

"Silly nonsense, when you come right down to it, your marrying a fellow who doesn't play golf. Nothing in it!"

"I'll break off the engagement the moment I get home."

"You couldn't make a sounder move, old girl."

"William!"

"Jane!"

The woman on the bank, glancing up as she turned a page, saw a man and a girl embracing, up to their waists in water. It seemed to have nothing to do with her. She resumed her book. Jane looked lovingly into William's eyes.

"William," she said, "I think I have loved you all my life."

"Jane," said William, "I'm dashed sure I've loved you all my life. Meant to tell you so a dozen times, but something always seemed to come up."

"William," said Jane, "you're an angel and a darling. . . . Where's the ball?"

"There she pops."

"Playing eighty-four?"

"Eighty-four it is," said William. "Slow back, keep your eye on the ball, and don't press."

The woman on the bank began Chapter Twenty-five.

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REST

Continued from Page 13

pail in which he fetched the milk from the next farm. To Powell's mood there was something like an affront in the way Dunlap sat down. He did it passively, as if he merely surrendered to a friendly, assiduous gravitation. His face, however, exhibited a gloominess in full harmony with Powell's humor, and its direction drew Powell's notice to the open door into the lean-to, through which proceeded subdued noises in a rhythmic cycle—gurgle-slosh-slosh-slap; slosh-slap-slap-gurgle. The aroma of soap registered on Powell's consciousness, now, above the spicy smells from the stove.

"Washing machines!" Dunlap moved his head in a gesture that could not be described as a shake, Powell thought; the word implied rapidity. "Was a time when a feller c'd marry all the washing machine anybody needed." He repeated the dismal gesture. "Ain't no pith to the women these days."

In the lean-to the slosh and gurgle ceased abruptly. A lean, brisk, gray-haired woman came through the open doorway, her bright eyes pausing briefly to engage Jay's slightly apprehensive glance. She said nothing to him, however. Powell, watching her swift, whisking motions at the stove, felt a perceptible diminution in his fatigue; her clipped good morning seemed to rest him. He drew a chair to the table and watched generous blobs of batter flatten on the griddle; eggs, broken deftly on the edge of the pan, turned gold and white beside the ham He discovered stirrings of appetite and observed that Jay Dunlap displayed a suggestion of alacrity; that he ate with a fine steadiness that, for all its deliberation, gave the effect of speed.

"Got a right to be hungry," said Dunlap, sulkily defensive under his wife's glance as he lifted the last three cakes to his plate. "Traipsin' clean up to Foster's and luggin' that there milk pail all the way back!" He swallowed liberally. "No sense into it neither. We'd ought to keep a cow."

His wife, again at the griddle, turned and eyed him, her hands reversed against her hips.

"If you got any notion 't you married a milking machine — "

"Know better." Dunlap maintained a dignified composure. "Ain't raising 'em these days," he added regretfully. "Have to hire it done."

"Want me to cook and wash for a hired man so's you won't have to walk after the milk?"

"Know better," said her husband again. "Was a time when a mite of work didn't scare a woman 'most to death. Had some pith to 'em." He blotted up an excess of syrup with a slice of bread and consumed it sacrificially. "Dan Cooper's quittin', up to Foster's. Ast me if he c'd move down to the old house f'r a spell. Sort of give me the notion we c'd get us a cow and hire Dan to milk. Ought to have help on a farm this size, man's old 's I be."

Mrs. Dunlap's glance moved to consult John Powell's face. He had pushed back his plate and surrendered to a grateful sensation of acquisition, possession. His brain bestirred itself sluggishly—there was sense in this idea of Jay's. A farm of eighty acres certainly ought to furnish its own milk. It was slipshod management to pay cash for cream and butter, with all those idle fields able to feed a dozen cows. With a spry young fellow on the place it ought to be self-supporting instead of a liability. Good buildings and fences—he was suddenly ashamed of having allowed a plant like this to stand idle, eating its head off and earning nothing toward its keep.

"We'll go see this man, Jay. Good worker, is he?"

"Depends on how you figger it." Mr. Dunlap spoke without prejudice. "Dan's 's good as you c'd get these days Ain't raising no real workers no more. Was a time when "

He left the sentence suspended and ministered gloomily to his teeth.

"Dan Cooper's a first-rate man," said Mrs. Dunlap. "If you're thinking of hiring anybody to live on the place, I'd advise you to pick him He's got a real nice wife."

"Spryer 'n most," admitted Jay "Ain't heard of her needin' no machines to do her chores."

Powell intervened before the tightening of Hetty's mouth had translated itself to speech.

"Let's go see him now, Jay."

Dunlap sighed as he unfolded himself, joint by joint, but made no other protest until they were halfway across the weedy ruin of the upper pasture.

"Ain't no fire, is they?"

Powell started He was damply warm and his breath had found a quickstep tempo. Accommodating his pace to Dunlap's leisured stride, he found time to observe the state of the field

"Mostly weeds, isn't it?"

"Ought to be plowed and seeded down fresh," said Dunlap. "Been figgerin' to hire it done; but's long 's you're goin' to git us some help on the place, it's a good thing I ain't spent the money. Dan c'n tend to it easy as not."

They found Cooper just beyond the line fence, hammering at a jammed nut on the rusty cultivator he had propped against a post. A dejected horse waited submissively between the rows of young beans, one hip canted in an angle curiously reposeful. Dan looked up at their approach—a lean, sun-bitten fellow of thirty, Powell guessed, loose of joint and already bent a little forward by the ridge of muscle that lay like a yoke across his shoulders

Powell observed that he continued to hammer at the nut while Jay explained matters. His habit of swift appraisal approved instantly of the man

"Why don't you want to stay where you are?" he put in presently.

Cooper's bleached eyebrows drew together.

"Sick of shif'less farming," he said. To Powell's ear his voice, rusty as if from disuse, was another good sign. He distrusted glib men on principle and experience. "Ain't a tool on the place that's fit to work with, and Foster won't hear to buyin' new. Wasted most an hour on this old relic, and look at what I got to hitch to it if I ever get it fixed! Crow bait! Ain't a decent head of stock on the place. Ornery scrub cows it don't pay to milk and hogs 't ain't no better 'n razorbacks!"

Powell's approval deepened. This wasn't a bad workman, grumbling over poor tools, but a good man, hating them. He explained his idea about his own farm—not regular farming exactly, but keeping up the land and buildings and producing milk and eggs and poultry for the house. Cooper listened without interrupting his efforts to loosen the jammed nut.

"D'know 's I'd want to do it," he said "Aim to farm right. Fun farming ain't so dog-gone different from shif'less farming, come right down to it."

Powell chuckled.

"Won't quarrel about that," he said "You can work my place for all you're worth if you want to, as long as you furnish me with what I want " He reached a swift decision. "Tell you what—if you can make the place pay a profit I'll split it with you, over and above your pay."

Cooper's big hand tightened on the wrench. His face made John Powell remember a long-forgotten look of Sam's, when there had been a suggestion of a toy railroad with rolling stock that really ran.

"How about stock and tools?" Cooper's eye shifted to Dunlap and came back to Powell. "Jay sold out, didn't he, when you bought the place off him?"

"No sense leavin' good tools rust in a barn," said Jay. "Didn't calc'late we'd need 'em again."

"That'll be all right," said Powell. "We'll get what's needed of course. Always believed cheap machinery was the worst way to save money. Won't quarrel over that."

Cooper's face was wistfully incredulous.

"Tractor would be cheaper 'n horses," he suggested experimentally. "Don't eat when it ain't working "

"I was going to say so myself," said Powell. "When could you start in?"

Cooper drew a deep breath.

"I got to stay here till my month's up, but"—again the experimental look revealed itself—"but I could get time to help you pick out a tractor"—he hesitated a moment—"right after dinner," he finished, with an effect of bravado, challenge.

"I'll call for you," said Powell. "It's a bargain, is it?"

Cooper solemnly shook hands. The sound of his hammering followed Powell across the pasture, but it seemed now to beat out a triumphant marching rhythm, like a

Continued on Page 77

THIS COMPANY, WHICH WAS BUILDING FINE MACHINERY WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS A COUNTRY LAWYER, IS NOW PRODUCING THE FINEST CAR IN ALL ITS HISTORY

Established 1851

Nordyke & Marmon Company Factory · Indianapolis

The MARMON CAR has arrived at its present high excellence and its present low price through concentration for nine years on a single chassis and on a single type of engine.

And never once during its seventy-three years of fine, conscientious and able building has the Marmon factory looked for a short-cut to quality or tolerated a substitute for the simple art of honest building.

That is why, today, as never before, the country is coming to Marmon.

Price Range, $2785 to $4285. All Prices f. o. b. Factory

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Kodak in the Home

A Kodak record of the children catches them just as they are and keeps them just as they *were*.

Ask your dealer for the free booklet, "At Home with the Kodak." You'll find all *indoors* invites your Kodak, too.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

(Continued from Page 74)

martial drum. Powell found himself keeping step to it. Again he was startled by Jay Dunlap's plaintive inquiry about a supposititious fire.

He looked up as Dunlap's ancient horse, placidly feeding within a dozen paces, arched its flat neck and cantered stiffly down the slope with senile coyness.

"Better hitch up, Jay. Guess I'll go down to the village and see Judson about putting the old house in shape. Might as well attend to that before Cooper moves in."

Dunlap regarded the horse unkindly.

"Got so's he won't leave me git nigh him," he complained. "Sight of work, a horse is." He shambled dejectedly toward the grazing beast. "Ain't noticed nobody offering to buy me no curryin' machine, nor no patent hitch-upper neither."

Powell moved in support and presently old Charlie, penned in a fence corner, permitted himself to be led captive by an ungentle grip upon his mane. Accommodating his pace to the veteran beast's slow step, Powell thought of the dusty miles to the village.

He manipulated the currycomb under Jay Dunlap's morose instructions and adjusted the straps of a venerable harness.

"We'll buy a small car while we're in town," he announced. "It'll save enough time to pay for itself."

Mr. Dunlap sighed heavily.

"Pity you didn't think of it first off. Had a car I could 've kep' right on gettin' the milk up to Foster's, 'stead of clutterin' the place up with cows"

Powell shook his head.

"No use buying milk when we've got all this land," he said. "I tell you, Jay, there ought to be money in a farm like this if it's run right."

Dunlap surveyed him steadily for a space. His mouth opened, but he permitted it to close again without the exertion of speech. As they jogged peacefully through the dust, John Powell heard himself whistling softly between his teeth.

III

IN THE act of resisting temptation, John Powell spared a thought for the excellence of the tempter's technic. First-rate selling, he admitted. This young fellow was insidious about it, all the more dangerous because of that disarming, boyish eagerness, and his firm gave him the right sort of support too. Blue prints, architects' plans and sketches of the building, an estimate that covered the whole cost of the plant, instead of just quoting prices on machinery.

"Comes to twenty-one six fifty, ready to run," said the salesman easily. Powell noticed the trick of omitting such words as thousands and hundreds and dollars—made it sound a lot smaller when you said it this way. It was reasonable too—more than a thousand under his own figures, and his conscience troubled him a little as he thought of the labor and expense to which the bidders had gone to get all this together. He ought to have made 'em understand from the beginning that he wasn't really in the market, that he was just amusing himself with the idea of putting in a creamery.

"Better not spend the money right now," he said uncomfortably. "I'll think it over and maybe sometime later on ——"

The young man betrayed no disappointment.

"Of course we're not trying to stampede you into this, Mr. Powell. Naturally we'd like the order, but that's not our main reason for this suggestion. We hate to see a big, splendid plant like yours losing money just for want of a minor addition. You can't afford to sell your milk as you're doing. You're making the Amalgamated a present of something like half a cent on every quart and letting them collect a neat profit that you might just as well keep. You—the fact is, Mr. Powell, you're not equipped for milk farming, with Jerseys. You can't compete with the Holstein herds."

Mr. Powell frowned. Guernseys, maybe, but Holsteins—he was bitter about the matter of breeds.

"Just as soon hitch a hose to a milk can," he snapped. "You take the butter fat in a hundred pounds of ——"

"Exactly! Precisely our point. You're equipped to produce butter and you're selling milk instead. It's just wasting money, Mr. Powell. This plant would ——"

John Powell followed the argument with gloomy attention. It was all absolutely sound; there wasn't any money in milk; the books showed that in ugly red ink footings every month; but twenty-one thousand more, after spending so much on the new cow stables and those fancy silos—he glanced at his watch with a sense of guilt. Sam and Bill would be coming pretty soon now, and making him feel like an embezzler with their old jokes about hayseeds and rubes, their pleased admiration for his thrifty notions of amusement.

"I'll see," he said uneasily. "I'll think it over and let you know."

The neat young man assembled his papers, amiably deferential about it. He left John Powell to wistful calculations. A first-rate modern butter plant would certainly pay, when you figured in the by-product profits—feeding the skim milk to hogs right on the place. There was plenty of room for putting in some new hog runs; he'd foreseen that when he located the present ones. Yes, sir, if you looked at it right it wasn't an expense, but just ordinary economy, to install that up-to-date creamery and cash in on ——

He shook hands with Sam, resenting a persistent self-reproach under his son's affectionate glance. Bill, it appeared, had been detained at the last minute by some matter connected with the St. Louis office, but would try to drop in at Sam's house in the evening. John Powell rebuked himself for a feeling of relief. If both boys lunched with him they'd insist on talking shop. They couldn't seem to remember that their father wanted to forget about business, that it wasn't fair to bore him with it any more. He grinned uneasily under Sam's old complaint about his stopping at a hotel on these trips to town instead of using his old quarters at Sam's house.

"Handier to the station down here," he said.

His conscience smote him for the disingenuous innuendo. Ever since they'd opened the new state road you could drive to town a lot faster than you could make it in the train, but he'd never told the boys about it. You could get away more easily if Amy thought you had to catch a train.

He frowned at the complicated card in the grillroom and ended by duplicating Sam's haphazard order. Everything tasted like everything else, in a place like this; it didn't matter much what you ordered. He thought wistfully of the pungent aromas of Hetty Dunlap's kitchen and remembered suddenly that there would be baked beans for supper tonight. If he could get away by half past three, say

"I'm sorry Bill couldn't be here," Sam was saying, "because we wanted to talk to you together about this scheme for our own Canadian plant. I've brought the figures ——"

"Never mind 'em." John Powell frowned again. "It's up to you boys to decide such things without bothering me. You can't seem to get it through your heads that I'm entitled to a little rest from business. Do what you think's best."

"All right." Sam returned a sheaf of folded papers to his pocket with a certain alacrity. "Of course we don't want to worry you with it, but we felt we ought to ask you anyway. It runs into money, you see."

"How much money?" Powell spoke fretfully.

"Oh, two hundred anyway—two-fifty perhaps."

Sam tried to be casual about it, but there was just a hint of apology in his voice. His father observed that he also omitted the disagreeable thousands and dollars. He felt a dim sense of injustice. The boys could spend a quarter of a million on a factory that they didn't need any more than a cat needs two tails, but he had to deny himself that little creamery that was, when you came right down to it, an absolute necessity. Not only that—they were trying to put the responsibility for it on his shoulders, trying to make it look as if he were the one who'd decided it. Again he felt tired and old and feeble, as he'd felt that morning when he'd made up his mind to quit.

"You'll have to settle it between you," he said peevishly. "I can't be bothered with such things any more—I'm too old."

"Sorry." Sam was instantly penitent, but a certain relief showed through his surface manner as he ate, briskly and without attention. "Fact is you look so darned young and peppy it's hard to remember that you're out of the harness. And your head's on so tight too"—he grinned admiringly—"you can't blame us for wanting your advice when we see how sensible you

More important than soap and water

HE is happy because he is healthy; and health depends on internal cleanliness. A clean skin helps to protect the body from germs from without. But *internal* cleanliness prevents the creation of dangerous poisons *within* the body.

Internal cleanliness means freedom from clogged intestines—regular and thorough elimination of food waste from the body. A clogged intestinal system is a sure forerunner of disease. Here start such minor ailments as headaches, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. Poisons flood your system. Vital organs are affected. Your power of resistance is lowered. Health, even life itself, is threatened.

In faulty elimination, due to clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation has found at last in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, hastens the rate of flow through the intestine. Thus it brings internal cleanliness.

Not a Medicine

Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Don't give disease a start. Adopt this habit of internal cleanliness. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water, it is harmless. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. For sale by all druggists.

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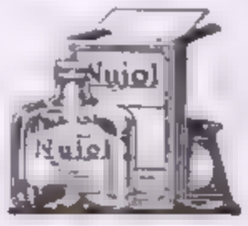

Nujol

For Internal Cleanliness

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Nujol, Room 831-F, 7 Hanover Sq., New York

For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination". (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name_____

Address_____

Be sure *you use only* Underwood *Pure* Deviled HAM *in your sandwiches* because

YOU know exactly what you are getting in Underwood Deviled Ham:

Choice whole ham, chopped fine and seasoned with pure spices. No substitutes, no by-products, no adulterants. Nothing but savory prime ham and wholesome seasoning.

No wonder Underwood Deviled Ham is so delicious! No wonder it makes "the greatest sandwich in the world"!

Insist on getting Underwood pure Deviled Ham, branded with the famous Red Devil. 25 cents brings a sample can. Book of tempting recipes free.

"TASTE
THE
TASTE!"

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
57 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS
In business over 100 years

are about this retirement thing. We used to be kind of proud of you when you were running the business, but—well, we've got even a better slant at you since you've quit."

John Powell thought uneasily of that trip this morning to the safe-deposit box, of what his broker had said about the folly of selling good securities in a sick market, and yet there was an unmistakable warmth in him, too, under Sam's manifest sincerity.

"Don't see why," said Powell shortly. "Haven't done anything these three years except loaf around the farm."

"That's precisely it! It looks easy till you find out how many good men make a mess of it." Sam's face clouded. "Suppose you read in the papers about Amy's father. Those Paris crooks stung him three hundred thousand dollars for a fake Rembrandt and he's trying to kid himself with the notion that all the experts are wrong! Going to prove it by buying some more old masters—about six months old." He shook his head. "At that, he's better than his brother Pete."

"What about Pete?" Powell leaned hopefully forward. "I haven't heard anything ——"

"Oh, we got the letters back." Again Sam's head wagged eloquently. "Nice, sensible little notes for an ex-captain of industry to write to a baby vamp!" He sighed. "No, sir, loafing can't be as easy as it looks."

John Powell waved a hand.

"All in picking the right place. Man can get a real rest on a farm. Don't breed real scientific resters anywhere else. You take my hired man, Jay Dunlap, for instance ——"

He related a number of anecdotes, to which his son lent a patently diminishing attention, consulting his watch under the edge of the table.

"You see, there's a lot of interesting things on a farm too. Keeps a man interested while he's loafing, I mean. Now you take alfalfa, for instance—you'd be surprised to know what a trick it is to get it started on our sort of soil, but we've got one forty-acre field that — "

"Awf'ly interesting," said Sam presently. He got to his feet. "I want to hear the rest of that tonight, father. Wish I could stay, but I ought to be back on the job right now."

"Oh, about tonight ——" Powell's tone underwent an abrupt degeneration. He fumbled through a stock of slightly shopworn excuses, thankful that he needn't deal with Amy this time. "You see, Sam, there's so much racket in a city - you don't hear it, because you're used to it; but"—he achieved, he thought, an excellently tired look—"you see, I can sleep so much better on the farm. You square me with Amy and I'll get home this afternoon." He sighed. "Getting old, Sam. Cranky, sort of."

"Yes, you are!" Sam rejected the idea with affectionate scorn. "Wish I had your punch right now. But I can understand how you feel. It's all right; we want you to do just as you please. Of course, we love to have you, Amy and I, but ——"

"Make you a real old-fashioned visit one of these days, when I feel huskier, but right now ——"

It was better to leave the sentence in the air. Sam departed, hurrying a little. John Powell drew in a deep breath. A fragment of butter on the serving table drew his eyes and he outraged the bus boy's decorum by sampling it with a knife, letting a thin flake dissolve slowly on the tip of his tongue. Slowly he wagged his head in mild disapproval. He demanded, at the desk, an interview with the manager. Emerging after half an hour, he sought the telephone booths and spoke with decision to the suave person at the other end of the wire.

"This is John Powell, Heart's Ease Farms. You can go ahead with that plant you've been quoting on, but make sure that you arrange it so I can enlarge it in case I want to. I'll confirm by letter, but get busy right away. I want it working by September first sure."

As his car rolled over the smooth concrete of the new road he meditated happily. Suppose he had spent twenty-one six fifty on top of all the rest. A man had a right to amuse himself with his own money, hadn't he? Hadn't Sam—mighty level-headed man, Sam—complimented him on choosing a farm to play with? He thought, with complacent, understanding condescension, of Amy's father chucking away three hundred thousand dollars on a cheap imitation of a painting, of Pete Rumbold writing letters ——

The new road certainly shortened the trip. He was startled when they passed Dalton, the halfway point. A light truck could get down to the city with a load of butter a good deal faster than it would travel by train. Save freight on supplies, too, coming back. Deliveries every other day. He drifted into mental arithmetic and was astonished when the car stopped at the farmhouse door. He stood on the porch for a moment, surveying the white buildings grouped beyond the little mirror of the ice pond—great stately barns and the tall towers of the silos, that reminded him of old castles in picture books. His eye traveled on over the rolling rise of land, his own land, almost to the crest of the farther slope. He frowned at the line fence. Dunham's three hundred acres would just about round out the place. One of these days ——

He looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to six. There'd be time to go down to the foreman's office and tell Dan Cooper about the creamery. He walked briskly, aware of the familiar phenomenon of rested nerves and muscles. No place like a farm for that. By the time he found Cooper the question of truck deliveries had settled itself affirmatively and his mind had moved on to the idea of buying that land of Dunham's and doubling the herd of Guernseys. It would keep the creamery plant running full time, and if it was as easy as it seemed to sell fancy-priced butter to New York hotels there wouldn't be any trouble disposing of the output.

After supper it occurred to him that the trucks could probably carry something besides butter, and he walked down to Cooper's house to talk over the notion of adding to the poultry houses. It was after ten when he was ready for bed, and he stretched his arms in a wide, luxurious yawn which interrupted the setting of his alarm clock. The mattress seemed to rise and greet him. There was no place like a farm for real, honest, 100 per cent sleep, he told himself drowsily. You didn't need so much of it as you had to have of the diluted, flimsy sort of rest you got in town.

He switched on the lights again and set the alarm half an hour earlier.

IV

THE shell-rimmed spectacles provided the young man from the Pray-Bryant agency with an ominously academic appearance, an effect heightened by the formidable document he produced from a green leather brief case—a thick affair in a green parchment cover with a tasseled cord of green silk for binder. John Powell's fingers drummed nervously on his desk and his eye moved to the window, through which, as the academic young man cleared his throat importantly, he could see another tourist's car turn in between the stone pillars.

"The exact science of advertising," intoned the visitor, "consists, in the first place, of ——"

"Skip about four pages and begin again," said John Powell. "I own a dictionary myself."

He watched the car stop at the foreman's office and observed with relief that one of the guides was on duty. If you let these sight-seers go poking around alone for five minutes they were perfectly sure to get into the cow stable. It was queer how many otherwise intelligent people didn't know that strangers worried cows; that you could measure the exact degree of these disturbances on the milking scales. Reassured, he twisted his chair and faced his caller.

"Before submitting this plan for your consideration, it would seem advisable to set forth the investigations on which it is based, to ——"

"Skip about eight pages and try again," said John Powell.

The young man regarded him intently. Then, with an abrupt gesture, he removed the shell-rimmed glasses and dropped the green-parchment plan on the floor beside his chair. It was remarkable, Powell thought, that a pair of spectacles should make so much difference. No least flavor of the academic lingered about the visitor. He rested his arms easily on the desk.

"My mistake," he said. "Thought this was your first time out."

"Heard all that a long time before you were born," said Powell. "If you've got anything to sell, sell it."

"Right! Here's the big idea. Breakfasts right off the farm. You're geared up to handle some high-grade direct-to-consumer business, with that delivery plant of yours in New York, and it looks as if we could start something with this breakfast stunt. You can come mighty close to supplying the whole works. You've got cream and butter and eggs, to begin with; you make country sausage and cure your own ham and bacon; you even make maple sirup ——"

The door opened and Powell turned an impatient glance at the intruder. His jaw sagged as he stared at Sam and Amy, laughing in the doorway. They'd talked so much of coming up to see the farm that he'd got out of the habit of expecting them. He came to his feet with an effort.

"Well, well, where did you two drop from?" He would carry it off breezily, he decided, keep 'em too busy talking to think much. "Why didn't you let me know? I'd have ——" He turned as the advertising man essayed a diplomatic retreat. "No, sit still; I'll be right with you." Apology was in his tone when he turned back to Sam and Amy. "I'll be done with this in a few minutes - don't want to make Mr. Lanigan miss his train, you see. Tell you what—you take a little stroll around the place till I'm ready. Joe"—the guide showed himself beyond the doorway—"Joe, you show 'em everything." He hesitated. After all, Sam was his son. "Specially the cow stables," he said firmly. "Tell Simpson I said so."

Still talking, he propelled them gently into the outer room and delivered them to the eloquence of the guide. He could hear the singsong floating back from the corridor:

"The entire second floor is occupied by our clerical force; we employ from fifteen to twenty girls and men, depending on the season, in this office alone. I will now show you the poultry runs where we maintain from ——"

Powell closed the door and resumed his seat.

"Now then," he said, "talk fast, before they come back. This scheme of yours ——"

"Got a good catch line that tells the whole story: Heart's Ease Farms—the Automat of the Breakfast Table. Pretty fair, eh? Breakfast baskets—everything but the coffee ——"

He was strapping the leather brief case when Sam and Amy reappeared. John Powell saw him to the outer door and came slowly back.

"It's simply wonderful!" Amy seemed a little dazed. "I don't see how ——"

"Must have it running like a watch," said Sam. "Gave me a headache just listening to that boy's figures." He approached his father, a shade of anxiety in look and tone. "He says you run it yourself the whole works." He hesitated. "Wouldn't it be a good idea to get somebody in to help you?"

"Just a minute." Powell lifted his hand. "Just thought of something I don't want to forget." He twirled the dial of the automatic telephone and spoke decisively:

"Miss Denby? Say, Miss Denby, I wish you'd get me some figures on a small milling plant to turn out buckwheat flour. Yes, buckwheat. Hold on, better dig me out some data on how buckwheat will fit into our crop-rotation scheme; and wait a minute—yes, let me know just what land we've got under option and what it's good for. That's all."

He hung up the receiver and wheeled his chair to face his son.

"Just found out we've been paying out cash for our buckwheat flour," he said. "No sense to having a farm if you can't even get a whole breakfast off it."

"I was saying that you ought to have somebody to help you," Sam began. John Powell sat up straight.

"Help me rest?" he demanded. "That's all there is to do around here, and I can do all of it myself."

"Looks sort of like work to me," said Sam cautiously. His father laughed.

"Plenty of work of course; but I don't do any of it," he said. "I'm up here to take it easy—amuse myself."

The telephone buzzed and he spoke briefly with the New York office. As he turned back to Sam his glance paused at the window that overlooked the ice pond. Jay Dunlap seemed to slumber beside his propped rod.

"No, sir, no work for me! It's too easy to ——"

He stopped as the ducking bob stirred Jay to unhurried motion. The squirming chub seemed to propel itself into Jay's hand in a deliberate, gleaming arc. John Powell watched Dunlap free the hook and toss the fish back into the pond; he could almost hear Jay's leisured grumble—"Sight easier'n cleanin' 'em." The interrupted sentence finished itself.

"It's too easy to hire it done—reasonable."

Rickenbacker

A CAR WORTHY OF ITS NAME

To be seen
in a Rickenbacker
is to be classed with
the cognoscenti and
the cultured

RICKENBACKER MOTOR COMPANY · DETROIT MICHIGAN

SUN OILS

You want results like these

"We started using Sunoco last August. Our repair sheets show that for five months we cleaned carbon from only two out of 45 motors.

"We think that is remarkable.

"About September 1st we overhauled a 5½-ton Mack, and put it in service, averaging 60 miles a day. Late in December we took the motor down, and found less than a spoonful of carbon in all four cylinders.

"A number of times our trucks have been left out all night in extreme cold; but we've never had trouble starting the motors, as Sunoco flows freely at the lowest temperatures."

(From a Boston trucking concern.)

YOU'RE always on the lookout for "something better"; for something that gives you a real service.

It's because of the way Sunoco is made that it gives that better service. We've perfected an exclusive process; we distill every type of Sunoco Motor Oil, from lightest to heaviest; we do not mix "cylinder stock" with the distilled oil to give more body. We get this body through our process of distillation.

The more you know about lubrication and about motor oils, the better you'll appreciate what an important advance in lubrication Sunoco is.

Because it is wholly distilled, it gives your car more power; longer life; freedom from repairs; and saves you money.

For more facts about Sunoco Lubricants, get our booklet. Ask any Sunoco dealer; or write for it.

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SUNOCO
THE DISTILLED OIL

TAXATION IN NEBRASKA

By WM. H. SMITH, State Tax Commissioner

TAXES were one of the causes of the American Revolution in 1776. They were one of the causes of the Nebraska revolution in 1922. The Revolution of 1776 resulted in the birth of a new nation. The revolution of 1922 resulted in the birth of a new political administration—in part—in Nebraska.

The taxation question is as old as man. It has never been solved satisfactorily to all concerned, and it never will be. The best that can be done is to have the tax burden distributed as equitably as possible; but just what constitutes an equitable distribution is the point that causes the controversy, and a distribution of Federal taxes is contributing to the turmoil in Congress at the present time.

The political revolution in Nebraska in 1922 was not caused so much because of an inequitable distribution of taxation as because of an increased burden of it; and not alone in Nebraska has this tax burden increased, but in every other state in the Union. It came with the days of free and easy money following the World War.

In point of square miles Nebraska is a pretty good-sized state. In point of population it is a small state. It is the home of 1,296,372 happy and contented people—or rather they were contented until the tax question became so acute. Its soil varies from the very best of agricultural land to the sand hills in the north, central and western sections, and the fertile irrigated regions in the far west.

When the 1919 session of the Nebraska legislature adjourned, its appropriations had exceeded those of any previous session. But when the 1921 session adjourned its appropriations were one-half greater than those of the previous session. Not all the appropriations are paid from direct taxation by any means, for the Federal Government has been matching dollars with the state on road work and other projects. Then there are indirect taxes collected in the form of fees, and the like.

But the increased appropriations of 1921 resulted in increased state taxes, which jumped from $7,426,000 in 1919 to $10,930,000.

Mad

In the fall of 1919 corn was selling at the local elevators at around $1.25 a bushel. But by the fall of 1921 it had dropped to as low as eighteen cents a bushel, and the grain buyers were not anxious to take it even at that figure. Was it any wonder, then, that when the Nebraska farmer went to pay his taxes he was mad? He was so mad, and so much was said about high taxes and the low price of corn, that the governor convened the legislature in extraordinary session to undo some of the work it had done less than a year before. This did not have the effect of satisfying the people, however, and the tax question remained one of the burning issues to be fought out in the campaign of 1922.

NEBRASKA'S new state capitol, now under construction, is unlike any other capitol building in the United States. The building will occupy ground space of 400 feet square, while the tower will be 80 feet square and 400 feet high. The legislature in 1919 appropriated $5,000,000 for its construction, the funds to be raised by direct taxation and spread over a period of six years. It is believed now the building will cost at least 50 per cent more than was originally appropriated.

The present governor, Charles W. Bryan—the brother of William Jennings Bryan—made the tax question one of his chief issues in that campaign, and he was elected by a 50,000 majority. But aside from the secretary of state—Charley Pool—he was the only member of his party to be elected, even the legislature in both branches being opposed to him politically.

Dan Swanson, for a subordinate state office, had a majority of 73,000 on the opposition ticket, and Charley Randall and George Marsh and Charley Robinson nearly as much.

Nebraska has a budget law, under the provisions of which an estimate is submitted to the legislature, by the outgoing governor, of the state's needs for the next biennial period. Then after inauguration the incoming governor is given ten days in which to submit a revised budget in accordance with his ideas of the state's financial needs.

Immediately after inauguration Governor Bryan went to work on his budget, and when the session adjourned the appropriations had been reduced to the extent that the 1923 burden on Nebraska taxpayers dropped to $6,404,000.

The governor's opponents say he had nothing to do with the reduction of taxes, while his friends insist that he did, and that if he had been given the proper coöperation by the legislature the total appropriations would have been even less with a corresponding reduction in taxes. And there the matter rests, to be an issue again in the campaign of 1924.

But irrespective of the man to whom the credit belongs for the drop in state taxes, there has been no material decline in local taxes.

Digressing just a little from state and local taxes, it should be said that the report of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington shows that for 1922—the figures for 1923 not being available—the people of Nebraska paid in Federal income and miscellaneous taxes a total of $15,000,000, or $11.77 for each citizen of the state. In 1923 its state taxes amounted to $4.93 a person, while its local taxes—the taxes levied for county, city and village, school and other local purposes—totaled $46,875,000, or about $36.15 a person.

A Typical Condition

In 1921—the peak year for state taxes—the total of local taxes was $48,435,000, while in 1923, after state taxes had been reduced more than 40 per cent from the peak point—local taxes were less than 5 per cent below what they were in 1921.

The expenses of the World War must be met; and though there may be a shifting of Federal taxes, there will be no material reduction of them for some years to come.

Nebraska as a state is doing its full share to reduce the tax burden, but the local subdivisions show no material change in the tax totals.

This leads up to the question: Is the situation in Nebraska on the tax problem any indication of the situation in other states of the Union? I assume that it is—in most of those in the agricultural sections of the Central West at least.

Trees at Night

Bogles

Sky

OH, 'tis insultin' of the sky to call it so in town—
Dingy blue or murky gray, its edges all tucked down
Tight around the walls and roofs and chimney pots of town.

But there's a sky that is a sky, to roof the place I love—
Crystal blue or silver gray, it seems to float above
The little house and apple trees that make the place I love.
—L. T. Davis.

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

A Slight Disagreement with Monsieur Coué

We've heard a lot lately about how the mind influences the body—how by thinking you are well you *get* well. There's a good deal in it. But how about the influence of the body on the mind? A tired body slows up the most active mind as surely as a flat tire interferes with the smooth working of the finest car.

The brain worker's first duty to himself and his job is a comfortable chair which keeps his body rested. The executive owes it to his firm to provide each of his office workers with a comfortable chair. That's practical efficiency and good business.

And when you speak of comfortable office chairs, you are speaking of Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs. Restfulness is a first principle in designing them. But beauty and dignity have in no way been neglected. A Sikes chair is as handsome and well made a piece of furniture as you will see anywhere. A wide range of prices and models makes it practical to equip your office with Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs throughout—from the chief's sanctum to the reception room.

Look over the line at the nearest Sikes dealer's. I will give you his name on request

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes Factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

Build now if you can build right

TO build or not to build. That is the question today with thousands of weary renters. People who are keenly desirous to own their own homes—who would build now, if they could convince themselves that this is a good time to build.

For those who are prepared to build *right*—to put good materials and good workmanship into their homes—this *is* a good time to build—no doubt about that. You could not make a sounder investment. Ask any banker.

But if you are willing to compromise with quality—to be content with "compromise" materials and "compromise" workmanship—then this is *not* a good time to build—and what is more, it never will be.

Economize if you must (there are plenty of places where you can) but insist on these five fundamentals:

Good Foundation **Good Roof**
Good Plumbing **Good Heating**
Good Hardware

The best house ever built is of little use, if the locks stick—the knobs work loose—the windows rattle. Temperamental hardware is as disagreeable to have around as temperamental people. Good buildings deserve good hardware—all through the house—not just on the front door.

Build now if you can build *right!*

To inform yourself completely concerning good hardware, write for booklet "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware."

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

RUIN

Continued from Page 23

Standing in the middle of the room, his suffused eyes roving through the darkness, he remembered that Maddelin had here a shelf or two of books; thought of the space behind the books upon the shelves. He put the inspiration to the test at once, drawing out a handful of volumes and thrusting his arm in behind them. A book fell and his heart leaped. But no one moved in the big house, and he thought mockingly that he might have stolen their very beds away from beneath them. He began to feel a great contempt for these others—a great confidence in his own powers. He drew out more books, depositing them on the floor haphazard. Many of them were bound in soft leather; but a few, in boards, fell with a sharper sound. In five minutes every shelf was bare, and yet the handful of gems which would mean affluence for him if he could find them remained concealed.

Remained concealed—but where? Darkness increasingly shadowed the room as the moon sank lower in the sky behind the house. Yet he had been in this room so many times he should be able to remember its every detail. He stood very still and flogged his memory, scrutinizing the picture which he thus evoked. The mantel? A small gilt clock there offered the only possible hiding place. Its steady ticking when he touched it startled him into immobility. He had not heard this ticking before; but it seemed to him now that it was immoderately loud, that if he stopped it the very silence must awaken the house. Yet it had to be done, and he tilted the clock sidewise till the pendulum came to rest. As he lifted it from the mantel the pendulum struck against a coiled spring with the note of a hoarse bell. He opened the back of the clock and groped inside. Nothing!

There was no wood box beside the hearth; but, kneeling, he found an old-fashioned leather bellows. Madness was on the man now; the patent impossibility of using this as a hiding place did not deter him from ripping it open with the paper knife and running his fingers inside. A small copper-finished fire lighter caught his attention; and he lifted the cover and drew out the porous oval thing which, soaked with oil, could be thrust beneath the logs. Oil dripped from it; nevertheless, until he had thrust his hand down to the bottom of the receptacle, he would not be satisfied nothing was hidden within.

One single chance remained. Here and there a picture hung against the wall. He moved them gingerly, feeling behind them for a hidden nook. This done, he stepped away, crushed by the certainty that the gems were not in this room, crushed by the fact of failure.

Not until this moment did it occur to him that Maddelin might, after all, have kept her jewels near her bed. He had decided against this in the beginning; had dismissed the possibility from his mind. Now it returned to him and he swung to the bedroom door. The figure on the bed had not moved.

He knelt by the chest at the foot of the bed, still in the shifting field of moonlight, and opened it. Linen, he saw, was stowed here; and he lifted the heavy folds, running his hands beneath them, laying each piece on the floor at his side. After a moment the chest was empty. He rose, wiping his hands nervously against his thighs. The bedside table? But there were no drawers in it, and its top held only a bed light, a book or two and a vacuum water jug with a glass beside it. He emptied the water soundlessly upon the pile of linen and made sure the jug was empty.

This done he stood irresolutely, looking down at the still figure of the woman whom in this moment he both hated and feared, because she had baffled him. Under the bed? He knelt and found only her small felt slippers. Her negligee was thrown across the foot of the bed and he lifted it aside, making sure nothing was hidden beneath it. The round, hollow, false bolster, in which during the day the pillows were kept, was laid across the seat under the north window and he thrust his arm inside, to either end.

One single chance remained. Maddelin might conceivably have stowed her jewels under her pillow. Creig did not believe this; he did not believe she would lend herself to such an excess of precaution. But when he bent above the bed to look down at her his hand felt something [illegible]

the coverlet, and he fumbled and found it and drew it out. An automatic pistol, laid there by her side. He had a moment of reluctant admiration for her wisdom. Most people, now, would have put it under their pillow; the gesture of reaching for it would have alarmed a burglar. But where she had laid it her hand could find it without self-betrayal. Creig's quick imagination pictured what might have happened had she wakened to discover him here. She might waken even now. He put the pistol inside his jersey, where he had already bestowed the empty bottle that had held the drug.

But if she had the pistol near her hand, then it must be that the jewels were here as well. Yet he was reluctant to move her. She lay so still; a movement might waken her. He stood irresolutely for a moment, then cursed his own indecision. She was drugged, helpless. He lifted her shoulders with a rough, confident gesture, drew the pillow aside. As he did so her head fell back across his arm and the cotton pad dropped off her face. His attention was caught by something curiously startling about her countenance, thus revealed. He bent to peer closer in the shadow and so saw what it was that had startled him.

Her eyes were open!

They were not open wide. That would not have been so terrifying. The lids were half parted, the whites gleamed, he could see the semicircular rim of the iris revealed beneath the upper lid. Eyes are not thus in sleep. He tried to tell himself it was because she was drugged, yet could not accept this explanation. There was something starkly terrifying about the very limpness of the body across his arm. With a swift gesture of panic he drew down the coverlet and pressed his ear against her breast; tried to silence the clamor of his own heart so that he might hear the murmur of hers.

But he could hear nothing, and after a moment it seemed to him her bosom against his cheek was touched with a faint and deadly chill.

Abruptly he knew that she was dead. He stood erect, with a swift, jerking movement that freed his arm; and he must have uttered a low and fearful exclamation. He was not conscious of this exclamation; but he knew he must have spoken, for at once, as though in answer, he heard a rustling movement in the adjoining room where slept the woman who was Maddelin's devoted slave. After a moment she spoke, her voice unnaturally loud in the stillness of the night.

She asked, "Madam, did you call?"

XIII

"MADAM, did you call?" asked vigilant Monica Betts from the room where she slept near her mistress; and Creig, above Maddelin's dead body, slowly crouched, his muscles so taut that his whole frame quivered with the strain, legs bent and arms bowed. His eyes swung sidewise without a movement of the head till they rested on the door of Monica's room. Then these eyes of his -they were not under his control; were merely an outward indication of the frenzy which possessed him—flicked back to the bed again, and away to the door, and back once more. Behind that door someone stirred. He heard the faint and thudding pressure of a step.

He recoiled from the bed, not swiftly, but with a slow and reluctant movement, as though he were loath to go. His eyes clung to that still figure in the shadow there. The man himself backed from shadow into the moonlight by the window; he reached the window and, fumbling behind him, felt its sill. Then, at last, panic drove him into desperate flight. He turned and clambered over the sill till his feet touched the ledge below.

When he was thus poised against the wall of the house and well above the ground his nerves gave way. He clung with the fingers of one hand to the edge of the window from which he had emerged, reached with the other for the next window. The effect was to spread him against the side of the house and pin him there. He dared not let go with either hand. The pistol and the empty bottle inside his jersey were by his pressure against the wall thrust into his body painfully. He made the hold of his left hand more secure and with his right tried to reach them. The effort was [illegible]

Continued on Page 66

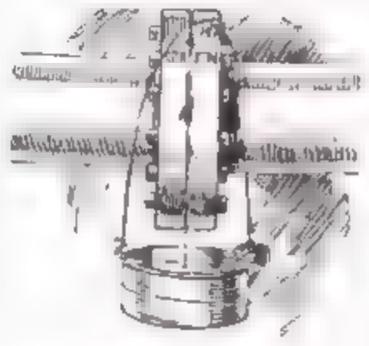
TO MEN IN INDUSTRY

Yet some plants are full of 'em

Out at the Elbow

If there is a place like this on any of your steam lines, hold your hand near it. Feel the heat. That's where some of your fuel money goes!

But that isn't all. Very often fuel and power are continually wasted because pipe covering with a good external appearance is not thick enough nor of the right type. Look into this with your engineer. He knows that Johns-Manville can help make a power plant more efficient. Read about our Asbesto-Sponge Insulation in the right hand lower corner of this page.



The Tin Dipper

A little beggar like this takes but a mite from your power lines but behind it is a bigger threat, that the leaky joint will soon blow out. Then comes the shut-down with its waste in time and production.

Things like this prove how expensive some packings actually are, and how important it is to use material of proven merit backed by records for service. The Johns-Manville packing line has built a reputation for long service among American plants. Two of these packings are shown in the column on your right.

Fallen Arches

This ailment, in a fire-box, is an expensive one to remedy. To the cost of repair you must add the cost of boiler shut-down and loss in production. It's too expensive to risk.

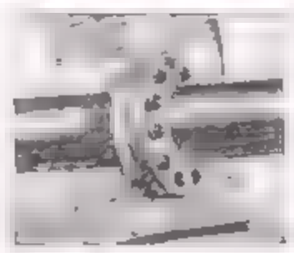
Prevention is many dollars cheaper than cure. Sound, air-tight fire-boxes are obtainable with Johns-Manville Refractory Cements. They keep clinkers from tearing down your fire-brick—and thus reduce the frequency of shut-downs.

Johns-Manville provides a complete fire-box service known as Johns-Manville Heat Treatment. It will pay you to find out about it.

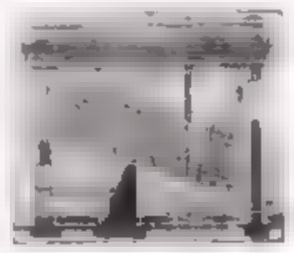
JOHNS-MANVILLE
SAVES POWER

It will pay you to get the answer to this question.

Can you get the same power—or more if you need it—by burning less fuel? Can you cut your fuel bill? The column below tells you some of the ways that you can. A Johns-Manville Sales Engineer can tell you even more. Get him inside your plant to-day.



Johns-Manville Service Sheet Packings: A dense, resilient, asbestos-compounded material that will effectively pack flanges against practically any fluid.



Johns-Manville Monolithic Baffle Walls: These walls force maximum of heat from furnace gases to boiler tubes with the minimum waste up the stack. They are tight, long lasting and easy to install.

Johns-Manville Kearsarge Rod Packing: For steam or air at any temperature or pressure. A patented construction provides a resilient center and a tough, durable cover. This one packing takes care of many conditions.

Johns-Manville Asbesto-Sponge Felted Insulation: Laminations of asbestos felt that cannot break down or crumble away, made in cylindrical form for insulating the steam pipes of power plants—proved by actual test and service the most efficient insulation made.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
296 Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

(Continued from Page 82)

unbalancing him, and increased his terror. The rock on which at this point the house stood was little more than a dozen feet below; but it never occurred to him to drop and risk a crippling sprain. He was terribly afraid he would fall; so he gave over trying to reach inside the jersey and, instead, pulled it upward in front until the lower end came out of his bathing trunks and the bottle fell and splintered on the ledge under his feet, the fragments tinkling down upon the solid rock below. The pistol would have gone too; but he caught it, and after a moment's consideration thrust it into place again.

This had taken only an instant. He felt the desperate need of haste and fought to control his nerves. Ahead of him, in one of the windows, a light flashed on, and he heard Monica's voice. This acted as a spur. Without quite knowing how the thing was done, he squirmed along the narrow footing and in through the hall window. Before him the way lay clear. Along the hall and down the stairs, through the library and away——

But as he approached the head of the stairs he was halted by a low-voiced command from a little way in front of him.

"Stand where you are!"

He had time to realize that the voice was that of Dick Gregor. The hall was dark; Creig could not see the young man. Nevertheless, he obeyed the command—stood motionless, fought against a desire to lift his hands abjectly in the air. Creig was perilously near a shrieking collapse. The second after Dick spoke seemed to him to drag itself out interminably.

Then he heard the swift scuffle of lightly running feet, and young Gregor called again, "Stop!" Heavier footsteps, also running. Creig slid swiftly forward, following by ear. He was able to guess what had happened. Lois, impatient at the long delay—he wondered how long it must have been since he left her in the library—must have carried out her threat to act alone. And she had been clumsy, Gregor had heard her, had crept halfway down the stairs.

Somewhere in the wing at his back Creig heard other footsteps—the maid Monica moving about. He wondered, his brow as cold as ice, whether she had found her mistress yet, whether she had discovered the truth, why she did not call out. He could not stay here, could not wait passively for the alarm. And Lois was in danger below; if she were caught now she would surely blurt out the truth, involving him inextricably. He plunged down the stairs in the darkness, reckless of the noise he made; and he swung into the library—so swiftly had his thoughts borne him—in time to see Gregor climb through the window in pursuit of Lois. As he passed through the hall Creig had marked the big crayon portrait, leaning against a chair by the stair foot. Lois then had managed to get it down alone.

He dived through the window, conscious only of the terrific necessity of overtaking the girl and silencing her. His fingers twitched and contracted. There could be no holding back now. He must get to her before Gregor did, must make sure of her escape—otherwise Gregor and the others might guess the truth—and, having assisted her to escape, he must make sure of her silence. The man was in this moment lost to every feeling except the ferocious and maddening lust for his lost security. A dozen hours ago he had been at peace with the world; now the world would forever and relentlessly pursue him—unless he could lay hands on this fleeing girl

He saw their shadows as they darted down the slope, Lois ahead and Gregor gaining with every yard. Creig was himself not a swift runner; nevertheless, the very intensity of his present purpose lent him speed in this moment. He lost them for a moment in the shrubberies toward the point, took a wrong turn and had to cast back to pick up the trail, ran a little way along the shore and halted, at a loss, looking all around. Then he saw them upon the open end of the mole a hundred yards away. Gregor had overtaken her; they were locked in something like a struggle. Creig ran that way at his best speed.

But he had to make a circuit around a little cover; and when he came to the shoreward end of the mole it was to discover the two young people standing together, the girl's hands busy tucking her hair up into her bathing cap, the man staring at her with lowered head and steady eyes. Gregor faced toward where Creig was. Creig crouched under shelter of the low parapet of the mole and crept nearer. The pistol was in his hand now; he might have whipped himself into a murderous attack upon them both but for the fact that, as he paused for a moment in hiding, he heard Lois answer some question the other had asked.

"No, alone," she said.

His attention became abnormally fixed and acute. He scarce breathed, focusing all his senses in his ears, crouched there twenty feet from where they stood all unconscious of his presence.

Young Gregor had been wakened by vague and muffled sounds he could not define; had for a time sought to convince himself they were the product of his own imagination. But at last, and reluctantly, he got up and drew on a bath robe and slippers and went out into the upper hall. Heard then, and unmistakably, someone moving about below; and when he descended a step or two it was to discover the slim figure of the girl moving through the shadows toward the fireplace. He was unarmed, but as a matter of instinct he bade her stand where she was. He had till then seen her only vaguely; the figure he saw might have been that of a boy or a small man. But when she fled a shaft of moonlight caught her and he saw the fugitive was a girl. His pursuit was instant; he overtook her on the bank when she was racing toward its edge, ready to dive into the water below. He grappled her from behind, his arms encircling her waist, and her fingers gripped his wrists and fought to wrench them away. He had not yet recognized her, and in resisting her efforts at escape he tightened the band of his arms about her till she gasped for breath, surrendering. While he still encircled her she twisted to face him, and he uttered her name in an exclamation of astonishment and released his hold. She nodded up at him, laughing in a nervous fashion.

"Yes, it's me!" she confessed.

Gregor had a sense of humor, and her sudden composure so close upon the heels of her desperate efforts to escape amused him. He laughed with her, even while he asked the first question that came to his lips.

"What's it all about?"

She slapped her chest boastfully, affected a hoarse, deep voice.

"I'm a bold, bad burglar," she told him.

He grinned amiably down at her.

"It sounds like a joke," he commented. "You been burglarizing us?"

"You bet you!"

He had been careful in the beginning to get between her and the water; they stood so now, and his eyes ran shoreward without perceiving Creig.

"Who with?" he asked. "Somebody with you?"

It was her reply to this question which Creig heard. She added whimsically, "Don't be hard on me, mister. I'm just a poor young burglar trying to get along."

He glanced at her costume.

"I should think you'd need pockets to carry your loot," he remarked with mild amusement; and she flushed a little under his scrutiny, and laughed again.

"It was too big," she told him. "And besides, you frightened me away."

He fumbled in the pockets of his bath robe, idly hoping to find a cigarette. Lois seemed to shiver, and he said, "Here, put this around your shoulders. My pajamas are warmer than that bathing suit"

She was willing to seize the superiority of costume which the change would give, and she drew the heavy woolen fabric about her shoulders and sat down on the low parapet as though inviting him to talk it over. Gregor was willing. The moon was clear; the night was aging. In an hour or two there would be a flush of dawn in the east. For the present he was well content with the scene and his companion. The dark water all about, reflecting moonlight from a thousand facets of its tumbling surface stirred as though with life; and across the moon path to the westward the ripples marched in smooth array. The wind had long since died, the air moved only languidly to and fro, touching his cheek as lightly as the falling petal of a flower.

"Let me in on the joke," he suggested amiably.

She expounded, with a pointed forefinger, tapping her knee for emphasis.

"Well, you see," she told him, "while you were all talking at dinner about the brave things you would do if a burglar came, it occurred to me to wonder whether you would really do them. And I thought it would be fun to sneak over here and steal something just for a joke."

"Honestly?" he asked.

She smiled impudently up at him.

"Yes. Didn't you think I had the nerve?"

"I thought you had too much sense," he replied frankly.

Her eyes clouded angrily; then her expression changed and grief and pity rode on her lips.

"But I really did it to help you," she murmured affectedly.

He grinned.

"Don't try to make a monkey out of me, young lady," he said sternly. "You're pretty as the devil, and the moon is bright and all that; but, after all, you're a prisoner at the bar. How did you expect it to help me?"

"Why," she explained, smiling again, "I thought you could write a story about it. Leading Actress Burglarized or something."

"We can find stories to print more easily and more conveniently," he told her gravely.

"I was going to take that big old crayon portrait that Mrs. Gavin likes so, the one of Maddelin when she was a girl," Lois went on more swiftly. "I wanted to take something to show I could do it, and I thought it would be fun to take that. Then—don't you see—you could say that the burglar was in love with Maddelin, because he had seen her on the stage, and just had to have one of her pictures or something."

"Any sensible burglar would prefer a memento of more value," Gregor suggested gravely, and she made a face at him.

"I don't pretend to be sensible," she replied. "Besides, men aren't so awfully sensible themselves."

He nodded.

"How did you get in?" he asked. "How did you get over from Grindstone?"

Creig, listening, waited in still apprehension for her reply.

"Swam," she answered.

"Your bathing suit isn't wet," he reminded her.

"I didn't want to be running around in a wet bathing suit," she replied. "Be sensible. I brought it over in the boat and left it here."

"I don't understand even yet," he protested with a sober face; and she said impatiently, "I took the boat back and then swam over."

"But your bathing suit isn't wet."

"It was lying on a rock over here all the time," she cried, furious at his stupidity; and then by the twinkle in his eye perceived that he had not been so stupid as she thought, and was more furious than ever; stamped her foot at him. Then, as he smiled, relented and laughed with him.

He asked how she got into the house, and as he put the question he looked idly toward the big place on the hill above them. He was startled to see half a dozen lighted windows, and at his exclamation she also looked that way. The house was awake; in the silence of their first surprise they heard a loud and excited voice; and then a figure, moving hurriedly, appeared at the window of Maddelin's dressing room.

"Hullo!" Gregor ejaculated, and came to his feet. "What's up?" Lois was suddenly frightened, her assurance left her. "They must have heard you," he decided.

Creig's attention had been so intently fastened on these two that the alarm in the house had escaped his notice. He turned now to look where they were looking, and at sight of the lighted windows forgot the necessity of putting a seal upon Lois' lips. Remembered only his own deadly peril and the necessity for instant escape.

Gregor and Lois were coming toward him hurriedly. He slid to one side and down behind a bowlder there; heard Gregor say, "You skip on home and lie low. I won't tell on you" Then they disappeared along the shore path toward the boathouse; and Creig himself, as soon as they were gone, darted up the hill, making a circuit above the big house, intent only on escaping.

XIV

CREIG'S first thought was that he would swim back to Grindstone. Then he remembered the fact that his coat was in the dory, as well as the girl's cape. The boat itself was dangerous evidence. It must be removed. Therefore, when he reached the tennis court and dashed across it and through the opening in the netting on the farther side, he swung to the left to find the path along the shore. He knew where it lay, but when he plunged into the shadows under the spruces the darkness blinded him; stiff, dead twigs scratched at his bare arms and legs. A stub furrowed his scalp. He clasped his arms across his face to protect it and stumbled onward, missing his footing, falling to one knee, recovering himself. For a little way the path came out along the edge of the rocks above the water, and here he went more swiftly. Then it dived into the woods again. He cringed at thought of facing the flagellating branches; turned to the water instead. It was impossible to wade along the rocky shore; but he got into greater depths and swam around the point and into the cove where the light dory lay. The salt water smarted in the many little cuts and scratches he had received; the tiny pains tortured his taut nerves so that he shuddered and fumbled about the simple matter of climbing into the boat and raising the anchor. Emerging from the water, he was suddenly very cold and he drew on his coat gratefully enough, then dragged Lois' cape over his shoulders as well. The dory was drifting toward the farther angle of the cove; he set the muffled oars between the tholes and began—with some thought for silence—to row up the gut toward the landing on Grindstone.

There was no longer any pressing need for haste. Five minutes would bring him to the landing—long before the first confusion, consequent upon the discovery that Maddelin was dead, could resolve itself into any ordered attempt at investigation. Five minutes more would see him safe in his own camp. Beyond that point his plans did not reach. In the boat now he relaxed, body and mind; a great depression set upon him. He was weak and sick and shaken.

"Need a drink," he muttered. "That's what I need."

He tried to think what must be done between now and morning, what he should do tomorrow. Lois returned to his mind. It was absolutely essential that he make sure of her silence. Yet she had already committed herself, had already said she went to the island alone. No one need involve him unless she chose to say more than she had said. She was, he reminded himself with satisfaction, a loyal young person; she would keep her tongue between her teeth.

Then abruptly in his thoughts he found himself faced with the facts in plain words. He had murdered Maddelin, and in the morning Lois would know that he had murdered Maddelin. So soon as he put the matter in this wise, his own peril became plain. For Lois, under those circumstances, could never keep silence—not of her own accord—not unless it were forced upon her.

He tried to think of a means to compel her. His racing thoughts tested a dozen possibilities inherent in the situation as it stood; but none of them seemed to offer him a chance. He could not, to any purpose, threaten to implicate her; Gregor already knew what her part in the affair had been. Creig cursed Gregor. Why could not that young man have slept as soundly as the others in the house? If he had, if Creig had come downstairs and found Lois waiting for him—— His fingers tightened on the oars at thought of what he would in that case have done. Creig was a man whose worst impulses were loosed. He who has killed and faces detection, unless he deceives himself with hope of acquittal, must be free of every inhibition, of every social bond. Outside the pale, he need consider no conventions, obey neither moral nor statutory law. He has nothing to lose, and life itself to gain. This was Creig's estate as he rowed toward the landing on Grindstone. His thoughts dodged to and fro, seeking a way out of the trap into which he had fallen; and he found every escape barred by the plain fact that in the morning Lois would know he had killed Maddelin.

He had forgotten hearing Gregor bid her go home until he saw the dark gleam of her bathing cap in the water to one side of him; saw her white arms rise and swing and dip in a steady trudge. Her face was buried in the water, turned sidewise with every stroke so that she might breathe. She had not seen him, and her course would bring her to the boat's very side. He rested on his oars as she came nearer. The man was trembling with uncertainty. He might seize this opportunity to be rid of her forever. A blow on the head, a bit of the anchor line and a rock from the shore. They would never even know where she had gone; must suppose—if Gregor told the truth—that she had been seized by

(Continued on Page 89

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Continued from Page 84

cramps on the homeward swim. Creig's teeth set and he lifted one of the heavy ash oars and poised it in his hand. She was within ten feet of the boat when the other oar started to slip through the tholes into the water. Automatically, Creig grabbed to catch it, and it clattered against the gunwale.

The girl heard the sound and lifted her head and saw Creig here just before her; and she said softly, "Oh, is that you?"

He dared not strike. She would see the lifted oar, would have time to scream or dodge. She was already reaching out for the gunwale, lifting herself smoothly as a seal over the stern. Her slim body was so graceful and fine, so soft and fragile. His eyes fastened on her and he licked his lips, unable to speak. His stare made her uncomfortable and she held out her hand.

"My cape, please," she directed. "I'm cold."

He took it from his shoulders to hand it to her; thought of throwing it over her head and smothering her outcries while his fingers cut into her soft throat. But the thought did not take shape in time to harden into resolution before she took the cape and drew it about her. He nodded grimly. Time enough after they were ashore.

"What happened to you?" she asked. "Dick Gregor heard me and caught me, but I told him I was alone."

He nodded, said hoarsely, "You ought to have waited."

"I didn't tell him you were along," she reminded him.

He mumbled his thanks. There was no longer any gayety in the girl. She was tired, her nerves relaxed.

"Well, it didn't work out quite as we thought, did it?"

"No."

He felt an insane desire to scream at her, chattering her inanities when he had killed a woman.

"I guess you have to learn the burglar trade from the ground up," she decided philosophically. They touched the landing stage and she stepped ashore. Painter in hand, he followed her. A loop of the rope about her neck —— "Haul the dory out of the water, won't you?" she suggested. He obeyed automatically. When he turned again she had climbed to the level ground above and lifted her hand in farewell. "Good night," she called.

He tried to leap after her, but he was suddenly conscious of the fact that the moon was very bright—that from the windows of the Ridgely cottage he might be seen; that he would even, in the moonlight, be visible to a keen eye on the veranda over on Old Hump. Lois went up the path at a swift run, without looking behind her; and Creig watched her go, a baffled malignancy in his bearing. When she disappeared he turned almost stolidly along the way toward his own camp. Through the spruces he hurried his steps. He wanted a drink badly, and even before lighting the lamp he found the bottle and lifted it to his mouth while the raw stuff ran down his throat.

Almost at once he felt stronger and more composed. From his open door he could see the big house on Old Hump, could see the brightly lighted windows. His lip curled confidently. His fear was becoming dulled; he felt vaguely that he could meet the situation. He lifted the bottle again, then took off his wet bathing suit and found a towel and, putting on his pajamas, lay down on the bed.

Creig had the creative imagination; had also the technical trick of seeing drama in the meanest event. He found himself reflecting, at first with a dispassionate interest and then with increasing bitterness, upon the overturn in his affairs within the twelve hours gone. It was just about twelve hours ago that he had begun to read the play to Maddelin. Then he was serene in the certainty that she would approve of it, counting without misgivings upon the fortune it would bring him, upon the immediate advance which would relieve his present necessities. He had been as full of triumph as though the play were already a success upon the boards. Now the play was ashes, Maddelin was dead, himself had killed her; and in the morning Lois would know. He twisted and turned, writhing in the torment of his own thoughts, weak with self-pity, crying out against the luck that had failed him and brought down all the structure of his hopes in ruin and despair.

But again and again the thought assaulted him that Lois would know he had killed Maddelin. He tried to argue it away. She could not be sure. She only knew that he had left her, gone upstairs. How could they prove he had done it? No one had seen him in her room. Finger prints? There would be no finger-print experts in this remote locality. What other proof might they find? He remembered the shattered bottle; but after all, that had belonged to her husband, not to him. They might as readily suspect Doctor Paugh. The thought centered his attention; he considered it; remembered that Paugh loved Carolyn Ridgely; would marry her if he were free. Motive enough, perhaps. He could at least divert suspicion from himself. Suppose he came to Lois in the morning and told her, "Paugh has murdered Maddelin." He might even assert that he had seen Paugh in his wife's room, or seen him enter. He could no longer lie still; and eventually he rose and dressed himself, dropping Maddelin's pistol in his pocket. Before he was done, the bottle was empty. When he stepped out of doors the big house across the water was still lighted. He hurried through the path to the Ridgely landing. A lighted window there too. Lois, long getting to bed, no doubt. He was gaining confidence with every step; felt assured now that he could thrust on Doctor Paugh's shoulders the onus of the crime. He slid the dory recklessly into the water, remembered to strip the muffling canvas off the oars and toss it overboard, then rowed quickly across to the other island.

He had to account for his presence here at this hour, and on the way up the path shaped what he would say. In the big hall he found Gavin and young Gregor. Gregor was fully dressed now; the older man in a bath robe. At Creig's step they looked toward the door in surprise.

He met their eyes firmly, asked in a steady voice, "Something wrong over here? I saw the house all lighted up."

For a moment neither of them spoke. Then Gregor said dryly, "Yes, something wrong."

Gavin took a step toward Creig, his hand outstretched appealingly, and Creig saw tears on his cheeks.

"Maddelin's dead!" the old man cried. "She's dead!"

"Dead?" Creig ejaculated. "Why, she wasn't even sick!"

"Murdered!" the dead woman's father explained. "Someone broke into the house." He pointed toward the mantel. "They tried to get into the safe there." Creig saw that where the crayon portrait had hung a safe was indeed set into the wall. "And they went to her room, chloroformed her. She's dead."

The man seemed to have aged in the night, seemed immeasurably older.

Gregor put an arm about his shoulders, said gently, "Come now, brace up, Mr. Gavin. No use breaking down now."

"Did you send for the police?" Gavin begged. "Did you send word?"

Gregor nodded, while Creig felt a cold grip at his heart.

"Yes," Gregor said. "Yes; sent Jenkins in the motorboat." He made Gavin sit down.

Creig asked abruptly, "Where is she?"

"In her room," Gregor said. "Mrs. Gavin and Doctor Paugh are there."

"I'll go up," Creig suggested, his voice hushed.

Gavin rose to follow, insisted, "Yes, yes, I'll go too. I must." Gregor assented helplessly and the three men climbed the stairs together, Gavin in the lead. Servants stood whispering in the hall. The door of Maddelin's room was open. They went in. Monica Betts, grim countenance wet with tears, was putting the disordered place to rights.

At sight of the room Creig uttered a surprised ejaculation.

"Searched every spot here and in the other room," Gregor told him steadily. "And all the time the jewel box was right beside her pillow, wrapped in a towel."

Creig felt a nauseous twinge. He must have overlooked the white thing in the shadows there by Maddelin's head. His accursed ill luck again. He had not even that to show for what he had done.

Gregor's eyes were on him, and he said uncertainly, "They wrecked this room."

"One man," Gregor replied. Creig looked at him, startled.

"One man couldn't do all this," he protested.

"The doors were locked," Gregor explained. "He crawled along the window ledge. Got in a window."

Creig turned away to hide his face from the other, stepped toward the door of Maddelin's bedroom. Mrs. Gavin was busy there beside the bed, smoothing the coverlet, her face grim. Paugh stood by the window, looking out, still and inattentive. He turned at Creig's step and nodded idly. Creig felt someone behind him and moved aside to let Monica pass through into the room. She knelt to restore the tumbled linen by the chest at the bed foot, and Paugh said nervously, "Can't you let that alone now?"

The woman raised a grim face to look at him.

"If you'd been her true husband, you'd have been here to protect her," she told him.

She had their instant attention, while silence held them all. Gregor started to protest, but Paugh said gently, "It's only her devotion and her grief speaking, Gregor."

"You left her crying last night," Monica insisted. "She begged you on her knees, and you put her away and left her to tears."

Paugh hesitated, then seemed to feel called upon to explain.

"Maddelin wanted to be reconciled," he said slowly. "You all know we have lived long apart. I had been patient with her—wished to be. But she asked too much; I was forced to refuse."

Creig, eye glancing from face to face, saw the anger in Mrs. Gavin's eyes; saw the indignation in the countenance of Gavin himself. Monica was glaring at Paugh. He judged the time was right, said slowly, "I noticed a bottle of chloroform in your bag, Paugh, when I opened it downstairs yesterday afternoon."

He was satisfied with the effect of this announcement. The silence became tense as a taut wire, and Paugh stood like a man turned to stone.

XV

INTO the little room from the window behind Doctor Paugh wandered a faint, damp current of cool air; one of those vagrant breaths which are abroad in the hours before dawn, as though set moving by the beat and stroke of a passing wing.

Mrs. Gavin did not like night air; she broke the silence by saying sharply, "Pull down the window behind him; the room is cold."

The fact that she thus spoke of her son-in-law in the third person seemed in a curiously definite fashion to set him apart, to isolate him. Gregor obeyed her command, crossed in a matter-of-fact way and lowered the window. He remained beside it, his shoulder leaning against the wall. Paugh, who had at first fixed his eyes on Creig with a scrutiny which the other found disturbing, turned at Mrs. Gavin's remark as though he would have resented its manner. Instead, a faint smile curled his lips, although his cheek was pale.

He said quietly, addressing Creig, "I have a bottle of chloroform in my bag—yes."

"You had," Creig corrected. "Are you sure you still have?"

Doctor Paugh hesitated, his eyes mildly amused, his mouth stern.

"Are you suggesting that I killed my wife?" he inquired gently.

Gregor, surprisingly enough, replied, "Not at all, sir." Creig on his part did not reply in words; his gesture was eloquent. Mrs. Gavin stood erect and cold, accusation in her very posture; and her husband seemed to huddle at her side in doubt and perturbation.

They had all forgotten Monica who, on her knees by the chest at the foot of the bed where her mistress lay, suggested a graven figure of devotion. But she came to her feet now and leveled a long and bony finger at Doctor Paugh and said in harsh and broken tones, "I believe you'd do it! I believe you'd do it!" His eyes met hers and her voice rose. "Yes, you can look at me! I know you! I've been beside her night and day for better than twelve years now, and I've seen you with her. You should have stayed with her. What if she was wild? She was only a girl, anyways. You were older and you should have been wiser. But you could only be hard and cold and bitter. Yes, I believe you could do it. If you wanted to, you could. But God knows why you should ever want to hurt my poor lady!"

She broke off in ejaculations, half sentences, grief-stricken and forlorn. Mrs. Gavin said coldly, "You may go, Monica." Her husband had more sympathy; he too had loved his daughter. He took the woman by the arm and they went together from

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the room. Doctor Paugh wiped his forehead. He had stood unflinchingly to face her, but his brow was beaded now.

Creig laughed softly, then said in an easy tone, "You see, we're not likely to suppose you would kill your wife. There's no reason why you should want her dead -naturally!"

Paugh studied him again, his face rigidly controlled.

"There's no reason," he suggested, "why we shouldn't look into this matter of the chloroform. I'm willing to accept Creig's way of putting it. I had some chloroform in my bag."

"Let's have a look," Creig prompted; and Paugh nodded and led the way, the others following, through Maddelin's dressing room and into the hall. Only Mrs. Gavin stayed behind in the room, now very still

The footsteps of the men echoed along the hall, became muffled, ceased. She heard the opening of a distant door.

In Paugh's dressing room Gregor and Creig stood by while the doctor lifted his bag to the table and opened it. They waited while he fumbled among its contents. After a moment his hands became still; then he turned to face them.

"You were right, Creig," he said slowly; "I had it. I haven't it now."

Gregor asked, "It's gone?"

"Yes."

Creig interjected, "What became of it?"

"I have not opened the bag since leaving Boston. You opened it downstairs yesterday afternoon, but I did not happen to see this particular bottle at that time."

"Probably," Creig suggested in a tone without a hint of sarcasm—"probably the burglar rummaged it out when he came upstairs."

Young Gregor said mildly, "Perhaps he broke his own." Both men looked at him, and he explained in an innocent tone, "I saw a broken chloroform bottle a while ago."

It was Creig who put the question.

"Where?"

Gregor explained.

"When I first went to Maddelin's room," he said, "I was not quite so excited as some of you. I noticed the open window, and I heard Monica say the door had been locked. It occurred to me that someone might have mounted to the window by way of a ladder, so I went out to see. There were no marks of a ladder on the rock below the window, but there were fragments of a broken bottle. The label, pasted on, held two or three of the pieces together." He hesitated, then added, "I picked up the pieces—kept them." He turned toward Doctor Paugh. "Think you'd recognize your bottle?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Thousands like it."

"So," Gregor repeated, "it is possible our visitor came prepared, but dropped his bottle and broke it and had to come and get yours."

Paugh made an impatient gesture.

"How could he know I had one?"

"It's fair to assume he knew you were here, and knew you were a doctor. He might have searched on the chance of success."

Creig, while their attention was upon this conversation, had time to collect his resources, recover his courage.

"See here," he said flatly, "what's the use of dodging around? You know that's a thin guess, Gregor. You know Paugh had the bottle, had the drug. No one else knew it was in his bag."

"Why, you knew," Gregor reminded him mildly.

"Yes, of course," Creig replied. He had expected this suggestion. "But I wasn't even here. I was at home and in bed."

Paugh interrupted in a tone faintly impatient.

"Let's speak plainly," he suggested. "You appear to believe, or at least to think it possible, that I murdered my wife." Creig met the other's eyes squarely. "But you yourself said a few moments ago that I could have no reason for wishing her dead." He hesitated. "Is it possible you put any weight in what the maid said of our interview last night? I stated the facts. Maddelin wished to propose a reconciliation. You know how impossible that was."

There was no accusation in his tone, rather a recognition of a fact long accepted. But Creig chose to challenge him.

"How do I know?"

"She had preferred you to me," Paugh replied, a curious gentleness in his tones.

Creig laughed harshly, glancing toward Gregor.

"Since we're airing secrets," he said angrily, "I'll air one. You did wish Maddelin dead. You and Carolyn Ridgely had reason to wish it."

Paugh for an instant lost his self-control; his hand lifted menacingly; he took a step toward the other.

"Be still!" he cried.

Creig shook his head.

"Don't be dramatic," he urged. "I'm not spreading scandal. We're three grown men, and Gregor has a right to know the facts as we know them. He represents, to a certain extent, public opinion."

He caught himself. Gavin appeared at the door and joined them. The three men looked at him inquiringly, and he said to Gregor, "Mrs. Gavin wants to speak with you in Maddelin's bedroom."

Gregor nodded and went quietly out. Creig stood uncertainly; but Paugh said, "I'm glad you came, Mr. Gavin. Creig has flatly accused me of killing my wife. He is about to tell why he thinks I did it."

Gavin—the old man was uncertain and broken—looked from one to the other.

"Why?" he asked. "What is it?"

Creig laughed.

"All right," he said, "here's the fact. I know it to be true: Doctor Paugh met Carolyn Ridgely in France. They were often together; they became attached to each other; he went so far as to tell her that he loved her, and she confessed she loved him." Gavin stared uncertainly at Paugh. Creig went on: "Oh, they were the height of honor and all that. Paugh told her he was separated from his wife—without naming his wife. He said he expected to be free. She returned to this country before he did, but after his return he saw Maddelin and she would not let him go. He and Miss Ridgely decided to give up their hopes, to do the noble thing. I happen to know that she has been idealizing him, honoring him in her thoughts ever since. I told Maddelin this and she sent for him to tease him, to bring them together and have sport with them. That's why he is here; that's why they quarreled last night." He flung his hand at Paugh accusingly. "And I believe that's why he killed her!"

The room rang with his words. Paugh stood with head a little bowed, his eyes full of sorrow. Gregor appeared in the door, but none of them marked the curious alertness in his eyes. He came in, leaving the door open.

Paugh looked toward him, and after a moment said evenly:

"I'll summarize what was said while you were gone, Gregor. It's true enough, so far as it goes. I met Carolyn Ridgely in France; we love each other. Maddelin had refused to divorce me, and I had a certain scruple against divorcing her against her will. She wished—from pure malice, I believe—to hold me. Creig believes I killed her rather than divorce her."

"I believe she got you mad, stirred that cold temper of yours," Creig corrected. "I believe you came back to your room and nursed your grudge for an hour, and finally crept out to her room."

Gavin protested weakly, "It doesn't seem possible, Creig."

Creig laughed

"Possible? Look at him! Can't you see he'd kill me right now if he dared?"

Gregor said nothing, but he moved inconspicuously across the room till he stood near Creig.

There was a little silence.

Then Paugh sighed as though with weariness, and he said slowly, "I suppose you will expect me to submit to arrest."

Before anyone could answer, a sound at the door drew their eyes that way, and Creig's heart pounded in his throat. For Mrs. Gavin came in, and with her Carolyn and Lois. Lois, he saw, had been weeping. He made her a fierce gesture, commanding silence.

Carolyn drifted to Paugh's side, and she said quietly, "I have been listening, my dear, and I am not afraid."

He touched her hand, ignoring them all; and he asked solicitously, "What brings you, Carolyn?"

"My little sister," she replied. "Lois has been unwise. She came here tonight, crept in, planning a joke; but the joke has turned out badly."

Paugh and Mr. Gavin looked at her in bewilderment; and after a moment Carolyn said, "She did not come alone."

They swung to face Lois then, she looked up and met Creig's eye. He was [illegible] and [illegible] her [illegible] courage [illegible]

"I came with him," she said, her eyes on Creig. "He left me in the library, came upstairs. I followed a little way and I saw him come out of this room and climb through a window ——"

Creig cried desperately, "It was Paugh she saw! I saw him too!"

But when he looked about he saw blank incredulity in each countenance, and Paugh took a swift step toward him, and another. Panic drove all caution from Creig's mind, disaster overwhelmed him. He wrenched the pistol from his pocket.

But Gregor was watching and ready; he pinned Creig's arms from behind. As Paugh leaped the weapon exploded and the doctor tripped in a heap at Creig's feet. Then with the strength of desperation Creig wrenched free of Gregor's grip. In his charge toward the door he brushed against Lois, sent her whirling and crashing against the wall. Then through the hall, and away.

Even as he fled he realized that Gregor had torn the pistol from his hand. And even as he fled he heard Gregor's feet in swift pursuit.

XVI

CREIG'S flight was utterly unreasoning and blind. In that moment of the destruction of the fabric he had sought to weave about Paugh, in that moment when he heard himself so damningly accused, all power of thought deserted him; his trembling legs wrenched him into flight almost without his own volition. Not till it was too late did he understand that flight itself was confession, complete and absolute; that he was now irrevocably lost—lost unless he could escape.

To run was a step in the direction of escape; by running he eluded immediate capture. But—where was he to run? Save for Grindstone, there was no island near Old Hump; the mainland was half a dozen miles away to the north, a narrow and deserted neck of land. A fast power boat might have served him, but there was none available. Nevertheless, he must get off the island or be captured; so even before he reached the lower hall he mentally shaped his course for the boathouse. If some miracle would but delay pursuit a minute or two, he might have time to seize a boat and put the island behind him.

He came out of the door to the veranda and faced the dawn. Low along the horizon east and north, behind the sprawling bulk of Mount Desert Island, a line of gray was assuming hues of orange and of crimson. The nearer sea lay oily and drift strewn; the tide was slack so that not even its current disturbed the waters; and the little wind that blows before the dawn had ceased half an hour before. Out of the shadows which still lay along the water all about came to him the popping exhausts of scores of motorboats—lobster fishermen departing early to pull their pots and be done before the wind should freshen. Even in the instant of his leap across the veranda from door to steps, his eyes caught a stir on the oily water off the island where a porpoise rolled its black back out to breathe. A gull on silent wing came out of the gray dawn to the north and passed overhead. He saw that the sun would rise clear; the reddening eastern sky was, he knew, a presage of bad weather, and he cursed his luck because there was this day no morning fog. Fog would have increased his chances of escape a hundredfold. As it was, a man from the water tower atop Old Hump could follow the course of a boat for miles.

Creig did not pause for these meditations. They occupied, in their passage through his mind, no more than an instant's time. His mental capacity was such that he saw things not singly or in order, but as a whole. This was the terror which overwhelmed him now—the fact that all the hopelessness of his present plight was plain to him.

There was so little he could do.

Nevertheless, leaping down the steps, he sped straight along the path that led to the shore and so to the boathouse. He heard a low exclamation and the scramble of a fall behind him; and looking over his shoulder saw that Gregor, attempting to take the steps at one jump, had fallen forward on his face. The young man lay still for an instant; sat up slowly as though half stunned. Then he got to his feet with uncertain movements and looked about him gropingly, and Creig guessed that the pistol had fallen from his hand. He had a momentary impulse to turn back and fight, but fear had by this time so possessed him that he was helpless in its grip, [illegible]

(Continued on Page 92.)

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(Continued from Page 90)

He rounded an angle in the path and the boathouse came in sight ahead. At the same time he perceived the figure of a man on the landing stage there, and recognized Jenkins, who acted as caretaker and whom Gregor had sent to notify the authorities. Jenkins seemed just landing from a motorboat that was hidden by the boathouse; and Creig swerved instantly uphill, away from the path and into the shrubbery. After a dozen steps he paused, gasping for breath; and he heard Gregor run past along the path and heard him shout to Jenkins ahead. Creig was grateful for this momentary relief. He was heavy and soft with years of easy living, in no condition to run for his life as he was running now.

He made his way, at the best pace he could muster, up the hill toward the tennis court. As he ran, he could hear Gregor shouting some instruction to Jenkins. Creig thought of swimming across to Grindstone if he could reach the water unobserved. He worked swiftly through the shrubs in that direction, but when he came out behind the tennis court and could see down into the gut he discovered that Jenkins, in the motorboat, was heading out from the landing stage. Gregor must have anticipated such an attempt, must have set Jenkins to guard the passage.

Creig had a moment's furious impulse to turn back and kill Gregor with his hands; Paugh was disabled, he reminded himself. He had seen the man fall at his shot. Jenkins was on the water. There remained only old Gavin and Gregor on the island and fit to fight. With the pistol, he might so easily have dominated the situation even now. But Gregor had the pistol. He must have found it, even in the uncertain light, before he continued the pursuit. Creig would have risked a bullet if Gregor had come up with him just then; but Gregor did not appear, and Creig could not muster resolution to go seek for him and charge into the mouth of the gun, to get his hands upon the young man.

He crouched among the shrubs, his desperate thoughts racing, seeking some avenue which might give a chance of safety. He was penned on the island securely enough. But he was still free, hampered by no bonds; and so long as he could cling to this precarious freedom there was a chance for him. The light was growing stronger. In a little while the search for him must become so intense he could not escape it where he was. The police would be coming. A secure hiding place, till darkness should come again, might give him a chance.

He realized at once that he might well hope to hide successfully for the space of the coming day in the spruce woods which covered one end of the island. These woods were several acres in extent; he knew well that they were tangled and dense. If a man but found shelter within them, and chose his spot well, and lay still, then searchers might pass within six feet of him in vain. But to get into the woods he must move quickly. Where he crouched, the steep wall of the abandoned quarry lay between him and this temporary refuge, he must go down toward the shore in order to reach the paths that led into the wood. He rose and started that way.

But as soon as he did so he was forced to emerge into the open, and Gregor instantly appeared at the foot of the path, between him and the way to the brief sanctuary he craved. Creig hesitated, trying to force himself to attack Gregor and break past him; but the young man bounded up the path toward him so relentlessly that Creig's courage failed, he turned again to run—to run blindly, uphill. When he had gone a little way he remembered that if he crossed the top of Old Hump and came down on the other side to the farther shore, he might still get to the woods. Gregor was gaining—scarce fifty yards away. Creig labored desperately up the hill and his overburdened heart pounded in his breast.

He saw the water tower ahead, and welcomed it as the end of the climb which was torturing him. But at the same time he saw—and panic swept him at the sight—Paugh coming up the hill on the other side; Paugh, running—running with a slight limp, yet running nevertheless. Gregor saw him, too, and yelled a warning, and Paugh swung to cut Creig off. Lois was behind Paugh, Creig perceived. She ran lightly and easily as a boy, and her face was white in the dawn. Then even old Gavin lumbered up the hill. He bore a brass-handled fire hook in his hands, brandishing it as a weapon, shouting defiance when he saw Creig. Damn them, were they all coming after him? He must pass Paugh. He tried for greater speed.

But after a stride or two, he saw the other would intercept him, block his way. Before he could fight past, Gregor would be upon his heels. He stopped dead, crouching, eyes twitching right and left. To the left, down the hill, the big house itself shut him in. If he went in that direction he must be captured. To the right the great pit of the quarry cleft the earth. His eyes, darting that way, saw that the water tower was not set exactly upon the rim of the quarry. A narrow ledge lay between. He might pass through there and escape to the other side. He swung into this angle between the curved wall of the round tower and the fence, built of iron piping, which protected the lip of the quarry. The fence was built into the structure of the tower. He leaped over it, holding to it with one hand; saw then that the way between the tower wall and the quarry's brink pinched out to a scant six inches. The wall seemed almost to overhang. He could never pass.

Gregor was not ten yards away. Creig flung a desperate glance over his shoulder. He stood upon the very lip of the quarry, clinging to the iron pipes of the fence. His eyes dived into the great pit below him, fastened on a ledge perhaps three feet wide and twice as many below where he stood. In another instant Gregor's hands would have reached his, Gregor's fingers would have clutched his arms. He lowered himself, dropped a few inches, fell to his knees on the broad ledge.

Gregor, overhead, his weapon ready, cried pantingly, "You're done! Come out of there!"

Creig abruptly laughed, and his laugh was terrible. He was insane with the reaction, insane with relief because he was still free. The threat of the pistol did not move him. An instant before there had seemed no hope of escape; now he was out of Gregor's hands and he was sure the young man would not shoot. Not six feet separated them, but Gregor would scarce dare come down here lest they both topple into the gulf below. Creig perceived this and flung his taunt in Gregor's teeth.

"Come fetch me!" he cried.

Instantly Gregor threw a leg over the rail and Creig stiffened; but Lois threw herself upon Gregor, her arms around him, clinging to him desperately.

"No, Dick, no!" she cried. "You mustn't go!"

She stared down at Creig in horror, and Creig laughed derisively at them both. Gregor tried to put her off. His hands were gentle, but his tone was firm.

"Please, Lois," he begged.

"He'll throw you down! I won't let you go!" she cried.

Creig saw that she was weeping; and Gregor abruptly seemed to perceive this, too, for he said in a tone of wonder, "Why, Lois dear!"

Her arms were around his neck; Creig laughed again. The young fools! Lost in each other there, while he eluded them!

For he saw a way to elude them. His eyes, flitting along the granite wall, saw that it was not actually perpendicular, though from above it seemed to be. He discovered jutting shelves here and there where blocks had been removed—cracks and ledges and many inequalities. He was able, even from where he crouched, to pick out a course diagonally forward and downward for two or three rods. If he could go that far he might go farther, and if he could reach the bottom the cover of the thick young spruce would be within his reach. He crawled forward, sat on the edge of the ledge, reached down with his foot to the one below and thus began his descent.

Lois and Gregor, lost in their mutual discovery, failed to see what he was about; but Paugh and Gavin came to their side and saw, and Paugh uttered an exclamation which drew their eyes. Gregor lifted the gun again, but Paugh touched his arm restrainingly

"He can't get away," he said assuringly. "Don't lose your head."

"I want to get hold of him!" Gregor cried. "I want to get my hands on him!"

Paugh caught his eyes.

"My claim upon him is surely as strong as yours," he urged; and Gregor, a little ashamed, nodded his consent.

The old man beside them exclaimed piteously, "Boys, boys, he's getting away!" But Paugh spoke to him gently.

"He can't get off the island," he said.

A shadow moved behind them, and Paugh turned and saw Carolyn. She came to his side. They were all silent then, and Gregor's arm encircled Lois' shoulders while they watched Creig's progress. He had gone forward perhaps fifty feet, downward much less; and he turned to wave a derisive hand in triumph. A madness was upon him; he seemed to move as assuredly against the face of the quarry wall as might a fly. Speech left them, and once Lois shuddered and shut her eyes. But the others watched steadily and gravely. Only Gregor was uneasy.

He asked Paugh once, "Don't you think I could cut him off below?"

Paugh said only, "Look!"

They saw that Creig had dropped on his face along a ledge and was wriggling sidewise, preparing to lower himself by his hands to a narrower one below. He managed the maneuver, hung by his finger tips, his toes just touching, and let go—caught perfect balance on the narrow footing.

But this ledge on which Creig now stood was in fact the upper edge of a flat slab perhaps a dozen feet across, and a foot to two feet thick, which had been loosened in the progress of the working of the quarry. A crack had been formed behind it. In this, each winter, water had collected and frozen, wedging the slab farther and farther from its precarious equilibrium. The process of its overthrow must have been well-nigh completed before the slight jar of Creig's weight turned the scale.

The watchers above had their first warning when they saw Creig's desperate fingers reaching to regain the hold they had abandoned. Only then they perceived that the great slab was tilting slowly outward from the wall. Its movement was scarce perceptible; but that it moved at all was a terrible thing to see. It moved an inch, three inches, as slowly and as smoothly and as relentlessly as the fates about their tasks. And at first Creig's finger tips almost touched the hold they had loosed, and then the gap became wider, and then his foot slipped a little and they thought he had fallen. No sound came from him. He worked to the end, in a desperate and silent fury, fighting to save himself; was down now on hands and knees, astride the top of the huge slab, which, on its lower edge as on a hinge, swung indolently outward.

They saw Creig fling himself between the slab and the wall from which it fell away. He disappeared from their sight for an instant, then appeared again. The man had by a superhuman effort succeeded in getting a grip on the lower edge of the slab as in its fall this edge became the upper one. They saw his body spread flat upon the stone, his arms hooked over the edge, his feet working as do the feet of one who seeks to climb. But he could get no grip on the smooth granite.

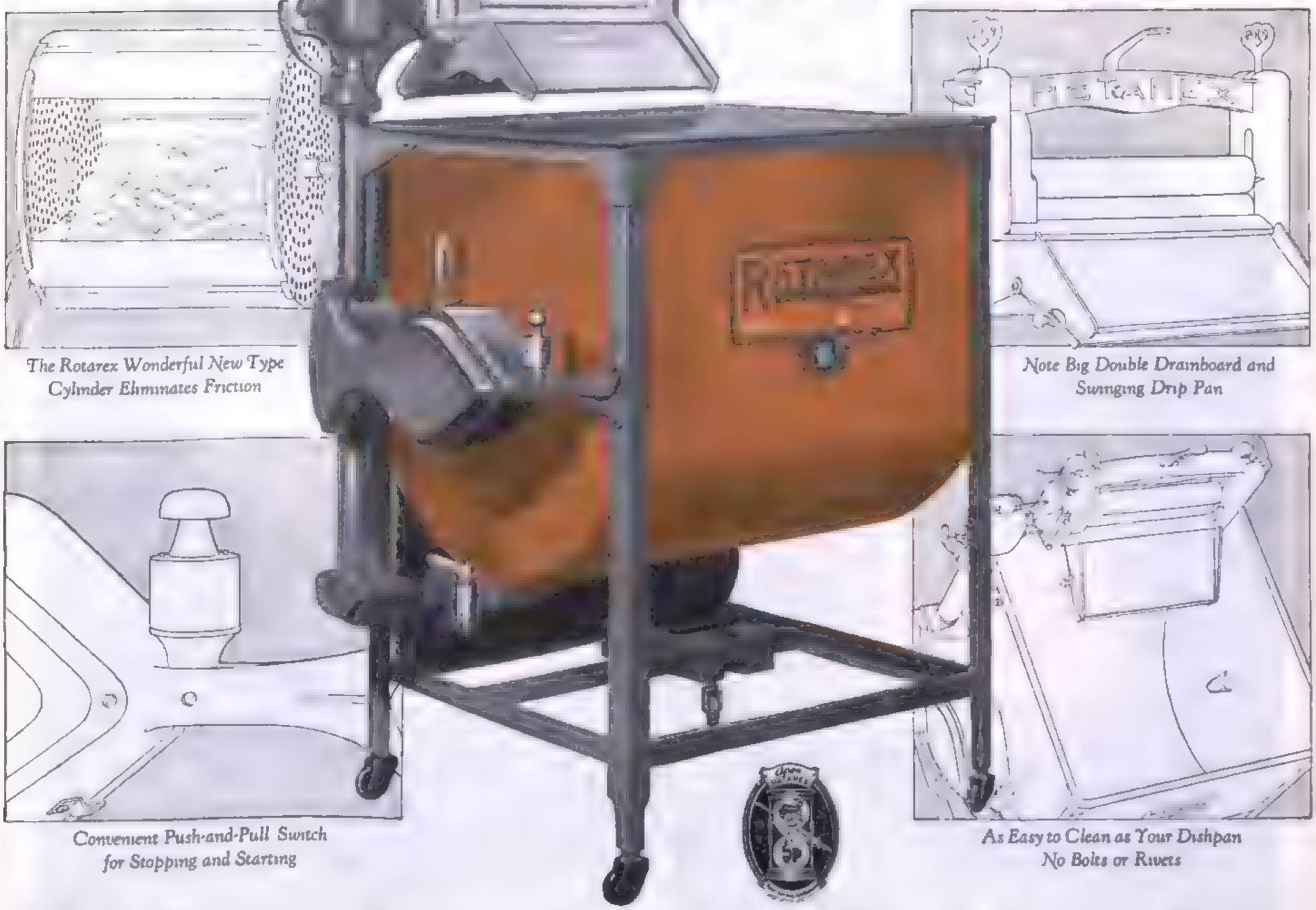
Then the huge slab struck a jutting corner of the wall and turned over like a falling leaf and his body was dislodged. They had an instant's glimpse of it, falling as an empty garment falls with fluttering arms and legs, before the wide slab interposed between, and they saw Creig no more. From the dark pool into which the stone fell white water rose indolently upward and upward till it seemed likely to reach the spot where they stood, then settled down again with a soft plashing as of falling rain. Waves splashed against the rocks about the pool, became less, became mere ripples, and were still. Only in that depth a little cool current of air stirred the surface with a gentle hand.

Those beside the water tower above turned one by one away. As they turned, it was to face the newly risen sun, hanging like a burning copper ball against the dull copper of the sky. For a time there was no speech between them, but by his side Gregor felt Lois shudder and sob. His arm across her shoulder seemed to comfort her. Paugh and Carolyn followed them down the hill.

Only old Dan Gavin stayed behind, watching the placid surface of the quarry pool till he was sure Creig would never reappear.

(THE END)

ROTAREX



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FEAR

(Continued from Page 5)

"I've left word, if you don't mind, that we're not to be interrupted by anything until you ring."

Mr. Hamilton's nearsightedness became more so. He regarded Benjamin with something approximating a scowl.

"All right," he said in his growling voice, "But why?"

Benjamin seated himself across from his associate and cleared his throat. Now that the moment had come, he was in no hurry to rush it. He told himself this was one of those times worth a lifetime of waiting for. And unexpectedly he remembered the day that he had sat in this selfsame chair and asked Mr. Hamilton for a job! As the memory flooded his consciousness, it seemed to him incredible that that was thirty years ago; as if it were yesterday, he remembered the reception that he had had.

"Knew your father," the old man had said; but he had seemed much older to him then, Benjamin reflected surprisedly, than he did today, with thirty years added to his age; "knew your father. Yes, I'll find a place for you. Know anything?"

Benjamin had forgotten what answer he made to that question; but it pleased him to realize quite definitely today that he did not know anything. It had taken him thirty years to learn that. But it was worth the learning. And then he pulled himself up; he must say what it was he had to say and be gone. . . . Sicily, the blue Mediterranean, and warm sand sifting through his fingers. . . .

But he had already begun to speak; he caught up with himself only when he was midway in his first announcement:

"I'm resigning my position with you, Mr. Hamilton, today. Sorry if the shortness of notice inconveniences. I shall, of course, refund my last month's salary, the reverse of which has always been your policy in getting rid of men on short notice."

He stopped at that and studied the expression on Mr. Hamilton's face. The shortsightedness had magically cleared, the eyes that looked at him were sharp with vision, with a fire scorching in quality.

Finally a voice said, and Benjamin assumed it was Mr. Hamilton's, although there was nothing in it by which to recognize it, "This is the damnedest foolishness I ever heard of! Of course you can't resign today—or any time at all. What do you think will become of things—in your departments?" he qualified, fearful, Benjamin decided, that he had said too much.

Benjamin shrugged slowly and did not answer. Mr. Hamilton leaned forward until he was almost doubled over the width of the table that separated them.

"Why are you suggesting such a thing?" But he did not wait for an answer. Instead he rose, brokenly Benjamin noted unmoved, and shambled round the angle of the table to put his hand on Benjamin's shoulder. "Tell me what's wrong, old fellow; we'll see what's to be done."

Benjamin, with a faint slipping gesture, shook off the hand upon his shoulder. Then he stood up.

"I shall not, I think, go into the reasons for my decision, Mr. Hamilton. And I shall insist that you accept what I have said as unalterable. I have already cleared my desk. But I shall be glad to stay the rest of the day, if you wish, to instruct anyone whom you decide to put in my place."

The old man had fallen back a step or two, and stood leaning against the table and breathing hard, while the nearsightedness came again into his eyes.

When he had gained control of his breath—and with surprise Benjamin realized he had been on the point of crying—he said, "What you have just said to me is incomprehensible, after all the years you've been with us. After all I have done for you, to desert in this manner is an outrageous thing—knowing as you do that my son is a young man and new to the business."

Benjamin said, "Your son, I think, hardly enters into my calculations. If you had asked me, I should have advised against your putting him over the men who have been with you for numbers of years. But your judgment was different ——"

He stopped at the change that was come upon the man who leaned so heavily on the table edge.

"Benjamin," he said, breathing heavily, "I was wrong; you deserve the vice presidency instead of Reid. I'll see to it as soon as possible."

Benjamin stiffened at the old man's words. He was sorry the thing had been said between them. The course he would have taken was more dignified. It occurred to him that some such slip invariably spoils one's attempts at dramatics.

He heard himself saying, "My decision remains as I have announced it to you. Any further discussion is a mere waste of your always valuable time."

He held out his hand across the angle of the table. For an instant Mr. Hamilton seemed on the point of grasping it, but in the end he withdrew his outthrust fingers and shook his head.

"Damned nonsense," he muttered as Benjamin left the room.

Returned to his own desk, Benjamin rang for his secretary and told her to inform Mr. Hamilton that he would wait until two o'clock in case there was any way he could be of service.

As Benjamin approached his golf club, he saw a group of caddies about the caddie house, toying in their accustomed manner with the clubs they had appropriated or stolen from members. The boy who habitually carried his clubs came forward at once wearing his slightly sheepish grin.

"Day, Mr. Sheldon," he muttered. "Going out?"

Benjamin shook his head. Unexpectedly a desire seized him to give the lad a present; almost a suffocating tenderness smote him. It occurred to him he would like to say something fatherly and splendid to this ragged urchin, something he would treasure and remember all his life.

What he said was, "Not going round today, Jimmy. How'd you like to try my clubs yourself?" At the boy's glance of incredulity, Benjamin managed a smile. "Truth is, Jimmy, I'm going out of town for a while. Thought I'd get some new clubs while I'm away. It'll help me out in locker space if you could keep my old ones for me—use them, you know—improve your game."

"Gee, yes!" the lad stammered in the surprise of his good luck. "Gee, yes, I'll keep 'em for you, Mr. Sheldon!"

"That's settled then, Jimmy. I'll bring them to you in a few minutes."

Benjamin passed Jimmy's frozen surprise and descended to the entrance of the locker room. He saw that numbers of players were getting ready for their accustomed games; and suddenly it seemed to him the utmost impossibility that this, for him, had constituted the acme of diversion for the last ten years—longer perhaps. A wild wonder consumed him as to what it is human beings are made of.

Joe Carson brushed him as he unfastened his locker door.

"Hello, Benny," he said with his accustomed good humor. "What you think I made it in this morning? The course's awful, too—dry as chips—no rain for weeks—ball rolls a mile."

"What did you make it in?" Benjamin found himself asking, just as if he were interested.

The other told him.

"Who're you playing this afternoon?" he concluded.

Benjamin looked at him in silence, then said, "I'm not playing this afternoon," and turned to reach into his locker. He was wondering what Joe Carson would say, what he would think, if he were to tell him this was to be his last appearance at the club, and why.

It was then it occurred to Benjamin that Joe Carson looked, in some inexplicable way, entirely unlike himself. He shot the other a searching glance as he dallied there swinging a mashie.

"Off my game," he was saying. "It all comes of too much practice. I'm far better when I play only occasionally. Routine'll ruin anything."

He did look different, Benjamin repeated to himself; almost shriveled and dried out, instead of full-blooded, virile. It occurred to Benjamin to question if this was because he, Benjamin, was looking at him with different eyes. Perhaps Joe Carson, for all his virility, lacked nerve to do what he was about to do. Shriveled, dried out.

The phrase stuck in Benjamin's mind as Joe still complained about his game. But when he had gathered up his sweaters and golf bag, Benjamin took his departure without even saying good-by. At the caddie house he surrendered his clubs into Jimmy's eager hands.

His resignation from the club he would mail to the directors, so there was no reason to announce his plans at the desk. As he passed through the main room he nodded casually to the steward, who was a particular friend of his, and stepped out onto the veranda.

Far to one side he glimpsed Mrs. Horton deep in tête-à-tête with Horace Manning. What was it Frances had told him about them? People were talking—was it that she was considering a divorce? The details of the affair escaped his memory.

Over her tall glass Mrs. Horton took pains to nod very sweetly. The nod seemed to say something to him; he wondered if she was becoming sensitive. But why should she see Horace at a place like the country club if she cared? The riddle of human illogic filled him with a puzzling annoyance, and then the flash of his thoughts had passed to other things.

As he drove through the grounds of the club, where roundabout the golf course stretched its rolling slopes of green, a frozen indifference was upon him. He had played here every Saturday afternoon for years upon years; thinking of it, the years he had played golf seemed an eternity. Even he could not remember when it was he had joined; it all was so inherent a part of him—his life.

A group of players about to tee off spied his machine as it rounded a curve in the road and with simultaneously uplifted clubs saluted him. Old Ham Mitchell's handkerchief hung out of his hip pocket in its habitual way; ridiculously like a flag, Benjamin thought. And then his machine had turned and his friends were blotted out.

Benjamin fell to wondering why it was he felt no emotion at this silent good-by to so much of the fellowship in life he knew. For a moment he summoned in memory before him the faces of his friends. Good fellows, all; and he was leaving them without regret of any sort. Kind of monstrous, he decided; kind of a monster, he said of himself. But the thought failed to evoke any emotion in him beyond an added degree to the frozenness that was gripping him.

When Sunday-morning breakfast was finished, Benjamin read the newspapers very thoroughly, as was his custom, and then mounted the stairs to his bedroom and made ready to go to church. He dressed carefully, choosing a gray silk waistcoat and a gray tie. He took the utmost pains in the putting on of his clothes, and when at last he was finished, stood for some time surveying himself in the long mirror set in the bathroom door.

The thought in his mind was that this was one of the supreme occasions of his life—this breaking with the church that had been a vital part of his existence since his earliest recollections.

But similarly, this anticipated break gave him no inner concern at all; it was as if all that he was doing was inevitable. He was soothed with the consciousness that these things in which he was engaged were ordained long since, in the very fabric of his being. At the thought a little smile twisted his mouth; that, perhaps, was the doctrine of fatalism exemplified. He knew himself the puppet of a power greater than himself; felt in fact detached from the reality of these affairs he was involved in, a mere spectator at the drama of some other's soul.

He found, when he was dressed, that he had plenty of time, so he decided to walk to church. The streets of the village were pleasantly scattered with others, like himself, on their way to services. It amused him, in passing, to contrast his purpose with that of the people about him.

He overtook at Elm Street a man who looked startlingly like himself. The resemblance made him slow up his gait, so that he might walk just in back of him for some minutes. Benjamin found himself wondering about this stranger; questioning if he, too, were doomed soon to die, or if his lease of life were still of long duration. He told himself no one, seeing him this morning, would suspect he had received a sentence of death.

The man he was following in so whimsical a manner turned abruptly and vanished through a trellised gate. Benjamin halted to watch the other's figure as it disappeared. A faint feeling of comradeship swept him; he wished absurdly that he had touched the other on the shoulder, looked into his face, told him that he, his double, was going to the church of his youth and manhood for the last time before he died; that he intended to break off all connection with it.

With a little shrug at the absurdity of his fancy, Benjamin strode forward, and in a few minutes found himself in the church vestibule. His fellow deacons were grouped there as usual, to smile and bow and extend the hand of fellowship, as they called it, to all who came into the edifice.

Benjamin deposited his hat in the pew where he had sat since he was a child, and where his father before him had sat. As he turned to retrace his steps to the vestibule his gaze caught upon a worn spot in the carpet. Suddenly he remembered sitting beside his father and watching how his father's feet fitted into that worn spot, bigger in his memory than it was now, with years of added wear.

For an instant the absurd memory wilted him. It was as if the irrelevant recollection of his childhood, of his father, long dead, of all the past with which he was breaking were about him with a smothering tenderness. He felt a sensation of suffocation, of breathlessness, similar to that he had experienced that day of sunshine and dazzle and death.

With something of an effort he mastered the inundation of the past. Deliberately he put his own foot into the spot worn in the carpet by his father's feet, long stilled in death, and so passed along the aisle and out into the vestibule. It was almost eleven, and there were few people in town on account of the heat, so he was spared the ordeal of meeting many of his friends. When the late-comers had arrived he reentered the church and seated himself for the last time in the pew he knew so well. Across from him and directly in the angle of his vision was a stained-glass window on which was pictured the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter.

Always, since his early childhood, he had sat here looking at this window, until of late years he no longer saw it. Today, because it would be the last time, he found himself seeing the picture again; seeing it in all its earlier loveliness, its color and glitter and dazzle.

The five-minute prayer was finished, he realized with relief, when he entered. He could himself have made at any moment a complete parody of Doctor Lovett's prayer. Then he saw him there at the altar, seated and turning the leaves of his small Bible while the choir sang.

Benjamin wondered what the text would be today; something to do with the Israelites, of course. Doctor Lovett was not one who held with the making modern of sermons.

"Enough of all that in the daily press," he was wont to say on those monthly evenings he dined with Benjamin and Frances. Unexpectedly Benjamin realized he missed Frances beside him in the pew; for an instant it was as if the pew were miles long. He looked out of the corner of his eye along its length. Beyond the partition that divided it from its neighbor he saw old Miss Alice Clark. The sight of her thin hair, almost bald at the temples, and her thick spectacles and her corded hands holding their hymnal filled him with revulsion. And then a sense of pity submerged him. He was remembering years ago in the dim vistas of his childhood when she wasn't old Miss Alice Clark, that she had worn a hat covered in blue cornflowers not more blue than her eyes beneath them. Children remember things like that, it came to him with amazement. Blue cornflowers. Now her hat was a mere bonnet, at a ridiculous angle a feather sprouted. It moved with the vehemence of her singing Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

The words of the familiar hymn, coming with an effect of suddenness into his consciousness, made him raise swift eyes where on certain Sundays the communion table was laid. With a sense of incredible relief he realized this was not a communion Sunday.

Doctor Lovett was well into the sermon before Benjamin, who had missed the text altogether, focused his attention on the words. Now what he was saying had to do with gratitude.

(Continued on Page 98)

The

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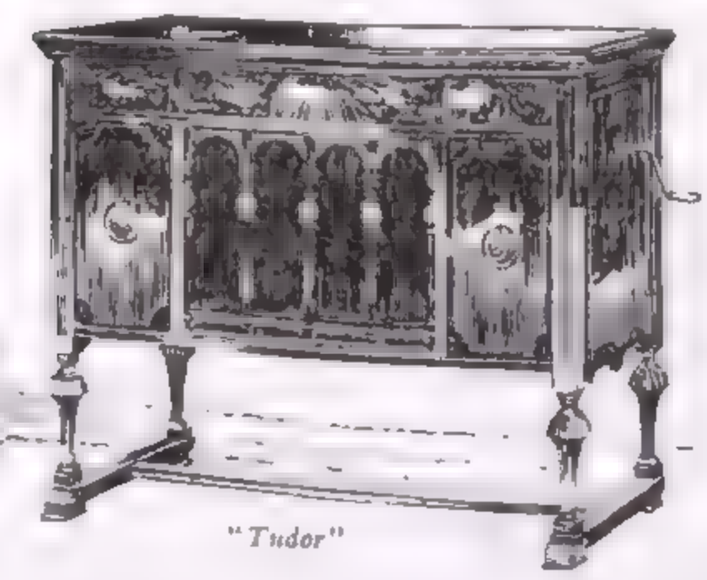

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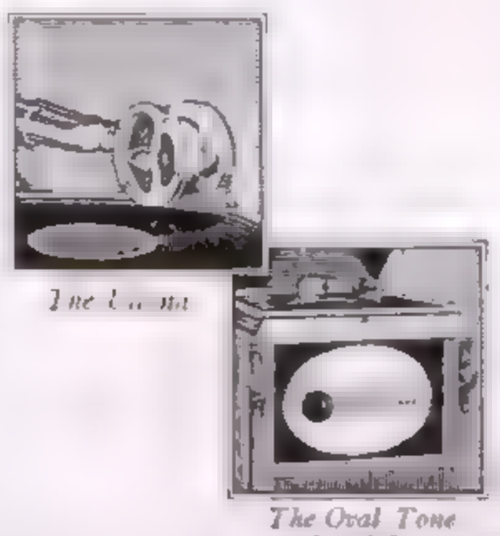

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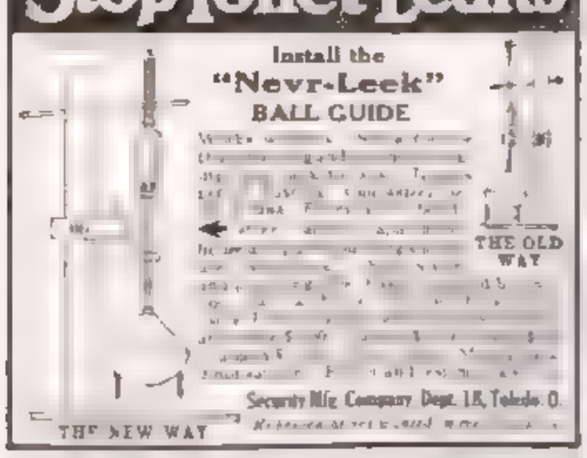

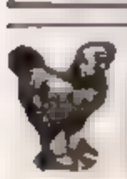

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(Continued from Page 95)

Gratitude, he declared, was the most beneficial of all qualities; it benefited the people who were grateful and those to whom they had cause to be grateful. All of us have cause to be grateful to God; it should be the outstanding quality in man's make-up—gratitude to God.

The sentences stumbled one upon another as the speaker warmed to his work.

Benjamin, with a sense of numbness at the unreality of what was being said, soon ceased to listen. Instead his eyes focused on old Mr. Benson, who sat across the aisle from him. As long as he could remember, old Mr. Benson had been apparently the same age. He always came to church, and invariably hunched himself together in the corner of the pew, closed his eyes and to all intents and purposes slumbered soundly until the benediction. Today was no exception. For the first time since he could remember, it occurred to Benjamin to wonder why old Mr. Benson did not do his Sunday sleeping at home.

Later, he realized the sermon must be finished. A stir of intangible relief swept the sparsely filled church; people shifted, looked at the clock; thought, Benjamin had no doubt, of the dinners awaiting them at home, of the afternoon's engagements, of a hundred irrelevant things. With a feeling of strange numbness, he found himself with the other deacons at the altar rail receiving the plates for the collection.

Benjamin's aisle was practically deserted this morning. He finished his task before the others and stood waiting at the back of the church so they might all march down to the altar in some semblance of order. When he had surrendered the plate to Doctor Lovett's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," he turned unemotionally and took his place once more in the spot in the carpet that his father's feet, and his, had worn.

They were singing again, and then the benediction had been said, and out of the corner of his eye he watched old Mr. Benson wake up, look round with his glance of habitual sheepishness and stumble up the aisle.

Benjamin waited until the church had emptied and then he approached Doctor Lovett, where before the altar he waited each Sunday to receive his parishioners. His hand grasped Benjamin's. Benjamin was one of his most-to-be-depended-upon deacons; he was methodical and reliable, and except for a certain lack of imagination, perhaps, the salt of the earth. All this Benjamin sensed in his handclasp. He dropped Doctor Lovett's hand as soon as he could.

"I would like a word or two in private," he heard himself saying, "if you can spare me the time right now."

Doctor Lovett nodded. He was a tall, narrow-browed man, whose eyes held a piercing and frigid fire.

When they had come into the study and closed the door, Benjamin said at once, "This is to tell you good-by, Doctor Lovett, and to ask you to accept my resignation as one of your deacons, as one of your communicants and as a member of your church."

Doctor Lovett regarded the dependable man before him without the quiver of a change in his face. What he said was, "This is a little sudden, isn't it, Mr. Sheldon? May I ask ——"

But Benjamin interrupted with "It may appear sudden. But in reality it isn't. And I shall give no explanation or reasons for my action."

He held out his hand. Doctor Lovett ignored the proffered hand. Instead he turned and drew forward a chair for himself, indicating the one close behind Benjamin, and said, "We'll talk things over, of course."

The man whom he had invited to seat himself remained in a standing position. It gave him, Benjamin realized, an even greater advantage over the clergyman than he already possessed by the suddenness and cryptieness of his announcement. A sensation of pleasure suffused him.

Doctor Lovett was saying, "You must tell me why you are taking this step. Give me some reason; people will talk—ask questions."

Benjamin regarded his spiritual adviser for some seconds in silence; then he said, "Any words of mine would be inadequate to explain my reasons to you. Therefore it seems best to me to give you none. In that case there will be nothing to quote and thus bee ould my position. Since you have failed intuitively to understand what it is that has happened to me, it is hardly likely that mere words will convey my purpose."

As he finished, he was realizing that Doctor Lovett had become an old man. Simultaneously he was struck with wonderment at the fact that for all the years they had known each other, they were total strangers. The thought made him catch his breath with amazement. It was under Doctor Lovett's tutelage he had as a boy of fourteen joined the church. He remembered now that Sunday, the solemnness of the vows he had made to accept Jesus as his Saviour, to lead an upright Christian life, to go henceforth in humbleness and virtue before the Lord. He had stood with three other boys at the altar and repeated the vows Doctor Lovett read from his worn book, and when he returned to his father's pew he partook of the communion bread and wine.

Fourteen is a solemn age, it came to Benjamin now at fifty as he stood before the man who represented the tradition with which he meant to break; and a sudden tenderness swamped him for that lost lad, swallowing the communion bread and wine, waiting for the miracle to happen.

Benjamin drew a long breath. With a definite effort of will he cleared his eyes of mists. Doctor Lovett was talking to him very seriously.

"—— the example of such an act."

But Benjamin was remembering when he and Frances had stood before Doctor Lovett to be joined in holy matrimony; he remembered the moment he turned to kiss her, the sensation of faint, mocking chagrin—expecting again the miracle to happen.

Francie's baptism, too, Benjamin thought of; the vows he and Frances had repeated, and that the baby wailed sharply when its forehead was touched with cold water. He recalled the emotion that had preoccupied him was a faintly angry wonder as to why someone hadn't heated the baptismal water.

Doctor Lovett fell into a silence and Benjamin focused his thoughts.

"I am grateful for your anxiety," he said. "However, my decision remains unshaken." He bowed a little stiffly. "Good-by," he finished; and turning from the old man's frigid incredulity, he walked from the room.

The church was deserted now. No one but the aged negro janitor was visible. The sunlight had shifted from behind the stained-glass window which always as a child he had enjoyed. He was conscious of an effect of twilight in the church, although it couldn't be more than one o'clock.

As he traversed the aisle to the door, Benjamin threw a last look at the pew where he was wont to sit. It, too, had taken on the tawny look that clothed the whole interior. High in the organ loft a faint stir surprised him. The organist must be lingering there; the sound was as if he turned the leaf of a book—turned the leaf of a book.

At the thought Benjamin gained the door, and with a sensation of utter indifference descended the outer steps into the sunshine of the street.

Everything was in readiness now, Benjamin told himself the afternoon of Frances' expected return. He had broken with his club, his business, his church; there remained only the break with Frances and little Francie. Benjamin, as he sat for the last time in the library of his home, fell to thinking of his wife. For years his dominating impression of her was a medley of telephone conversations in which occurred the words "cooperation," "organization," "chairmanship," "charity drive," "scholarships," and innumerable others connoting the multiple activities of the ultra-intelligent twentieth-century woman.

Often it occurred to Benjamin to wonder why women seldom finish their work at the endless meetings with which they are concerned; it seemed to him that Frances conducted the most important and vital part of her public life over the telephone. But once when he had attempted to put this notion in words, she looked at him for a moment, pityingly, and answered, "What you hear isn't a tenth of the activities in which I'm engaged."

Nevertheless, it had become a settled conviction of Benjamin's that women make far too much fuss over their work, do it too intensively, keep at it too long, visit its details too exhaustingly upon their families. But Frances, he told himself, must be an exaggerated case; it couldn't be fair to generalize from her. She possessed so much executive ability; everyone said so.

And then his thoughts wandered to a consideration of his daughter. Francie was seventeen, with a slim prettiness which a habitual petulance threatened to mar. There leaped into Benjamin's mind the memory of one day last summer when he took her swimming with him, and she made an almost ugly scene because her mother had bought her a gingham bathing suit instead of the one-piece model she wanted.

Benjamin had thought, on the way to the swimming party, how rather pleasant it was to have a pretty young daughter to take around with him. Frances, of course, didn't swim. Anyway, she was at a committee meeting.

But when Francie emerged from her bathhouse to join him, she was in so evident a rage because of the gingham suit she didn't like that his whole pleasure had been spoiled. She swam away from him at once; but Benjamin followed, made a most particular effort to appease her by complimenting her dive.

"Oh, that," she had said petulantly, turning away her face so that he barely caught the words—"oh, that wasn't a dive—just tumbling in."

Benjamin didn't attempt to mollify her after that; somehow her ugliness hurt him with an exaggerated hurt. Frances had no time to go about with him, and now Francie elected to pout. He compromised by swimming back to the float and talking to his host's ten-year-old son, who was swinging his feet in the water.

Far out in the Sound his eyes followed Francie's bobbing red-capped head. A youth was swimming beside her now, and Benjamin inferred she was concealing her petulance from him at any rate.

A tremendous loneliness had engulfed him. And then he found himself talking to his host's ten-year-old son about starfish.

He forgot now whether Francie came home with him or deserted him for the youth with the long low racer. It didn't really matter.

He ceased to think of Francie.

It was then footsteps sounded outside the library door, and he realized that Ella, the cook, had come back from her vacation. The negro paused in the doorway and smiled at Benjamin. She was an old woman with a flat, unmarked face as expressionless as a gumdrop. Now, as always, she regarded Benjamin with a vague gaze, and chuckled sweetly.

Benjamin asked her if she had enjoyed her vacation, waiting with amusement for the usual ambiguity of her reply. In all the years that Ella had been a part of the household she had never made a direct statement or answered directly a direct question. She possessed some genius of obliqueness.

"Lar," she said now, "but the house's dusty, Mr. Ben! It's leaving it closed this-away what do it."

Benjamin decided, on an impulse, to tell Ella his plans. He interrupted her wandering statements with "Tomorrow I'm going away for good, Ella—to Sicily."

The woman shifted her feet, her eyes blinked rapidly, her mouth fell open.

"Sicily? That's the Philippine Islands, ain't it, Mr. Ben?"

"It's near the Philippines," Benjamin conceded.

A silence fell upon them. Ella continued to regard her employer with blank eyes.

Finally she said, "Well, I declare, it's mos' time for Mis' Sheldon to be coming back."

"Yes," Benjamin acquiesced. It occurred to him that Ella possessed an excellent technic in how to receive startling news; she simply refused to consider it.

When she had left the room, Benjamin rose and passed out of the house. He found himself at the station just as the train pulled in. Frances and Francie got off the nearest car. At sight of his wife's familiar face a sensation of nightmare momentarily engulfed Benjamin. It occurred to him that he was caught in some terrific dream; he'd never have the courage to go through with it.

But even as he thought this, Frances said, "The train's late. I wonder if you'll take me directly to Helen Gillman's house."

Benjamin felt his nightmare sensation vanish with her words; it left in its place a profound thankfulness that he had decided on the course he had.

"Certainly," he answered his wife. "But why do you have to go there?"

Frances said, "A committee meeting—something's gone wrong at the hospital.

(Continued on Page 101)

Paint

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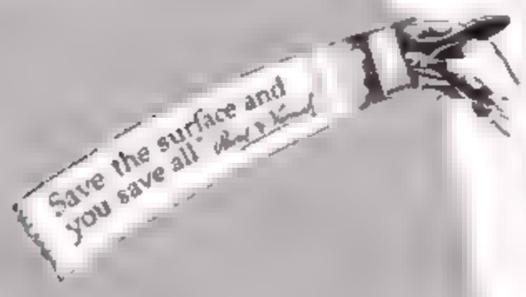

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(Continued from Page 98)

She wired me yesterday and I told her I'd be back today. The meeting's called on that account."

Benjamin shrugged and tipped the boy who put Frances' bag in the back of the machine.

"You look well," he said, and was annoyedly aware of the stiltedness of his phrase.

His wife nodded.

"I feel very well indeed. It was a shame you missed the cruise; but I've written you about it."

Benjamin assisted her into the car and turned to Francie. But a youth had appeared at her side who suggested taking her with him in the low racing car he drove. Francie giggled and blushed her acceptance, and, with the merest nod to her parents, forsook her father and his flivver for these more potent attractions.

Sitting beside Frances, Benjamin was seized with a terrific anxiety to say what it was he had to say—if only it weren't for this committee meeting! And then, with a twist of mirth, he realized that committee meetings were part of Frances; they were part of her life.

Involuntarily he turned his eyes slightly so that he could look at his wife. Her face was heavy as to chins. A sense of bewilderment engulfed him; he experienced the illusion of looking at a stranger.

She had been slim and blond when he married her; now her hair was gray—two chins, an embryonic third. Committee meetings! He stole another glance at her—a parliamentary face.

But they had come to Frances' destination. As Benjamin waited for her to be finished, he fell to thinking how strange a thing it is that so few men arrange their affairs so as to snatch a year or two of idleness before they die. For some time he was occupied with the queerness of this thought, and then it vanished. In his mind he was in Sicily, lying with closed eyes in the midst of a warmth of sand and sunshine.

Later, when they had come home, Frances kissed him in the way she had kissed him for the last twenty years, preoccupied and perfunctorily.

"You feel quite well, don't you, Benjamin Franklin?"

The authority in her tone was authoritative; if he had felt at the point of death, he would have assured her he felt well.

"Yes," Benjamin answered; "but that's not what I want to talk to you about, Frances."

She honored him with a glance of interrogation. It was an unusual glance for Frances Sheldon to give her husband; long since he had lost the interest of interrogation for her. She thought of him as of something transparent. It was that, perhaps, which caused his next words to fail altogether to register their meaning on her consciousness.

"I'm going away—to Sicily, I think. There's enough money for Francie and you, if you'll sell this house and economize. I am taking the insurance policy that matured two weeks ago and shall live on the interest it'll bring. When I die, you will inherit that together with the rest of the insurance, so you needn't worry about things after that."

As he finished, Benjamin raised his eyes to his wife's. She still was standing close to him, where she had stood when she kissed him in the wifely, habitual, meaningless way. But the look on her face was one of utter blankness. Benjamin was aware of a sense of faint and indifferent amusement. He thought it might make a good scene in some play.

What she said was "Francie's upstairs, Benjamin Franklin."

Benjamin's sense of faint amusement vanished utterly with her words. For an instant he allowed himself a conscious rage at his full name on her lips. She had always called him by his full name. For twenty years he had been forced to endure the absurd appellation from her. Now he knew the toll that that indignity had cost him. Momentarily he felt an intense and pleasurable desire to strike her mouth—tell her he'd be damned if he'd ever listen to the ridiculous words again.

Instead, he said, "I have no wish whatever to talk of Francie now. You and she can settle the details of your lives when I have gone. I have no doubt you will find a satisfactory solution of the fact of my absence. You are so executive, Frances."

Frances' expression was undergoing a slight change; the blankness of her amazement was tinged with an illumination of pity; it was as if she heard his words, but denied their significance.

"Sit down, Benjamin Franklin," she urged.

Benjamin remained motionless before her, without the slightest trace of impatience. Somewhere within him he was aware of the necessity of patience on his part. After all, the thing he was doing was a most unusual thing. He wondered how many men there were among the ones he knew who would like to do the thing that he was privileged to do.

But Frances was speaking now. She had got her breath and her equilibrium after the first shock of his words.

"—— Sicily. And Francie's always wanted to go abroad. If you'll be patient I can arrange all my affairs and be able to catch an early steamer. It's still very early, you know, to think of Italy. Sicily especially."

Benjamin, at the words and the tone—the presiding tone that gets business accomplished and dispatched—knew a faint swooning sensation of utter sickness, as if the gesture he had made were an absurd, ridiculous thing; as if, of course, he did not mean to leave Frances and go to Sicily.

In the confusion of his thought, it came to him that all this was a mere dream, anyway—unreality. He might as well go through with it.

So it was he said, blurredly above the confusion rife in his consciousness, "You do not understand me, Frances. I intend to leave you and Francie and go to Sicily alone. Our marriage, as far as I am concerned, is at an end." The confusion was clearing now; even he knew a certain enjoyment at the utter rout of Frances' parliamentary face. He finished: "You will be wise and avoid much difficulty if you accept the facts as I have outlined them. I want very much to part with you on friendly terms."

It was then that Frances collapsed unexpectedly in a chair near at hand; her arms flew out in a gesture of inexplicable chagrin. Benjamin bent above her.

"You're not ill?" he inquired solicitously. Of a sudden he felt as detached toward Frances as she had always seemed to him; he felt as cool, as parliamentary. "Shall I call Francie? But perhaps I'd better."

He left the room for an instant. The picture of Frances' silence stunned his consciousness. His announcement had produced an effect new to the twenty years of his companionship with her.

Francie came at once to his call.

"Yes, daddy," she answered, and smiled at him with her slightly petulant prettiness. Her cheeks, he noticed, were smeared in cold cream, which she was removing with a towel.

"Your mother needs you, Francie," Benjamin told her.

It occurred to him as he followed his daughter into the library that she was habitually overdressed. What in the world did these young girls mean by their ridiculous clothes? If she were a chorus girl she couldn't be dressed more vulgarly. The cut of her flaring bobbed hair infuriated him. He'd spoken to her of it before, but she never heeded the things he said to her.

"What does mother want me for?"

But at the words they had come to the library door. Frances was where he had left her, sitting with an air of utter collapse in the chair where she had dropped when the full force of Benjamin's meaning dawned upon her.

Francie went at once to her mother; stood a little tentatively beside her. It occurred to her that something had gone wrong in the usually unruffled calm with which her mother managed Benjamin, and she experienced an almost impish pleasure in the sight of her mother's obvious discomfiture.

"What's wrong, mother?" she repeated to the silence about her.

Frances turned her eyes to Benjamin, who lingered a step behind his daughter, surveying her against her mother's bulk with the detached eye of some scientific investigator.

"Ask him," she directed in a voice gone strangely flat.

Benjamin stepped into the range of Francie's gaze.

"I've just told your mother, Francie, that I'm leaving you both and going to Sicily to stay. The plans are quite unalterable. This"—his hand swept their three figures in a vague suggestion of a circle—"this meeting is our last. I hope you'll be a strength to your mother, as I know she will be to you. Also, I shall enjoy hearing from you occasionally, if anything comes up that you think will interest me."

He stopped on the word and gave his young daughter a long look. In the glance between them was a play of unsheathed swords. It was as if she saw her parent clearly for the ogre he was, the personification of selfishness she had long suspected him of being.

What she said was "Dad, you're not well!"

Her mother rose at that and put an arm about the girl's suddenly convulsed shoulders.

"Don't cry, dearest," she begged in the tone of one determined to be strong. "Don't cry, dearest Francie; everything will be all right."

She turned as she spoke to the cause of all this woe. Benjamin faced her unmoved. He realized he had never felt himself so much a man—not since that long-ago day in high school when he had defied the professor of English and walked out of the class, the room and the school. Then he heard his voice:

"There's no use, Francie, for you to cry in this way. It ought to touch me, but somehow it doesn't. You see, you are completely absorbed in your own interests; I rarely see you. And now that I've found exactly the sort of life that will please me, we should all be happy instead of carrying on in this ridiculous sentimental way."

He was conscious as he spoke of a start on Frances' part. Her arms that were around the convulsively crying Francie dropped; the eyes she lifted were as if she pointed at him the finger of scorn. But she restrained herself.

Instead of speaking the thought in her mind, she said to Francie, "Will you leave me alone with your father for a few minutes?"

Francie took her weeping from the room at once. As she passed through the door an unusually convulsive sob escaped her lips. It lingered in the silence like a living thing.

Then Frances said to him, "There's a woman in this, Benjamin Franklin."

Her sentence was unadorned. It was as if she accused him of unnamable crimes; in the scornful hatred of her voice a fire of detestation burned, withering in heat.

Benjamin answered: "Whether or not there's a woman in my decision to leave you is a matter of no concern. The thing for you to realize is that I am going—tonight. I have already packed and taken my things to a hotel in town. It will be easier that way, I believe." He stooped for a second, then added, "I sail tomorrow."

It was at this point Frances made a desperate move.

"What will people say?"

Benjamin looked at her when she had spoken the words; he looked at her for a time, long and silently. And then he laughed and turned from her and from the room and passed out of the house. When he had gained the sidewalk, he drew in a great breath of air. The world, he thought, had taken on a pristine beauty. Above him, in a chimney, smoke was leaping to a north wind, and in the western sky a sunset flared vividly. He wished that he were already in Sicily.

But Benjamin did not, after all, go to Sicily. It amused him to consider the reason—next him on deck was a woman who looked inexplicably like Frances. She, too, it seemed, had been involved all her life in civic work, suffrage and, later, politics; and this trip was in the nature of her first vacation. It was she who suggested that Benjamin go to Capri instead of Sicily.

In Capri, away from all the things he had known, freed of all ties, in an existence of idleness and sunshine, life took on for him a quality of almost utter unreality. The people about him were hardly more than figures in a dream, tenuous and shadowy. The people he had left came to partake of this same unreality. It was with the greatest difficulty he was able to evoke Frances' face. Little Francie vanished out of his memory almost entirely. The utmost he could recall was a tiny toddler who came running with gurgles of delight between his legs. Old Mr. Hamilton dropped from his consciousness as completely as if he had never existed. The business that had claimed his attention for thirty years was less vivid than a forgotten dream. The streets of New York, of the suburban town where he had lived, were fading from his mind.

A swimmer sunk beneath the sea; washed up here in this place of idleness and quiet to snatch a brief respite of beauty before the final dark. And beauty was his. He gave himself to it as a swimmer gives himself to the sea—cypresses and sunshine and fragrance and singing voices round about, blue skies and bluer waters, flower-white stars and a flower moon.

An inner beauty was his too—more poignant than the other. A beauty of complete and utter release from the strain of life; from thought of sickness and poverty, and loss of human relationships, and old age—all the hooded terror of the years.

It was, he came to know quite suddenly, his lack of fear. Because he had no expectancy of life, he had no fear. It was life he had feared, not death. The realization flashed to him as he lay half buried in warm sand one especially vivid day of sea and sun. Far off, peasants were singing a song of lilting magical loveliness. Inexplicably happy at the knowledge that was his, Benjamin closed his eyes and gave himself to the sensuousness of sunshine. The sand as he lay there grew warmer and warmer, the heat more utterly enveloping. And presently the lilting song died along the beach beyond him, and there was left only the murmur of the sea.

It came to Benjamin that the murmur of the sea is like the murmuring of hushed voices. It rose and fell, began and ceased, was intermittent and continual; like voices—hushed voices.

Benjamin toyed with a handful of warm sand, letting it sift through his fingers. When the last of it was almost gone, a strange thing happened—there wasn't any sand in his hand!

He pressed his nails into his palm to find the sand that had been there. But simultaneously the voice of the murmuring sea was still. Fear shot into his mind. His finger ceased groping after the vanished sand.

He opened his eyes. There wasn't any sunshine—a white iron bed rail. It was then he saw Frances' face; and, confused with the odor of a hospital, a starched young nurse.

"Speak to me, Benjamin Franklin, before, before——"

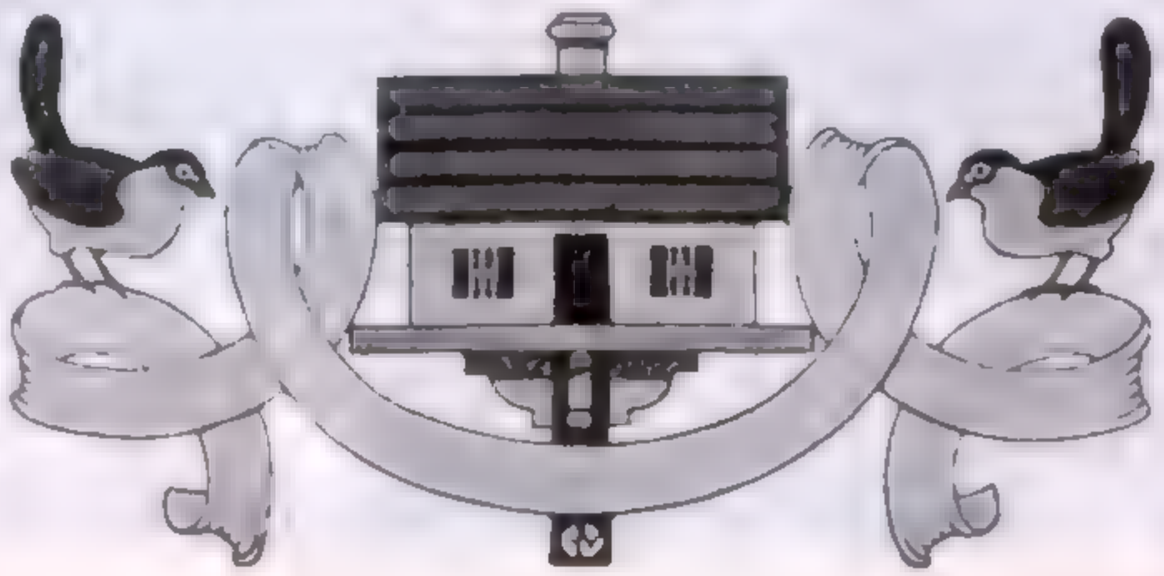
She shifted her position to bend closer to him, and beyond her Benjamin caught a glimpse of old Mr. Hamilton's nearsighted eyes and the frigid fire of Doctor Lovett's gaze.

"Hush, darling, hush," his wife whispered in an aside, and Benjamin became aware of Francie, who knelt weeping at the foot of his bed.

"We're all here with you, Benjamin Franklin," Frances was saying, "all of us you love. And we'll stay with you."

But somehow her voice was the voice of a murmuring sea. He must find the warm sand again.

His fingers strayed gropingly and then were still.



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Engineering skill has made it possible to produce these standard steel units in such quantities that they are accepted as the lowest-cost types of high-class construction.

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The Blaw-Knox Standard Steel Building was originated by the C. D. Pruden Corporation of Baltimore, Md., now owned and operated by the Blaw-Knox Company.

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The process of forge and hammer welding has made possible the Blaw-Knox steel castings necessary to the refining of petroleum by products.

Steel forms have greatly simplified concrete construction from sewers to subways, from sidewalks to skyscrapers.

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Buffalo . . . . . 622 Genesee Bldg.

Pay for Them as They Earn for You BUILDINGS

SENTENCE REMITTED

(Continued from Page 11)

"Nice waist you got on there, Violet."

"Not so worse. A silk merchant gave me that to remember him by. Yep, he was going to Japan on business, and he asked me to come along; but I couldn't leave my mother, so he gave me this to remember him by. He was a nice fellow. . . . Say, how do you like the kicks?"

He inspected the smart pump that was thrust frankly from under the table.

"I'll say they're nice," she echoed. "An export and import fellow over on Fourth Avenue gave me those for a keepsake. Yes, I meet a lot of nice fellows in this business. Well, there are some stingy ones, but I soon give them the razz. Say, do you think it's wrong for a girl to take presents from men?"

"Why, no; that is ——"

"Oh, go on. You're going to say, 'That is, if I give them to you.' That's what all the men say. Say, you see these earrings? A Wall Street man gave me them to remember him by. Maybe you'd know him. His name was—I forget his name now, but I think he was a little bald-headed guy. Yeah, he was a Wall Street man, too, but he was generous. Oh, gee, Arf-and-Arf, I didn't mean that! It just slipped out. I bet you're just as generous as he was, and a lot more. Say, why don't you eat something?"

Her gait was still queenly as they left the restaurant. Several well-dressed and hard-faced men looked at her appraisingly and then looked at Junior. He enjoyed this tribute.

"What do you say to taking in a show?" he asked. "And then we'll have a bite of supper and go take a ride somewheres."

"Absolutely," she said. "But—some other night, hey? I got to beat it home now to my mother. She worries. We could walk a bit. Let's go window shopping on Broadway and look at all the nice things we would buy if we had the money. I mean, the nice things I would buy if I had the money. That's great sport. . . . Say, what do you do in Wall Street?"

"I'm a partner in Parrott & Co. Silent partner, you know. That means I don't have to do a tap; only take a share of the profits. Eighths and such, you know. Oh, I'm in right, Vi! I'll probably clean up a hundred thousand cold this year. I got a date with an accountant tomorrow that used to be in the internal revenue, and he's going to show me how to beat the income tax. He charges a thousand dollars, but it's worth it when you think of what I'll save. Oh, I'm wise! We'll show big losses, see? I warned Parrott to take care and show big losses; and, say, he laughed all over. He says that's the best thing he does. He's a jolly sort."

"There's a nice coatee! And only seventy-five dollars. Gee, I wish I had the price! Say, I bet you spend an awful lot of money along Broadway when you get going."

"Spent nine hundred last Tuesday."

"Get out! Who was the girl? She swung a wicked fork, I'll say. But I guess that included cover charge and bread and butter."

"Bernice Delatour, of the Frolicsome Friskers. She asked if she could bring a friend or two that wanted to meet me. Eleven of them came; but Bernice said to me she wasn't putting anything over, as she only knew two of them, and the rest had horned in. We opened wine. Then they said I ought to give them something to remember me by, as they didn't know me well. . . . Say, Violet, do you want that wrap?"

"Oh, Harvey, what ideas you take! You don't think I'm one of these gold diggers, do you? You can't afford it."

"Who can't afford it? Come on in."

She let him pull her to the doorway, but then she halted.

"No," she said, and there was puzzlement in her tone. "I guess I don't want that coatee. It's awful nice of you, Harve, but I guess I don't want it. Say, I got to beat it along."

"You mean it, Vi? Some other night then. Wait and we'll get a taxi."

"Brooklyn Bridge," she said as they entered the vehicle.

They whizzed and dodged south on Broadway. The dimness and seclusion of the cab's interior wrought on Junior's susceptible nerves and inclined him to sentimentalize. His part of the conversation took on a personal note. He was holding her hand eventually and saying that she was the only girl who really understood him. His arm slid down and encircled her twenty-five-inch waist. Thereupon she gave him an easy and powerful shove.

"Here's where I get out," she said. "That's the bridge, isn't it?"

"Ar-rh-ar-rh!" said Junior, who had rebounded from the farther wall of the cab.

"What's up, Arf-and-Arf?"

"You near broke my ribs."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Let me rub it. Is this where it hurts? How is every little rib now? Better? Well, so long, and thanks."

"You're a Rogue, Arf-and-Arf," She Said. "All Wall Street Men Are. But I'll Say You Have the Life of Riley"

She ran up the stairs, caught a B. R. T. train, and in half an hour was entering a three-room flat in a walk-up house off Ocean Avenue. Above the button which she had pressed in the hallway below was written "Higgins."

"Is that you, Katie?" someone asked weakly but gladly.

"Yes, mom, it's me," said Miss Violet Trefusis. "What are you got for supper? I don't want any; I had mine over in New York. I'll get yours ready in a jiffy, and then we'll make a flying leap for the movies. . . . Say, I had a dandy feed tonight. . . . How's your back?"

"I don't like you going out with those strange men, Katie."

"Oh, gosh, mom, they're not strange! Wish they were. They're too darned friendly. But they're nice fellows if you get to know them and make them see how things are. I believe in a girl letting them spend. There's some girls try to save men's money and make a good impression, but that don't get them anything. The men like to spend money and make girls think they are walking devils; that is their fun. Say, I was out with a millionaire kid tonight; he wanted to buy me that swell coatee in Laura's that I've been making eyes at for a month."

"I don't like you taking presents, Katie. It's a nasty habit. You know what the men think."

"Well, that was one reason why I didn't take it; he might get wrong ideas, as he is not so awful bright. But he was a nice fellow. One of these spoiled kids. I bet I only saved him up for some gold digger. . . . Chops in the box, mom? Say, I got a recipe for cooking lamb chops that's a winner. An old guy from Milwaukee held my hand half an hour today and told me how to cook lamb chops. Say, if you want to learn about nice things to eat you got to ask the men. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet, hey, mom? No waste, and you know lamb chops are all waste. First you fry them and then you casserole them in a pot with vegetables, and you can eat the bones clean. It sounds true. I'll have it done in two shakes, and then we'll pop over to the Orpheus in time for the feature."

III

THE foreman of the labor gang in East River Park looked twice at old Harvey Flagg before speaking to him. Harvey's clothing and his posture could have been those of a man out of work and in need of money; but they could also have belonged to an independent-minded mechanic in the building trades who was on strike for twenty dollars a day flat, a three-year contract and no apprentices. Harvey was red-faced and of full habit. That was no guaranty that he was eating three square meals a day; anyone who has tried to get fat or has tried to get thin knows that feeding and fatness are not cause and effect. The expression of his features was hardly more determining; his gaze, fastened on the river in midstream, was vacant. It did not shift to follow the hard-breathing tug which was lugging a string of heavy scows after it; it did not shift when the noonday whistles of the factories on the Long Island shore went off like a batch of skyrockets. Harvey was just a shabby old nondescript loafing on a park bench in the treacherous November sunshine.

"Hey," said the foreman, speaking uninflectedly as one addresses a presumptive stranger in the dark, "do you want a job?"

"No," said Harvey just as colorlessly.

The foreman frowned at him.

"A tramp," he muttered, noting that Harvey had not grinned as a proper man should in refusing a fair offer. "Then get to the blazes out of here!"

Harvey rose instantly and tractably and shambled to a bench a hundred yards away, and sat down again and stared at the flowing river.

Down the concreted path in this pleasant November sunshine—the pleasanter for its impermanence—came Junior. It was Junior, but with a difference. In some aspects he was still the man about town, the man who is always leisured, the Wall Street dabbler, the man who gets easy money. He hesitated and dawdled, as one may who is oppressed by a plethora of worthy choices. But none of these aspects was the controlling one. It was rather his attire and the inch of golden floss which adorned his face that gave the complexion and the seeming to the man. For a Wall Street man, an angel of the bright White Way, a disburser of careless thousands, Junior looked startlingly like a tramp. When one looks like a tramp, and startlingly so, his behavior is ordinarily discreet, deferential and winning; he sidles, he is content with an oblique glance, he does not stare people down or put on a challenging front. So now Junior sidled to the bench, glanced obliquely and uninformedly, and slouched down beside his father.

"Hey, mister," he said swiftly, "throw us a dime, will you? Cup o' coffee."

Old Harvey turned. His eyes widened and his mouth rounded.

"Junior!"

"Hello, governor," said Junior after his first grimace. And then he had the ill fortune to be moved to laughter. "Say, governor," he chuckled, "aren't you the jolly old bum!"

Harvey's big hand tightened on the iron arm of the bench. Slowly he heaved himself up. He looked sick.

"Junior," he said in a small and weeping voice; "Junior ——"

And then, somehow, quite without malice aforethought, he had hit Junior on the nose. He didn't mean to do it; but there was his hand raised toward his face in shame, and there was Junior smirking up at him, and—and he hit Junior on the nose. But thereupon, and even with the impact of his large and thoughtless fist, his eyes brightened with the light of conviction; he hit Junior with the other fist and felt fine.

He picked Junior up, lifting him by the neck, and proceeded to shake him so that Junior's small head vibrated. He could have inflicted more pain on his son if he had planned this assault, or if he were practiced in hitting people on the nose; but he was obliged to extemporize as he went, and he had never hit a man before in all his seventy-odd years. He dropped Junior on the bench and stood above him to think.

"Parrott said," said Junior, giving high and hysterical voice to the notion that had come topside in his roiled intellect, "that you made all your money in Wall Street, and why couldn't I? And why couldn't I?"

"Shut up!" said Harvey, feinting.

"It was all your fault, governor."

"Don't you call me governor again, you miserable young loafer! I'm your father, understand? When you speak to me you say 'Sir.' Say it!"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir!"

"Get up now or I'll smash you again!"

Junior got up. His father clamped a set of iron fingers about his wrist and proceeded to drag him away. Junior went, resolving only to grasp the railing and shout if his father sought to throw him into the chilly East River. Harvey led him to the railing, but stopped there. On the railing sat the foreman, chewing tobacco. Near him stood two other large men in caps of military cut—inspectors of this civic enterprise. The three men watched, capably and skillfully, a little olive-skinned man who was grubbing at bunch grass along the line of the walk. The little man was the labor gang aforementioned.

"Sir," said Harvey, "have you got that job yet?"

"I don't want a job,' said Junior.

"Shut up!" said Harvey.

"Two?" said the foreman. "Forty-five cents an hour. Go to it!"

Harvey led Junior to a locker under the trees. He thrust a burlap bag and a pointed stick upon him, gave him a speaking look and led him forth upon the green. He speared yesterday's newspaper on his stick, thrust his capture into the bag and reached for a sodden candy box. Mutely, he counseled Junior to imitate him, speaking to him with short and urgent gestures as to one who spoke no English. Junior quailed

(Continued on Page 109)

The Mardi Gras Festival at New Orleans

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America is full of just such groups as this—happy, attractive mothers and sturdy, healthy children. Real "Lifebuoy families." For Lifebuoy Health Soap plays an active part in promoting the health of American mothers and their children. Its pore-cleansing, skin-purifying power has protected the health and beauty of millions.

This beautiful picture provides the inspiration for a new kind of beauty contest—the $10,000 Lifebuoy "Mother and Children" Prize Contest. The makers of Lifebuoy cordially invite every mother of beautiful, healthy children to enter the contest and win a generous cash prize and a magnificent portrait in oils to hang in her living room; also a visit to New York at our expense.

For each 1st, 2nd or 3rd cash prize, the winner will be invited to come to New York at our expense to pose in the studio of a famous portrait painter for a reproduction in oil of your winning photograph. This painting becomes your own

and Children" Contest

Fifty-Seven Cash Prizes in All

9 NATIONAL PRIZES—48 STATE PRIZES

The winners of First, Second and Third Cash Prizes will be invited to visit New York at our expense to have their portraits painted by a famous artist

These magnificent paintings, worth at least $5000, will become the property of the winners in addition to the cash prizes

THIS is a contest of Health Beauty. The prizes will be awarded to the most attractive, healthiest and happiest family groups judged by the photographs submitted.

There are lovely children everywhere—in tiny hamlets and congested cities. Their mothers are so busy protecting, nursing and training youngsters, that they have no time to pose as professional beauties, yet it is the gentle sweetness of a mother's face which has inspired great artists of all ages.

It is our ambition to gather together the most wonderful collection of photographs in the world—a collection which includes every charming mother and her lovely children in the United States.

Just by entering your favorite photograph of yourself and your children—a snap-shot or a professional photo—you may win one of these prizes:

9 NATIONAL PRIZES

First Prize. . .	$2500	Third Prize . .	$500
Second Prize . .	1000	Six Prizes each of	200

$4800 in STATE PRIZES

A special prize of $100 will be given for the best photograph submitted from each State of the United States. National prize winners are not eligible for State prizes.

Oil paintings by famous artist are in addition to cash prizes

And, in addition to the cash prizes, the winners of First, Second and Third Prizes will be invited to come to New York at our expense to pose for paintings in oils in the studio of a famous portrait painter.

Read carefully the conditions of the contest

[1] Every photograph submitted must show a mother and her child or children.

[2] Each photograph submitted must have attached the entry blank coupon below, or a similar written consent to the reproduction of the portrait of yourself and your children in announcements of contest winners. It should be accompanied by a letter, although this is not a requirement, stating the contestant's impression of Lifebuoy based on experience prior to the first announcement of this contest.

[3] Name and address must be plainly written on the back of each photograph submitted. Any number of photographs may be submitted.

[4] The contest closes May 1, 1924, at Cambridge, Mass. Photographs will not be considered eligible unless received on or prior to that date.

[5] Prize winners will be announced not later than September 1, 1924.

[6] Mail photograph and letter to Lifebuoy "Mother and Children" Prize Contest. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

These splendid paintings will become your very own—to hang in your living rooms—testimony to future generations that you and your children were judged the most attractive in this great country.

These authorities on Health Beauty have accepted the responsibility of selecting the winners:

U. S. SENATOR ROYAL S. COPELAND
(Distinguished Author and Exponent of Health Measures)

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN
(National President, Camp Fire Girls)

MR. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
(Famous Portrait Painter)

It is suitable that this great national contest should be conducted by the makers of Lifebuoy Health Soap, because it is doubtful if any other single thing has contributed so much to the health and good looks of American children and mothers as Lifebuoy.

Lifebuoy not only removes germs from hands and face and *purifies* the skin but its gentle antiseptic lather is graciously soothing to delicate skin and promotes its natural health beauty.

Read the conditions carefully. Select your favorite photograph and send it with a letter telling us briefly why you esteem Lifebuoy.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

GENTLEMEN: Please enter attached photograph of myself and my children in the Lifebuoy "Mother and Children" Prize Contest. I herewith give you permission, in the event that I win a prize, to reproduce portrait of myself and my children in announcements of contest winners. I also enclose a letter on LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP.

Mother's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

A new experience awaits you

—ride on

Balloon Type

MICHELIN

"Comfort" Cords

These tires are twice as big as ordinary cords but inflated to less than half the pressure—that is the secret of their comfort. They fit present rims, last longer than ordinary tires and cost hardly any more.

Your first ride on these remarkable tires will entirely change your present conceptions of motoring. Holes and obstructions simply disappear. Rough roads become boulevards. For the first time you will realize what riding on air can mean in comfort and luxury.

And in car-protection, too. Most of the jars and shocks that injure cars are eliminated. Tests indicate that the life of the car will thus be increased as much as 50%—the greatest advance of years in motoring economy.

No change of rims is required.

You cannot afford *not* to change to Michelin Comfort Cords. Ask your tire dealer about them.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
Milltown, N. J.

(Continued from Page 104

and hurried to attack a segment of sausage, running it through and through. So they worked across the lawn, facing mess and unkemptness, leaving an even comeliness.

When the day was done and the darkness had fallen from the tenement houses along Avenue A to the west, Harvey turned in the utensils and secured an advance of a dollar from the pleased foreman. He shepherded the wilting Junior from the park. He himself walked springily. Sauntering about a lawn on a sunny afternoon, going through motions not more fatiguing than picking buttercups, was not a breather to a man who had passed many years in hard physical work. It is true that it is not the body but the informing spirit that droops under toil.

He paused before a handsome shop on Second Avenue. Behind the plate glass were displayed pomades and powders, clippers and scissors, razors to draw blood and styptic sticks to stanch it. Over a door adjoining the shop was lettered:

PETROCCI'S BARBER SCHOOL

FREE SHAVES

HAIRCUT FIVE CENTS

Through this door and up the stair beyond were going fuzzy-faced men in weather-beaten clothing. Through this door again and out into the reviving air passed men on whose newly shaven faces were areas of sticking plaster larger, but not more ornamental, than the beauty patches affected by dainty ladies. Harvey bullied Junior into climbing this stair. His demeanor was uninflectedly morose. At every suggestion of refractoriness his eyes gleamed with pure ferocity. With flinty face he watched Junior being shaved and clipped and patched and turned out to convalesce.

At a bakery on the same street he bought two loaves of stale bread for five cents; these, with two Bermuda onions and a half dozen pigs' ears from a pork store, made them an ample dinner. The night had turned cold, a biting wind was blowing, muffled-up folks were hurrying from shelter to shelter. Father and son slept that night at The Hangman's—a peculiar hostelry on Third Avenue. They paid five cents apiece for their entertainment. They sat on a bench, snugged in between fellow guests, and the hangman inserted iron hooks under their coat collars, whereupon they could sleep more securely than a rich man taking a cat nap in an easy-chair after dinner. In the morning at six o'clock the hangman came again and let down the long rope which supported the many hooks. His row of guests thereupon fell over and woke up.

IV

"ISN'T that old Harvey, boss?" said the first pastry cook, speaking to Mr. Ernest Rivette in the kitchen of Ernie's Chophouse on Broad Street, and jerking a thumb after a stout and red-faced old waiter who had just scuttled out of the kitchen with a loaded tray. "What's he doing here? Is he back on the floor? I thought old Harvey had plenty of dough."

Rivette—a gaunt and stoop-shouldered man with the rich and fruity voice of one who is rolling comfortably in fat—gesticulated with his shoulders and eyebrows.

"He did have it. They used to call him the millionaire waiter. Well, a million is a lot of money; but I guess he had a hundred thousand salted down when he quit here eight years ago. And now it's all gone. He says it went back where it came from—into the Street. He's been here a week now."

"Say, boss, where did he ever get all that jack?"

"Playing tips that he picked up here in the restaurant. The customers liked him, and they used to slip him something good once in a while. He just laid his money the way he was told, and soaked the winnings away in the wife's name, always playing safe. I suppose he got a notion in his old age that he could beat the game for himself, and he went back into the Street. Oh, yes, it gets them every time."

"It wouldn't get me," said the pastry cook confidently. "If I once got ahead of it I'd quit cold. Believe me! Say boss, I'd quit right now, only it owes me money."

"Yes, you would!" scoffed Rivette. "There's a wise quitter like you born every minute. You suckers give me a laugh. Believe me, Frank, I have still got my first tears for the man who loses his money in the market. Instead of sympathizing with him, I think he ought to be arrested for trying to get money under false pretenses. Wall Street is a place for people to sell stocks that they have and to buy stocks that they want, and anything else is common gambling. Pinching a bucket-shop keeper is only regulating gambling; the thing to do is to pinch his patrons."

"Wise cracker," said the pastry cook, glaring at his employer. "It's easy for you to talk. I wish I had your money."

"That's what the broker told his customer in confidence," grinned Rivette. "Say, Frank, if you will watch that oven and stop doping out that Parrott's Advance Sheet, I will give you some of my money next Saturday afternoon in an envelope. That's a promise."

Parrott—Big Gene Parrott—entered the restaurant from Broad Street and worked his way patiently to a table through a milling crowd of customers. Many of the customers did not sit at table, but seized what food was most available, gulped it and hurried out. Many others patronized the stools at the counter, where they could have a full dinner slapped down before them in ten seconds, and could eat it in ten seconds more without drawing attention. There were two rows of tables for the leisure class. Gentlemen sat down here who had just made a killing, and who were very grateful to themselves and felt obligated to buy themselves something nice. Other gentlemen sat down here who had just lost much money, and who were inclined to draw aside for meditation and to nurse themselves back to confidence in their hunches.

Ernie's was a fast and furious place, but the food was excellent and the prices were flatteringly extortionate. Democracy and hubbub were in Ernie's. The tingling atmosphere of found money permeated it. Clerkly men were pleased to eat delicate and costly dishes there where other men in shirt sleeves and slashed hats tugged with their jaws and hands at ham sandwiches.

Parrott, big-faced, purple-jawed, smiling, a good fellow who wished all the world well and himself a little better, worked patiently toward his table. He was conscious that someone of no great physical strength was treading on his heels, fumbling at him petulantly, unreasonably seeking to pass him. Parrott made a half turn to permit his follower to squeeze by, and looked back at him with an air of benevolence; one never knew who was who in Ernie's.

"Why, Mr. Bates," he said in a big and amiable voice, recognizing the rude little fellow, "how are you today, sir? In the very pink, I trust. You remember me, Mr. Bates?"

The famous operator whom he addressed—a scrawny, pink-faced little old man with bleak blue eyes and the grim mouth of a fish—looked up at Parrott through his eyebrows, looked away reflectively, and then shot another look at his interlocutor. He then took his prominent nose between his fingers, pulled it, moaned through it, and strutted by. Parrott stood, smiling easily and amiably. Bates stopped, turned, seized Parrott by the sleeve and jerked it as though he thought Parrott was asleep on his feet instead of watching him alertly.

"Who are you?" he demanded brusquely.

"The name is Parrott, Mr. Bates."

"Um-m—was that always your name?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Bates."

"Um-m—why then did you go under the name of Berger when you were indicted in the Federal Court in 1916 for using the mails to defraud?"

Bates' voice was dry and matter of fact; there was no sarcasm in it, no note of reproof; he seemed to be asking merely for a piece of light information. Parrott made no immediate reply. Bates pulled his nose, shot another glance up at Parrott, moaned, and went on his way. He seated himself at one of Harvey's tables, looked the old waiter stonily in the eye and picked up the dinner card. Parrott looked across at him with brightened eyes; Parrott's amiable smile had not failed.

"As usual, sir?" said Harvey.

The other chairs at the table were turned in; Bates always lunched alone. That this made him conspicuous did not perturb him. Other people meant nothing to him, except as they entered into his calculations. To be addressed by a stranger, to be tendered an idle remark, bewildered him. It seemed to him to be a disorderly act, as if a statue had grinned at him and passed the time of day. His manner was as unstudied as a child's. What affected his financial interests was immensely important to him; his help attended to everything else. His secretary, liking a fine home, had installed him in a twenty-thousand-a-year apartment on Fifth Avenue; his tailor kept him in fine clothes and his valet saw that he wore them and bought new ones. Under different management, he could have lived contentedly on twenty dollars a week.

Harvey brought him a bowl of milk and a plate of soda crackers, put the spoon into his hand and murmured encouragingly. Bates, who could pardonably have been mistaken for a half-wit, was reputed to be worth sixty million dollars. If he had been worth sixty cents, or even sixty dollars, he would have been haled back quickly to the norm of behavior; but the eccentricities of a very rich man are the stigmata of genius, and are not to be repressed with roughness, but are to be humored, studied, imitated hopefully. Many ambitious young men in the Wall Street district ate milk and crackers because of Bates, although milk does not agree with every grown-up, and soda crackers are a delicacy to a choice few. If Parrott had been gifted with a genius for finance, instead of with merely a great craving for easy money, it would have been the thing to eat for lunch a roast duck stuffed with potatoes; he was now eating his.

Junior approached Parrott's table, pushing before him a little wagon piled with soiled dishes. Junior's expression was intent and businesslike. He was engaged in clearing up after departed customers, and the work called for all his resourcefulness and generalship and agility. Junior was the bus boy in Ernie's Chophouse. His father had secured him the position, and Junior had taken it in preference to a fight or a foot race. He was making good at the work too. His only handicap was that he understood English. Bus boys are customarily young Slavs who have no English and who can therefore help business by bearing off unfinished dishes in bland disregard of the shouts of the customers.

"Hello, Flagg," said Parrott bluffly.

He looked calmly at Junior and did not pause in his gesture of putting a large forkful of roast duck into his large mouth. Parrott rarely dodged a meeting with a man whom he had victimized—once a sucker, always a sucker. If Parrott had the brains to cheat a man out of his money he did not doubt that he would be able to cheat him out of his resentment. So now he was calm and assured, even cordial.

"Look out, my boy," he said. "You're tipping over those plates. There, that's better. What's the idea of doing this kind of work? You're not up against it, are you? Come around to the office and see me, and we'll have a talk."

"I was around to the office a dozen times after the company failed, and I couldn't see you!" spluttered Junior.

"Strange, Flagg. I never knew you called. If you wanted a job I would have given you something better than this. Though candidly, Flagg, you are foolish to take any job at all, now that I've shown you how to make money. But, my dear chap, I do hope you don't think that I profited in any way by the bankruptcy of Parrott & Co.—as against you, that is. I should be grieved, my boy—grieved. By the by, Flagg, isn't old Harvey over there your father? A delightful old character. But come around to the office when you're through here and we'll have a man's talk, and we'll cook up something."

He said all this with the forkful of roast duck tucked into one of his big jowls, pausing intermittently to chew. He was entirely at ease, because he saw that Junior was down and out financially. If Parrott had robbed him of any sum but had left him in possession of a fortune Parrott would have had some fear of him. But Parrott had stripped him with careful thoroughness, and it seemed to Parrott that a man who had lost all his money must have lost all his self-respect and would be incapable of dangerous resentment. Parrott had found that he could ordinarily square himself with his victims by giving them back hope, extending to them a straw; and now Junior, hoping against hope, gulped, nodded and wheeled away his little wagon.

Parrott's amiable gaze followed him; it then turned on old Harvey and on Bates. These latter were talking desultorily. Parrott would have given something to hear what they said; he knew how Harvey had come by the fortune which his son had lost. Parrott would have given one of his large and furry ears for a minute's confidential chat with Bates. For all Parrott's

Stockings that Stay New

That beautifully dressed lady who lives down the street hasn't really such a big supply of silk stockings. It only seems so because she wears Iron Clads. Iron Clads *stay new.*

Black silk Iron Clads *stay* black. No dismal dwindling into sickly green or grey. Iron Clad brown *stays* brown. Iron Clad grey *stays* grey. And that rich lustre of pure thread silk in Iron Clads—that stays too!

It doesn't cost a lot to wear silk stockings every day—when they stay new. Ask your dealer for Iron Clad No. 803. Pure thread silk plaited over artificial silk, 8 inch extra elastic mercerized top, 4-ply heel and toe, silk splicing in heel and double sole. Colors: Black, White, Cordovan Brown, Grey. If your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance, stating size (8 to 10½, $1.00 a pair, east of the Rockies) and color desired. We'll pay the postage.

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

"Iron Clad"

NUVO
DE LUXE

America's finest briar pipe at $2.50 and up

Patented reenforced mouthpiece. *Sanitary. No metal touches the tongue.*

NUVO Special 50c and up
NUVO Extra $1.00 and up

M. LINKMAN & COMPANY
Pathfinders in Pipedom
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"It won't break if it's a NUVO"

SUCCESS COMES QUICK if you grasp your opportunity. Write today for our money making agency plan. Fine territory everywhere, great values. No investment, be your own boss.
SELFSEAL PRESSURE COOKER CO., Jamaica, N. Y.

64 BREEDS Most Profitable chickens, Ducks, Geese and Guineas. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. Our 100 page book and catalog free.
R. F. NEUBERT CO., Box 566 Mankato, Minn.

9 O'clock Energy All Day Long

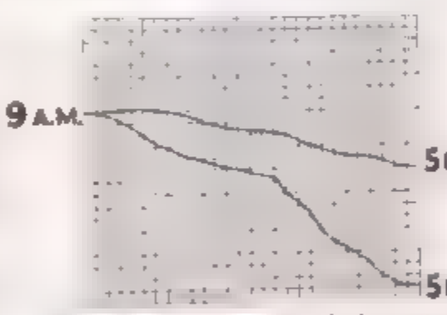
How to Get the Sound Sleep That Produces It

A Test You Can Make Free

That afternoon fatigue—that 3 P. M. or 4 P. M. waning of your energies—it's due mainly to restless sleep. To sleeplessness caused chiefly by overwrought nerves or digestive unrest.

This is to offer you a natural means of overcoming sleeplessness. A means to the sound and natural slumber that fully refreshes and restores the exhausted mind and body. Sleep that gives you energy for the whole day.

It lies in a cup of Ovaltine taken (with milk) at bedtime. We ask you to make a 3-day test at our expense.

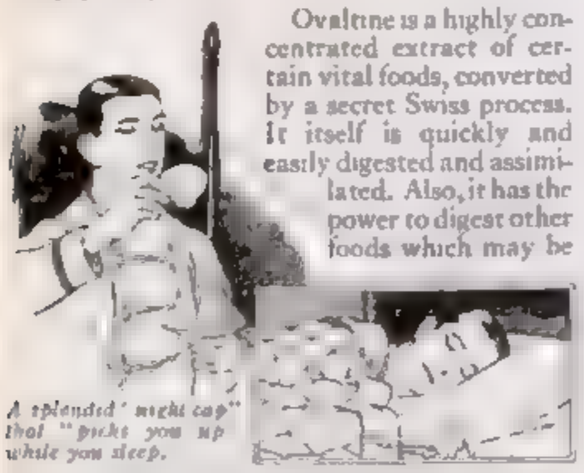


Which is your energy curve? Are you as active at 5 p. m. as at 9 a. m.?

A Swiss Food Discovery

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound sleep quickly. And in a *natural* way. This is why:

Ovaltine is a highly concentrated extract of certain vital foods, converted by a secret Swiss process. It itself is quickly and easily digested and assimilated. Also, it has the power to digest other foods which may be



A splendid "night cap" that "picks you up" while you sleep.

in your stomach—*the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods.*

A few minutes after drinking it, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods you have eaten into rich red blood.

The exhausted blood—the jaded nerves—are thus promptly refreshed and restored. Sound natural sleep comes quickly. And as you sleep, your vitality and strength are being built up

In the morning you awaken completely revived. You have energy to last the whole day.

A "Pick Up" Drink

One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract. And since it is digested almost at once, and helps digest all the other foods in the digestive tract, Ovaltine is almost instantly nourishing.

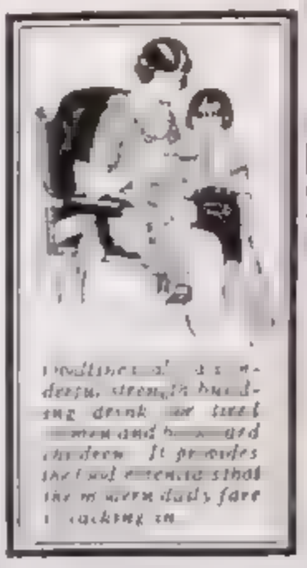
That's why you feel it "pick you up" so quickly. It literally puts new blood into your veins a few minutes after drinking.

Many take Ovaltine two or three times a day for its immediate and natural stimulation.

Used in Switzerland for 30 Years

Ovaltine has been used in Switzerland for 30 years. It is now in universal use in England and its colonies, and during the great war was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers. A few years ago it was introduced into this country. Today it is recommended by over 20,000 physicians and used in hundreds of hospitals.

It is a wonderful support for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, backward children and the aged.



Ovaltine is a delicious, strength building drink for tired men and women and growing children. It provides the food elements that the modern daily fare is lacking in.

Make a 3-day Test at Our Expense

Ask your druggist for Ovaltine, or write direct to us for a 3-day introductory package. See the difference it makes in sleep and your daily energy.

THE WANDER COMPANY
Dept. 1223, 37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerve and Body

pretending to inside knowledge in his Advance Sheet, he was a rank outsider, a hanger-on, an assiduous maker of interest, a hungry snapper-up of unguarded trifles.

Junior went around to Parrott's highly varnished office when the noonday rush was done. They had a heart-warming talk about nothing in particular. Parrott promised to worry about Junior, insisted that Junior must give him a chance to square himself, made Junior promise to keep in touch with him. He said that it was a burning shame that old Harvey had to go to work again at his age; Parrott and Junior would watch their chance, and Junior should be rehabilitated in his father's eyes. Junior pitied himself, but during the last two months it had come to him that his father was also a worthy object of compassion.

▼

"DIGLEY'S Buffet over on Beaver Street is for sale," said Harvey, taking his black pipe from his mouth and addressing Junior, who was reading the Sunday newspaper in the furnished room.

"Yes, sir," said Junior gratefully.

It was almost the first time in three months that his father had spoken to him except in commanding tones.

"Digley's used to be a gold mine," said Harvey. "Would be again if it was handled right. You know the place I mean? That lunch counter in the basement of the Wool Exchange Building. That Greek fellow that got it has been handing out poor food, and he's lost the trade; but the trade is there for anybody that will do the right thing."

"Yes, sir," said Junior.

"Fine trade too. Digley's should throw off twenty thousand a year easily; it did nearly as good in the old days when Digley had it. I wish you and I could get that place, Junior. Five in help and a cashier—it's all counter work. Fifteen thousand dollars would buy it right now. The Greek wants to go in the flower business with his cousin up on Broadway. It should do twenty thousand easily, or more."

Harvey sighed lightly and gazed out into the dingy back yard, taking the shank of his forefinger in his mouth.

"Yes, sir," said Junior, hiding behind the newspaper.

Fifteen thousand dollars was an awesome sum when one didn't have it.

"We've got five hundred dollars banked," said Harvey. "I'm going to put it out."

"Yes, sir."

"I've got a good thing," said his father, who spoke grudgingly and as if for conscience's sake.

"What is it, dad?" asked Junior.

"I can't tell you that, and I can't tell you where it comes from, but it's a straight tip."

"But supposing I could find you enough money to play it big," suggested Junior, throwing the newspaper on the bed. "You can't do much with five hundred dollars, dad. Supposing you had thousands—tens of thousands! Supposing ——"

"Supposing!" grunted Harvey.

"You ought to trust me, dad," said Junior.

Harvey glanced at him; the old man's expression flickered. He looked hastily toward the back yard again; he seemed to be in momentary pain.

"I can't trust you, Junior."

"Well," argued Junior, "some of the five hundred is mine, isn't it? I ought to know what you're doing with it, oughtn't I?"

"We got this five hundred dollars very hard, Junior," said his father. "I don't think I'm quite up to the work any more—feet. We got to be awfully careful with it, Junior. We can't lose money nowadays. And only a hundred dollars of it is yours, anyway, Junior."

"I want to know where that hundred dollars is going," grumbled Junior.

"If I only could trust you, Junior ——"

"You can trust me. I wouldn't breathe a word of it to a living soul!"

"I haven't got any right to tell you," said Harvey, wavering. "I didn't promise, but I guess that was meant. I never did give a tip away."

"It's funny if you couldn't tell your own son We'd be like partners in it, wouldn't we?"

"Yes, a man's flesh and blood is the same as himself," admitted Harvey. "I didn't have you in those days, Junior, when I was making a fortune. You weren't big enough to be anybody's partner. There was only me and mamma, and mamma didn't want to know. Your mamma loved you, Junior. She was afraid I would go back in the market, and so she drew her will that way so I couldn't. But I never wanted to go back in the market. We had plenty."

"And we'll have it again!" cried Junior.

"Well," said Harvey without buoyancy, "maybe."

"But what is this tip you want to put our money out on?" insisted Junior, who had his own plans.

"You'd keep it to yourself, wouldn't you?"

"Why, certainly!"

"It's something that Mr. Bates gave me."

"Bates? Bates, the big operator? What is it, dad?"

"Uranium Steel," said Harvey, almost whispering. "It's going down."

"Bates said so? Bates said Uranium Steel was going down?"

"Uh-huh. He said so. He said to sell it, but not to be a hog. That was what he said, Junior, and I guess he knew the bit I would play it would not cut into him any."

"Nonsense!" said Junior. "Bates deals in million shares. You could go in for a hundred thousand dollars and he'd never notice it."

"He knows I haven't got any hundred thousand dollars, Junior. He asked me how much I had. We're going in for just what I told him—five hundred dollars."

"Of course you shouldn't do anything except what you told him," said Junior. He returned to his magazine supplement and read it for ten minutes. He threw the paper aside again and rose and stretched. "I guess I'll take a bit of a walk," he yawned.

"Where are you going?" said his father, who had resumed his jailer's manner.

"Just for a walk around the block."

"You be back here in half an hour, understand?"

Junior walked slowly from the room, went slowly down the creaking stairs, and then took to running when he hit the sidewalk. He sped down to a cigar store and jumped into a telephone booth.

"Tell him it's Flagg!" he shouted into the machine. "Hello, is this Parrott? This is Flagg. Say, Parrott, you remember what you told me—if I got a hold of a good thing you'd put up the money to back my judgment? Well, I got —— What's that? No, I can't tell you what it is. No, I can't tell you where it comes from neither. But this is something real good, and you can trust my judgment. . . . What's that? Did I—did I get it from my father? Well, I can't answer that question, Parrott. You see, dad promised—that is, I promised dad I would—I mean I promised I would keep it dark, so I can't answer that question. . . . You'll meet me in a cab? All right, Parrott; only we got to be quick, because I got to get back to the house. Something we can play big!"

He rang off and called up Miss Violet Trefusis. He had resumed his acquaintance with that lady and contrived to snatch a bracing word with her nearly every day. The barber shop which she hallowed with her presence was in the financial district. But he did not hold her hands in the barber shop any more—in the barber shop.

"Say, Kay, how would you like for you and me and your mother to take in the grand opera?"

"Say, you're stepping out again!"

"It's up in the City College Auditorium and the tickets are free to music lovers. It is called Pagliacci, and there is a tough lot of singing in it; but they say the comedy is good, and the principal singer gets murdered in the end."

"It sounds like the cat's," said Miss Trefusis. "And you want to bring your father along too. I got to vamp the old gentleman."

"Oh, I bring my governor everywhere these times, Kay," said Junior. "He's getting old, you know. Well, he generally wants to go around with me, and I don't have to ask him to come. In fact, Kay, if he said he wouldn't go I wouldn't go either. I'm funny that way, but that's how I am."

"I think it's awful right of you, Harve. The Third Avenue L don't transfer to the Third and Amsterdam, does it? When is this murder coming off?"

"Tuesday night. Take the Subway to One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street and save a handful of nickels. See you downtown Monday? Well, over the river, Kay!"

"Over the river is right," said Miss Trefusis in Brooklyn. "Say, don't do that, Harve; you'll make Central jealous. And

(Continued on Page 113)

Are you a micawber?

MEET an old friend—Mr. Wilkins Micawber! First introduced to you by Charles Dickens in "David Copperfield". Always procrastinating, always out of money, always *"waiting for something to turn up"*. And yet such a good fellow in so many ways—devoted to his home, a loyal friend, the genial apostle of optimism.

Nevertheless your sympathy went out to his trusting, never-deserting wife and their five children. And today you have only to look about you in every city, town and village—in every office, shop or factory—to see how this little family has multiplied thousands and millions of times. You meet its descendants everywhere.

A micawber is the person who spends every penny as fast as it is made (or borrowed), who lives in expectation of unearned success, who fools only himself in putting up a front. A micawber is the person who hasn't a penny in the bank, a share in the building and loan association, an interest in any benefit fund or a dollar's worth of life insurance. A micawber is a person who hasn't saved a cent.

"He's a regular micawber!" Could anything else describe to the dot the hopelessly hopeful person who never arrives at success because he never starts?

He's a micawber who, in spite of his need and his common-sense, will have nothing to do with living on the definite basis of a family budget.

© 1928, M. L. I. Co.

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery

CHARLES DICKENS put the word, *micawber*, into the English language seventy-five years ago. Straight-thinking economists put the word, *budget*, into it eighty-eight years before that. There was no reason why Mr. Micawber could not have lived on a budget basis; but he didn't want to—micawbers never do.

Micawbers prefer to spend what they have and wait for "something to turn up". No limitations of a budget for them! Yet the strange part of it is this: It isn't a *budget* that holds your scale of living down; it's your *income*. Think that over. In fact, budgeting your expense is a real incentive to increase your income, as well as the best way to get the very most out of what you have now. It tells you just where your money is going, *before* it goes instead of *afterwards*. The difference between budgeting and accounting is that one looks ahead while the other looks back. Which way do you wish to look?

The minute you begin to run your expenses on a real business basis, on a budget basis, you see just what you are doing. You see exactly how to reduce certain items in order to increase others that are more desirable. You begin to choose intelligently whether you would rather have one thing or another—for not one of us can have everything.

Get on a budget basis and you will step up and out of the micawber family—if you are a member of it now. You will stop waiting for "something to turn up". You will begin to go ahead. You will begin to get your share of the good things that only savings can buy, including your financial independence in the years to come.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has an intimate financial relationship with more than 20,000,000 policy-holders. In this friendly contact with one-sixth of the population of the U. S. and Canada, it has come to know how great a need exists for a definite, simple plan of saving.

Most people would like to save if they knew how. But the question usually is—"*How* can I save on *my* income?" To answer this question, the Metropolitan has worked out a simple, practical plan for budgeting one's income.

It is all in a pocket-size booklet which tells how to lay out your expenses in relation to your income; how to provide for saving without being miserly; how to keep track of your income and outgo. It shows practical budgets worked out for small, medium and generous incomes. And it tells the true and inspiring stories of many men and women who have learned to save—true stories that sound like fairy tales. Even though you are at present following a budget plan of your own, we believe you will find our suggestions useful.

On your request, we will mail you free of charge a copy of this booklet, "Let Budget Help".

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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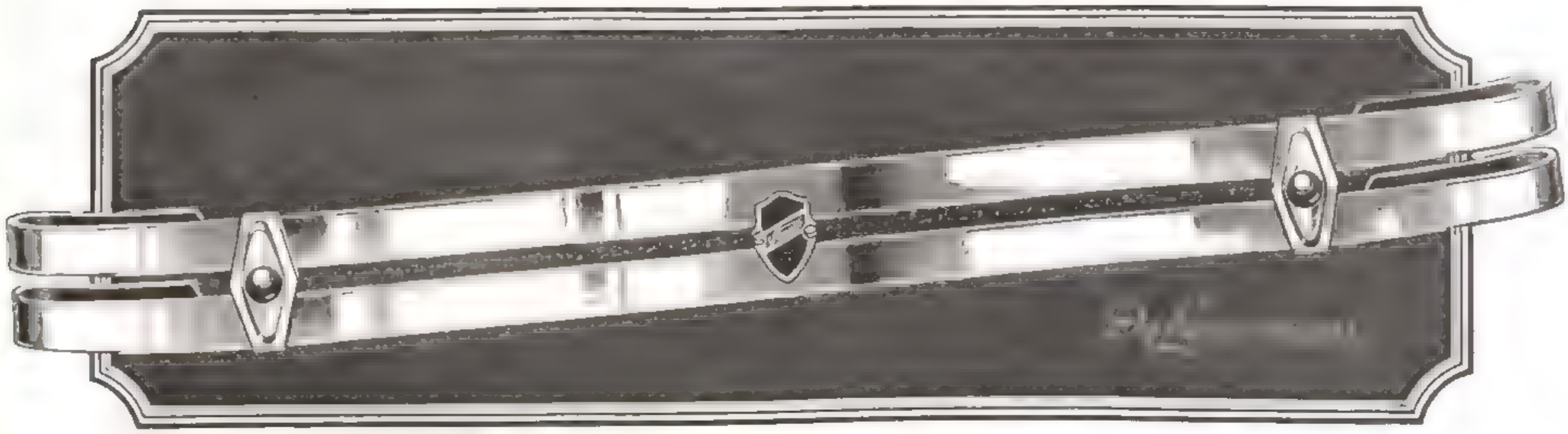

Stewart BUMPERS

100% Protection

The fenders are more open to damage than any other part of the car. That's why we designed Stewart Bumpers to give complete fender protection. Both big broad parallel bars extend the *full width* of the car—a feature of Stewart protection worth remembering.

All-Steel Construction

All parts of a Stewart Bumper, from start to finish, are constructed of steel. No cast iron parts to snap from a blow. This all-steel construction is another big Stewart feature.

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The highly polished mirror surface of the broad parallel bars with the snappy red center name-plate makes the Stewart the "bumper beautiful." Protection and strength *with* beauty!

Look for the Stewart Name-Plate

The Stewart is the most widely imitated bumper on the market. Buyers can protect themselves from inferior products by looking for this red Stewart name-plate.

In Stewart Bumpers you will find the same excellent material and workmanship that have made the Stewart Speedometer and Vacuum Tank acknowledged leaders in the automotive industry.

Look for the name Stewart when buying bumpers and other car accessories.

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De Luxe Model,
In nickel finish, $23
In black finish, $21
($3.00 increase in Western prices)

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Stewart

CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES

USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 110)

maybe some big colored fellow was mushing over that phone ahead of you. See you Monday, Harve. Sweet dreams!"

VI

HARVEY, bearing a bowl of milk and a packet of soda crackers, advanced to Bates' table. His gaze was rapt, his port was deliberate and majestic. A chamberlain, advancing to bestow the keys of the city upon an honored guest, might achieve such detachment from the passing scene, such absorption, such majesty; but only if his feet, too, hurt very much. An inferior conjunction could lend to no common mortal the bearing of a waiter of thirty years' standing. Harvey placed the milk and crackers before Bates, undid the packet and put the spoon into Bates' hand. Then he stood back and watched him alertly, watched him unwinkingly. Bates was going about the astounding feat of transforming that bread and milk into flesh and blood, and Harvey's interest in the process was insatiable. He had watched the bizarre thing being done for thirty years; and here he was now as keyed up, as attentive, as quick to assist and as deft to avoid distracting, as he had been in the beginning. Bates ate his milk and crackers in the benevolent shadow of this aged acolyte.

"Did you sell Uranium?" asked Bates, speaking into the bowl.

"And thank you very kindly, sir," said Harvey.

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars' worth, sir. I sold at eighty-five and made five hundred, and thank you very kindly again, sir."

"Did you give the tip away?"

"No, indeed, sir!"

"No matter," said Bates with a pained expression. "Everybody had it already. But I did trust you, Harvey, to give it away. Are you a fool—a man in your position?"

"Oh, sir, really ——"

"No matter. But you could have passed it with very good effect. A hundred men here in this room know that I've given you things in the past. And they might expect"—Bates emitted a long groan—"that I would be sorry for you and want to give you something again. You could have helped out your little bit, Harvey, if you wanted to."

"But, really, sir, I never thought ——"

"No, no. No, Harvey. It's too late. It's all over now. Everybody had it, but you didn't give it to them. No, Harvey, you didn't help me. Everybody else helped. Even Gene Parrott helped a hundred thousand or so; but you didn't help at all, Harvey—except with your five hundred dollars, and you were going to get that back. Did you spread the news that Uranium paid its last dividend in expectation of putting out a bond issue?"

"Indeed, no, sir. I know nothing whatever about the stock."

"It helped. Everybody was very helpful in driving the stock down, but you weren't helpful, Harvey. You know Uranium is up thirty-five points today, don't you?"

"I have not watched it lately, sir."

"The cat is out of the bag. They all know that Bates is buying Uranium now. But he isn't. He was." Bates moaned disconsolately. "I thought you were helping, Harvey, and I thought you must have hung on too long, so I put five hundred dollars down for you when I began to buy. Got it at seventy-eight. You owe me five hundred dollars, Harvey. Let me have your check in tomorrow's mail. And, Harvey, sell your stock this afternoon"

"I shall indeed, sir! And thank you very kindly, Mr. Bates."

Bates arose, put a five-cent piece on the table and walked to the desk with his check for thirty-five cents. He brushed by Parrott, who had just entered. Parrott walked to the cigar counter. Junior was standing behind the counter, having recently been promoted. Junior paled somewhat when he saw Parrott, but he did not flinch. He lifted his head and looked straight at Parrott.

"Rather bad break for us, Flagg," said Parrott, affecting to study cigars.

"Not for us," said Junior.

"We're gone to smash this time," said Parrott. "I held on, thinking it was a flurry, and didn't buy in until too late. I was waiting for Bates. That was an awful bad steer of yours, boy. Bates was on the other side. I admit we could have made some nice money if we'd bought in time, but I held on and waited for Bates to get going again. Well, you didn't get that tip quite straight, Flagg, but better luck next time. You owe me a pile of money on the deal, but ——"

"Mr. Parrott, I don't owe you a dollar!" said Junior, trembling and determined.

"How's this?"

"I say I don't owe you a dollar," said Junior, trying to control his mounting tones. "When that stock was away down I went to you and tried to get some money out of you, or some paper to show we were in it together, and you wouldn't give it to me. You were going to let me whistle for my money and scoop it all yourself. Now you can go right ahead and scoop. There won't be any next time!"

"Don't take that attitude, Flagg," said Parrott, with an eye to future tips. "You don't want to welsh, do you? You know we'll meet in the market again some day, and ——"

"Say, Parrott," said Junior, leaning across the counter, "the next time you meet me in the market you'll see me throwing snowballs at the Fourth of July parade! I'm all through with you, Parrott, and your losses don't worry me a bit. They hand me a laugh. Let me tell you something, Parrott ——"

"Stop this, Flagg," said Mr. Rivette, appearing from nowhere. "What in thunder do you mean by making this confounded racket? Attend to your counter. Good afternoon, Mr. Parrott."

Junior was a nervous lad and he could not readily quiet himself. He was shaking, but his eyes were steady as he watched Mr. Parrott's retreating back. He had rarely been so stirred up and he wasn't much good that afternoon. He was glad to go home when the restaurant closed at five o'clock as usual.

His father, who had left the restaurant at half past one, was sitting by the darkening window in their room.

"I got Digley's, Junior," he said.

"What's that, dad?"

"I got Digley's counter in the Wool Exchange. Just arranged things with Papoloua. Here's a copy of the proposed bill of sale and lease that I took home to show some lawyer. We can take hold any time, Junior."

"But where will we get the money?"

"Seventy-five hundred cash and seventy-five hundred notes is the arrangement. I made over nine thousand dollars on Uranium today, after paying off a loan that Mr. Bates made me. He bought five hundred dollars' worth for my account. It seems there was quite a campaign to depress Uranium before he started to buy. It isn't any different from taking a tip from him in the first place. This will put us on our feet again, Junior—take me off my feet, rather, I mean."

Junior read the documents eagerly.

"But see here, dad," he said after a minute, "this isn't right."

"What isn't right?" growled Harvey aggressively.

"It says here 'between Stephen Papoloua, party of the first part, and Harvey Flagg, Jr., party of the second part.' That means me, dad."

"And what about it? Are you going to tell me my business?"

"This won't do, dad."

"And why won't it do, sir?" cried Harvey. But then his aggressiveness suddenly forsook him, and he turned his face away. His silhouette against the fading light from the back yard showed a trembling underlip. "I wanted it that way, Junior. If that way won't do I don't want it at all. Take it, Junior."

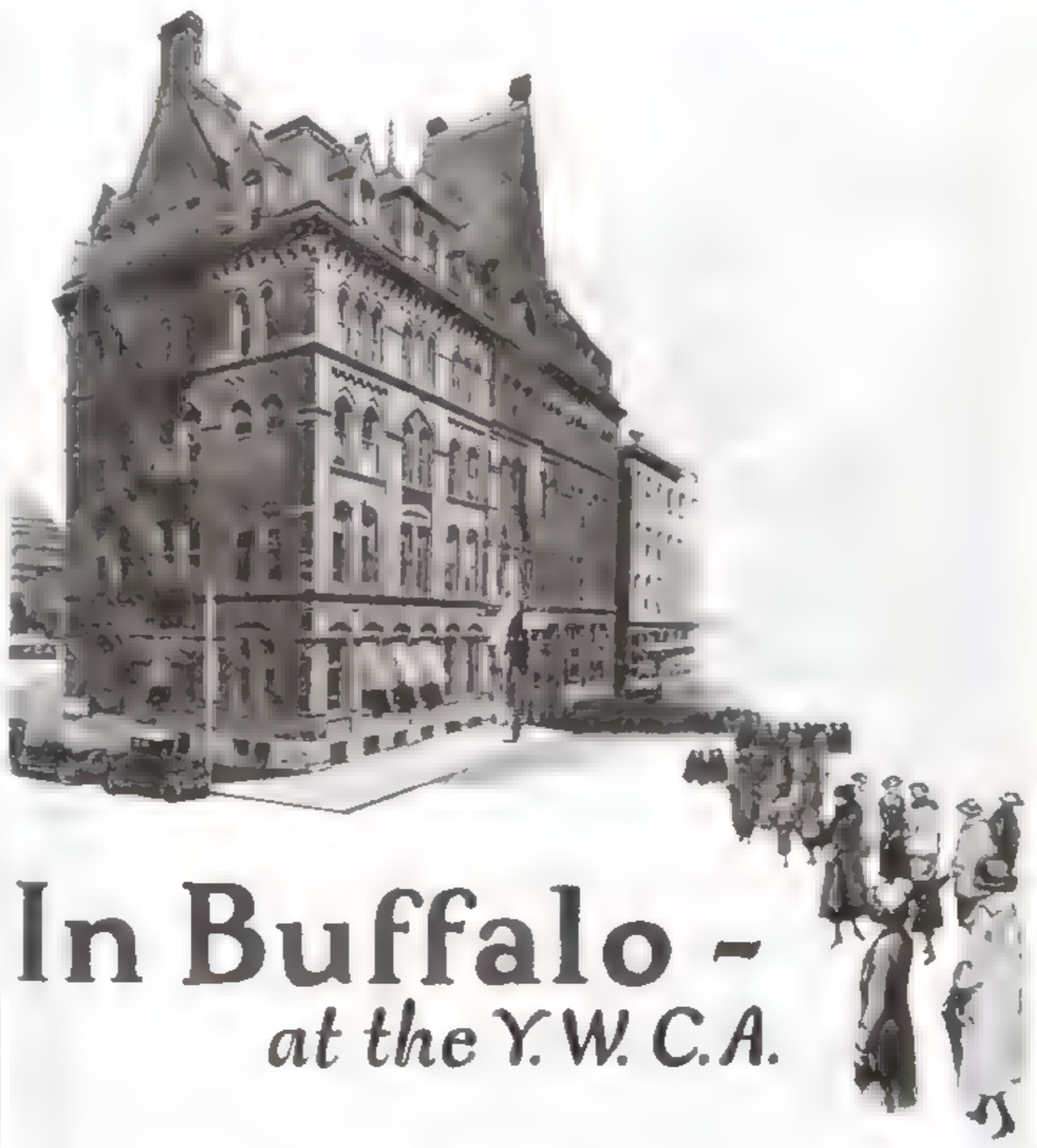
Junior lit the gas. He found a pencil and bent over the document on top of the pine dresser.

"There!" he said. "'Harvey Flagg, party of the second part.' That's the way it will be."

Harvey took the papers, glanced at them, looked up for a single poignant instant into his son's eyes; then he slapped the documents down and took refuge in bluster.

"And how else should it be?" he cried. "Do you think I am a fool? Do you think I've lost my senses? A nice idiot I would be to hand my business over to you to make ducks and drakes of! No, no; keep your hands to yourself. Sit down there on the bed. Hah! A fine piece of tomfoolery that would be!"

He stirred about in his chair, pushed the papers away from him, lifted and let fall his stockinged feet, fumed. Junior cast



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EVERY week, Buffalo housewives buy *twice* as many loaves of Bond Bread as there are families in the whole city. This great preference for "Bond" is but the lengthened shadow of an event of seven years ago.

On October 18, 1916, over 2000 women submitted their best home-made loaves to the Y. W. C. A. in Buffalo in order to show us how they wanted Bond Bread to be made. Those Buffalonians were part of the 43,040 housewives, throughout the country, who jointly showed us how to make Bond Bread.

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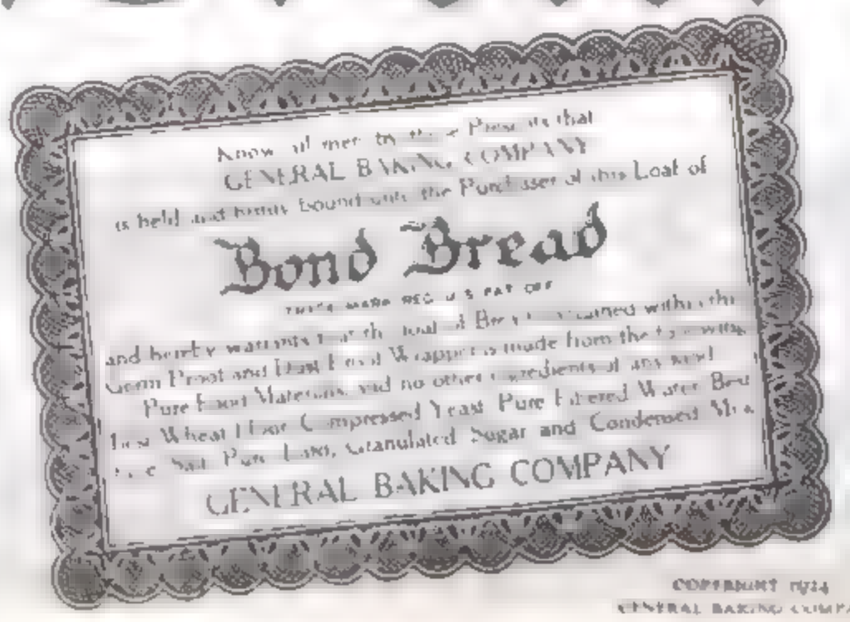

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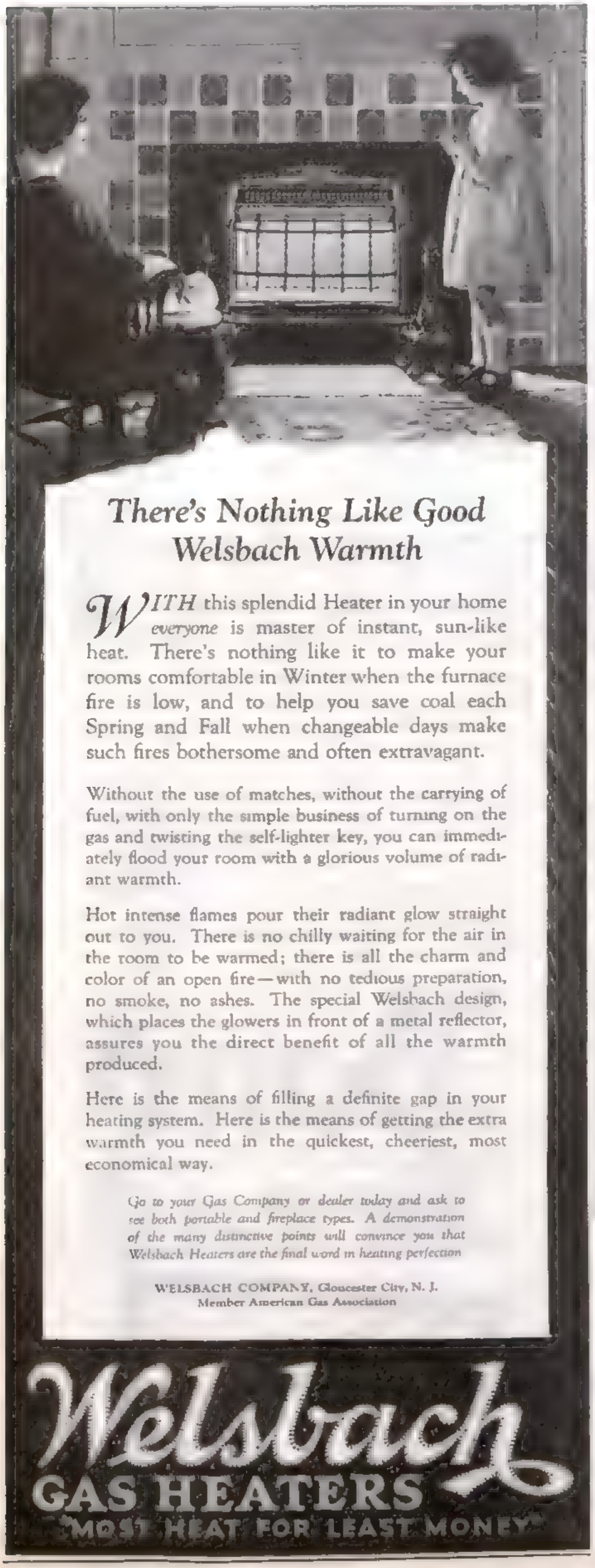

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Here is the means of filling a definite gap in your heating system. Here is the means of getting the extra warmth you need in the quickest, cheeriest, most economical way.

Go to your Gas Company or dealer today and ask to see both portable and fireplace types. A demonstration of the many distinctive points will convince you that Welsbach Heaters are the final word in heating perfection

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GAS HEATERS
"MOST HEAT FOR LEAST MONEY"

about in his mind for some irrelevant commonplace.

"And I'll be the henna-haired cashier," bubbled Miss Trefusia. "Oh, boy, but won't I make them step! We won't tell them we're married, hey, Harve? I'll keep my elias, like in the shop. It would spoil the men's fun if they knew I was strictly business—especially the married men. Oh, boy, they're the heartbreakers! They don't mean any harm, you know, and they just can't help it if they are such fascinating fellows. Say, I'll have them dropping in at four o'clock for tea and cup cakes. Whoever eats forty cents' worth gets a nice smile; if they eat a dollar's worth I don't smile, but I catch their eye just as they are going out the door and make them miss their step."

"You'll do no such thing, Katie," said Junior. "You got a very funny notion of business. The first man who slants an eye at you is going to get into a fight."

"Oh, lovely!" cried Miss Trefusia. "I'm going to have a jealous husband. You'll always be jealous of me, won't you, dear? You'll work to keep me like you worked to get me, won't you? Promise me that you'll always be furiously jealous. I'll do all I can to help, Harve. Honest, I will."

"Nice notion you got of married life."

"I know as much about it as you do, Harve. But, say, Harve, we'll try, won't we? And we'll keep on trying forever and ever, won't we, Harve?"

ANCIENT FIRES

Continued from Page 36)

"You're mad with your own desire. You couldn't keep her—you couldn't take her from me."

"I haven't tried to. It's you who have lost her."

"I who have given her everything."

"Yes; loot—robbers' loot. But neither peace of mind nor body."

"That's what you've taught her. I knew. I was up against you from the beginning."

"You want to think so. But it's not me you've fought; it's Lisbeth herself. You thought you could remake her in your own image. But you couldn't. She's stronger than you—than either of us. You stand for things that are abominable to her. There is no compromise possible between you."

"She shall tell me that herself, Fitzroy."

I flung him back.

"Do you want to kill her?"

"I'd rather see her dead ——"

"Don't bluster. You're not that sort. You love her in your own way."

"My way—my way—you pettifogging fool ——"

He threw up his head with a contempt that was his panic. I saw him afraid now. He had his back to the wall and he was deadly. The cool ascendancy of his temper was broken. He would fight, anyhow, with any weapons. And the pity of that disruption of himself moved me to an appeal, urgent with all my old unreasonable love for him.

"My way—or your way—it doesn't matter. It's the best of both of us. We've known and understood. That's been a bond between us. We've been just to each other. We can't peter out into ugliness."

He grew suddenly very quiet. He spoke with dignity and gentleness.

"No. You're noble, Fitzroy. I accused you stupidly. I know you better. You love her, and you helped her to bear my son. I wanted to kill you for that. If you had been something less I shouldn't have cared. But you must have touched her heart."

I felt a thickness come into my throat. I said, not daring to look at him, "She and I have always loved each other. To you it must have seemed a tepid, humdrum affair—just as I must seem small and colorless. There were no bands and banners about it. But it was very real, deep-seated. You know my side of it. You were just and generous enough to recognize all that it meant to me. But her side you couldn't see. You swept her off her feet. She was a romantic girl, brought up by a man whose mind belonged to the Middle Ages. She didn't know herself or what your way of living meant to her. She knew before I came. That I came—that wasn't my fault. It was yours. Then she knew something else that I had always known—that she and I belonged to each other."

He shook his head.

"No; you're wrong there. For I am bound up with her. That sort of thing can't be all on one side. Other women—I've left them when the time came. It hasn't mattered. But her —— Why, Fitzroy, I had Marreno in my hand—I had only to close my fingers—and I ran away. There are men who would have died for me who will never forgive me. Oh, I shall win yet! But I didn't care; even if it had been the end of everything I shouldn't have cared."

He was staring in front of him as at something baffling and incredible. All the rest had been the outburst of a proud temper, driven by fear to arrogance and violence; but this came from the heart—a cry of protest and appeal against some inexorable force he could not grapple with.

"I cannot live without her," he said.

I believed him—not that he was weak or cowardly, but that he knew some vital spring in him would break. There was more than love in the struggle. He was fighting for the survival of something fundamental and essential in himself. And I could say nothing, save what was blatantly obvious.

"It's her life we have to think of."

"You're not lying, and yet I don't believe you. She left you to come with me. She is not light-minded or shallow-hearted."

"If she had been either she would have been satisfied with what you gave her. Your ambition—and all that it involved killed her faith in you. It drove you to do things she couldn't forgive—even to being unfaithful to her. God knows where it will drive you in the end."

He said very quietly, "You know that I was not unfaithful."

"I know," I admitted; "and at heart she knows too."

"I had to play every card I had."

"You cheated to win," I answered "That was what mattered."

To my surprise he showed no resentment. Perhaps he did not hear. I doubt if he would have understood. He had begun to move restlessly about the room, picking up broken fragments of his treasures and looking at them with a blind intentness. But for the moment I could not think of him. I was listening. Footsteps sounded on the stone flags outside. They came on steadily, loud and dominant. They held me, as the advance of an overwhelming cataclysm can hold the mind and body in a sort of stupor of attention.

John Smith had stopped too.

"Fitzroy, have you asked her to go with you?"

"I told her that I would take her away."

"Did she consent?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"She was thinking of her duty to you She believes herself your wife."

"Why didn't you tell her?"

I hesitated.

"There was our promise to each other I had to warn you."

I saw a flood of color rush up into his ashen face.

"Yes, she keeps her word too. And she is my wife."

"You can't cheat us with that lie any more, John Smith—none of us—least of all your church."

Then he had one of those flamboyant gestures of the spirit that were fine in their sincerity. "I have not cheated God or myself," he said.

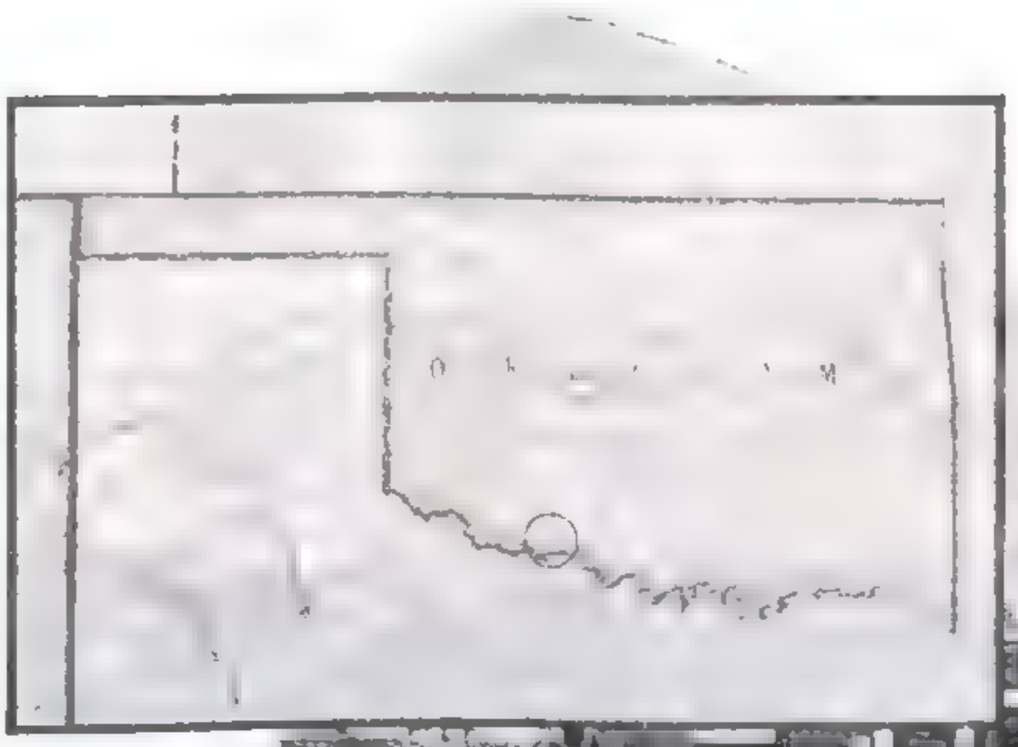
The footsteps had stopped. There was a perceptible pause in which involuntarily we turned towards the door. Against the sunlight the baron's gorilla figure was blocked out in an ominous shadow. He saluted, entered. With him there came a new element of passion into our midst. Fatigue—and he had been three nights and days on the road, for the most part without food and in peril of his life—made him look inhuman. His calm was ugly. He smiled. I caught the white glitter of his teeth through the growth of dirty beard, and they were the fangs of an animal. And when he spoke his voice had a purring savagery, a kind of thick lust close to its satisfaction, that sickened and fascinated me.

"I regret to disturb you, general. The woman of whom I warned you is caught. I arrested her five minutes ago."

(Continued on Page 117)

It's Only a Speck on the Map ~ *But* ~

At Temple, Okla., a town of 906 people, you will find the B & O Cash Store doing a million-dollar retail business! Folks come from miles around and orders by mail from every state but one, and from Alaska and Africa, as a result of Multigraphed advertising.



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(Below) This is the Multigraph Typesetter, which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph.

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Fits through your windshield glass

Continued from Page 114

John Smith remained motionless. His face was turned away from me, but I knew that he was aware of me with every nerve in his body.

"Where?"

"Slinking out of this place. She had one of our men with her—that weak-kneed Englishman, Finney. She'd got at him like she got at the rest of us, devil take her. I would haf shot them both out of hand——"

"What was she doing here?"

"Spying. That's her job. Making for Marreno's headquarters with the news. I tell you I saw her with one of Marreno's officers."

"That wasn't her job here."

John Smith swung round on me. His expression pleaded with me, "Not before this fellow."

He said levelly, "The baron knew this woman in the old days."

"Yes, I knew her. Ah, you may well stare, Herr Graf. I don't look the man to be twisted round a woman's finger. But for that woman's sake I spent three years *Festungsstrafe* and a battalion of good Germans rot in French soil. I was on the staff—she got me drunk—she picked my brains—sold her own people to a filthy English spy. Na, but you don't fool Karl von Eisen with impunity. I've waited—I've waited. I said to myself, 'One of these days you and I will meet again, my fine lady, and then ——'"

His rage, passing all bounds, stifled him. I saw the blood thicken his great neck, and the hairy animal hands tightened convulsively as on the life of an invisible opponent. He began to tremble, and the sight of that ungainly body shaken by hatred made me sick with fear for Paula. And now I could keep silence no longer.

"What she did in the war, you know best, general. She wasn't spying here. She came to find your wife. She found her dying. She nursed her as though she had been her sister. She did finely."

He met my eyes firmly. But the irony of it all must have twisted his heart, poured gall into his blood. If ever Paula sought revenge she had it now.

"I shall not forget."

"There is another thing to be remembered."

"I ask you to wait."

I had faith enough in him to yield. I believed that the German's presence gagged us both. To have dragged our story beneath his debauched and ugly stare would have been intolerable.

"What have you done with her?"

"I sent them both down to the camp—what's left of it."

"When you found her—did she say anything?"

"No." The German's bloodshot eyes widened as at something that could still astonish him. "She laughed, general."

That was like her. I could see her, too; I could hear her laughter—ironical, but good-humored.

"What do you want, baron?"

He ran the tip of his tongue over his cracked lips.

"Orders—a wall and a firing squad."

I made a movement. His hand lifted—very slightly. It was an appeal, a reassurance.

"Do nothing till I come."

"Well, I haf waited some years, general. I can wait an hour or two."

"It is not a matter of revenge, baron."

Then he spoke in Spanish—softly and hurriedly—and I saw the baron turn on me with a stare, amazed and quizzical, as though a sudden joke had been sprung on him.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr General.*"

He clicked his heels, bowed ceremoniously and stepped back into the sunlight. The door closed. It shut us in an ominous dusk. I heard his great voice booming an order. It seemed to me that I had been spellbound, and now suddenly the power that had held me broke and I was free. I turned on him. It was like a duel in which for a moment he was thrown on the defensive.

"What was it you said to him?"

"Nothing—nothing that in any way concerns Paula."

"You are not telling the truth. What was it you said?"

"You will know presently."

"You ordered her execution."

"No."

But I saw his face—saw it too late. It was set. His purpose, which had grown in silence and darkness, was written there in its full enormity. But overshadowing it was the realization that the thing he did was evil—the first tragic realization of evil as a definite alternate which he had accepted. He looked tortured, terrible, and inflexible.

"Give me your word."

"I swear to you, Fitzroy."

"I don't believe you—I daren't."

I made for the door. I heard him call to me—a warning, an appeal—I don't know. I half expected to hear the crack of his revolver, silencing me, clearing me from his path finally. But he made no move. He stood passive, himself resigned.

The door opened before me. I had a confused vision of bright sunlight, of black shadows that threw themselves on me and became hot, smothering bodies. They bore me down under their overwhelming weight. Their faces, distorted by their nearness, seemed to be all eyes and mouths, gaping and panting into mine. Their hands were at my throat. From far off John Smith's voice came to my drumming ears, subdued yet urgent.

"Go easy with him."

I wanted to shout the truth at them. But my voice failed. They had my one arm pinioned. I fought with my whole body. It seemed to go interminably. I forgot why I fought. It had been for Paula's life—and then in some extraordinary way it was for him. It was as though I saw him riding headlong into an ambush, and I couldn't reach him—couldn't shout. "Take care! You don't know what you are doing!"

They bore me backwards. They were growing angry. One man against a dozen. I must have hurt some of them. A blow caught me clean between the eyes and sent me reeling and sick against the wall. For a moment they fell back. They knew I was finished. They could wait. My knees gave under me. I slid down, collapsed upon myself like a broken doll. The floor seemed to melt away, and in the black pit where I fell I saw his face, bent over me, white and inexorable.

"Not strong enough, Fitzroy. You see, not strong enough."

Then he was gone.

XXXIX

THEY must have taken me away at once. For I came to in a strange place. At least it was strange to me at first. But after a little, when my aching and confused senses had steadied, I remembered, and it seemed to me significant that he should have brought me here. He had chosen his road. Wherever it led him, he would follow it to the end.

There was no window. But by the faint streak of daylight from under the door I could see the hollows of the filthy flooring. I could even make out the black stain where the little Quetzelangan soldier had died. A heap of straw had been thrown down for me. Perhaps he had conceded me so much—or someone had felt the indignity to a white man, or taken pity on me. But my feet were chained like those of the wretched peons who had trailed past me on their way down to the San Juan mine.

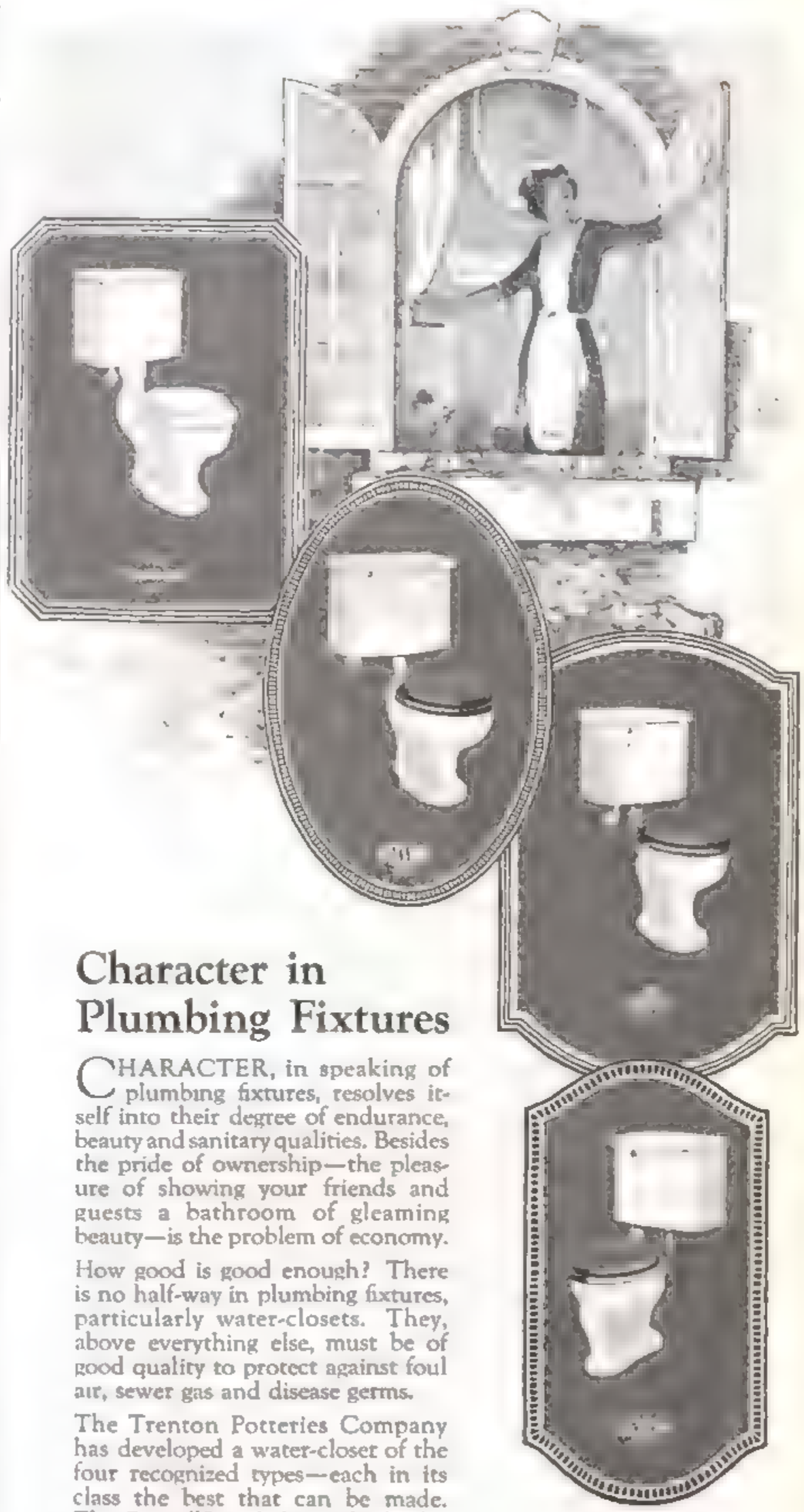
So, like them, I had become dangerous.

I enjoyed a brief, childish triumph. He was not laughing at me now. He was afraid. But that phase passed quickly. I had a glimpse of what his fear involved, and I remember struggling madly to my feet and shouting in a voice that cracked and trailed off into a groan, and of dropping face downwards by the door against which I had tried to fling myself. After that my body was a thing apart from me. I saw it lying there in a pool of filth, sometimes inert, sometimes shaken with fever, and I didn't care. My mind had broken loose. It traveled as the mind of a dying man is supposed to travel, over the whole course of my life, seeking obstinately. And at every turn I met him and we fought each other, locked together in a grip that was like the embrace of a terrible love, and each time he was too much for me. And each time I got up and went on. It was Lisbeth I wanted—Lisbeth I had to find.

"We belong to each other," I told him.

He seemed to grow bigger—to blot out the very light. It was like throwing myself against those mountains or against great embattled walls. I felt that the struggle had gone on from a beginning beyond memory—that there was no end possible, but that I couldn't give up.

I suppose I must have lain there in a sort of delirium for many hours. At least when the door opened no light came through save that from a lantern which he held high, illuminating dimly his face and mine. I made some attempt to rise, and without a



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word he lifted me and carried me to my straw bed, setting me down so that I lay half upright, my head against the adobe wall

So we remained a moment considering each other. We must have made a significant contrast. All the signs of struggle and suffering seemed to have been thrown off with the war-stained uniform. He looked composed, icily self-assured. My body lay there anyhow, like a broken thing, and there was drying blood and filth on my face. And yet for once I knew that I was a match for him and that he would never be able to spare me again.

To his perfunctory "I'm sorry for all this," I answered, "There is no need." And he knew what I meant, and lifted ironic brows at me.

"You drive me to do things I do not wish to do, Fitzroy."

"You drive yourself," I answered coolly. "You're caught in the machine you've made. You're more helpless than I am."

"The smaller a man is the freer he is," he returned with the same dispassionateness. "If you act you have to take the consequences. One step involves another."

"Have you come here to philosophize over me?"

"No."

"Or to tell me that you have done with your wife?"

"You mean Paula, don't you? She was court-martialed this morning."

"And condemned?"

"According to the rules of war."

"You and the baron between you ——"

"I was not present."

"You wash your hands in innocency. You used to be braver than that."

He remained motionless, almost stockish, his eyes fixed steadily on some point above my head like a man hypnotizing himself.

"I warned her. I warned you both. She chose to disregard me."

"When is she to die?"

"It is better you should not know."

I dragged myself onto my elbow, looking up into his face, trying to force him to meet my eyes.

"You're going to save her."

"It's impossible."

"You'll have no peace for all the rest of your days if you allow this abominable thing."

"I have never wanted peace."

"How can her death help you? If you were afraid of her betraying you to Lisbeth—you know that you need not be afraid again. She could have told her story before now."

He made his first move—a queer gesture of the hand, defensive, painful. He spoke half to himself.

"They say she would not even answer their questions."

"And she might have ruined you; not with the fact that she was your wife—that doesn't matter now—but with that Brussels story. Do you think that German would forgive? He would hate you more than he hates her. And he has a following. You've left Decies in the lurch. You must have lost ground enough."

I was arguing with a shrewd coolness I did not feel. My head felt like a ball of fire, and I was afraid.

His face was as still as though it were carved from stone.

"It's too late."

"What do you mean?"

"She was shot two hours ago."

I drew away from him. If he had been hideous, if I had hated him, he would not have caused that physical shrinking. He would have been a devil, alien, beyond my comprehension, a thing almost of indifference. But there was that ineradicable nobility about him. It was like looking at a once lovely face, eaten by a cancerous sore. He had become horrible, and he knew. His eyes wavered and dropped to seek mine, and I saw that behind that impassive mask there was an unfree and troubled spirit.

"Couldn't you have waited till sunrise?" I asked bitterly. "Even the worst traitors get that much grace."

"Decies has captured the city. He has sent for me. I rejoin him tonight."

"And you wanted to make sure?"

"There was something else I had to do first."

He offered me a baffling enigma. I felt that he had been on the point of some explanation and had drawn back. But I only wanted to be free of him.

"Well, I'm in your hands. You can shoot me too. You probably will. I don't see how you can help yourself. But at least have the consideration to leave me alone. I have the right to die decently—and you sicken me."

"There is a chivalry of the weak towards the strong," he returned with a deadly evenness. "You abuse your position, Fitzroy."

"Leave chivalry aside. You are out of court."

He remained motionless, his arms rigid at his sides, like an automaton

"I don't want to harm you. I have never harmed anyone needlessly. You can insult me—you won't force my hand against you. If you will leave this country at once, and promise me never to return or molest us again, you can go. I know that if you promise you will keep your word."

"I'm afraid you'll have to shoot me, general."

"Under what conditions will you go?"

"I will take my wife with me. After that I hope never to set eyes on you again."

"You cannot marry Lisbeth now."

"She is free to marry whom she chooses."

"She is my wife." He gave each word its weight. "She was married to me an hour ago according to the law and the rites of my church. That was what you wanted. You should be satisfied now, Fitzroy. You should go in peace."

I tried to rise, but a kind of horrible giddiness came over me. There seemed nothing fixed in the universe but that slender figure, challenging me with its immobility. And then in a flash of illumination I saw it all and laughed, and my laughter brought the sweat to his face.

"So it was for that? Why, you're just like any other cheap-Jack bigamist, flying to murder as a way out!" I broke off, for insult was beneath my loathing of him and in some strange way he was beyond its reach. "There was a time when the law meant nothing to you," I went on with deliberation. "You made your own law. Lisbeth was your wife to you. That was good enough. You may have been right. At any rate, you were a man then. One could respect you for what you were. Now you are a mean coward and a blackguard, making the law your shield and your cat's-paw."

"She is my wife," he repeated stonily. "She has always believed herself my wife, and now it's the truth. You know her code well enough. If you value her happiness you will go away from here."

"I've done with her happiness. I've thought too much of it. I'm thinking of her peace. She can't live with you now. If she is not dead already you will kill her. I know what's in your mind. You think that once I'm out of the way, and the past buried in Paula's grave, you'll win her back—sweep her off her feet as you did before. You can't. You're not the same man, and she knows. She'll know what you've done. Whether you shoot me or not, she'll know. She'll see it in your face, she'll feel it in your touch, she'll smell it in your very breath."

He struck me then—with his full strength. The blood began to flow again, blinding me. I rubbed it from my eyes. He stood back from me, staring at me with a kind of horror.

"Well," I said, "why not go on? It wouldn't be the first time you've done a man to death here. And Lisbeth found him—as she will find me."

"Will you leave the country? Will you give me your word?"

"No. So long as she and I are alive we shall meet each other. I shall tell her what you are."

"You drive me, Fitzroy, you drive me—— Haven't you understood?"

"I understand that you have damned yourself to keep her, and that you've lost her."

He made no answer. After a moment he took the lantern from the nail where he had hung it and went to the door. From there he looked back at me, strangely, eagerly, as though even then he half expected some sign from me. But I turned my face to the filthy wall, and as he went out I heard the clang of an iron bar falling in its place.

XL

BARON VON EISEN and two legionaries fetched me at sunrise. I supposed that I was going to my execution, and managed to stand up and carry myself with sufficient dignity. The baron, shaved, immaculate and official, made a grimace of understanding.

"Not this time, my friend. Later, perhaps."

(Continued on Page 121)

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Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner

Continued from Page 118

Some sort of friendly feeling he had for me got the upper hand of his severity. He got me food, helped me to bind up my damaged head.

"You haf a long ride before you," he explained, "and a live man is easier to carry than a corpse. Now if you will give me your parole we shall travel comfortably, like gentlemen."

I refused and he nodded a sort of approval.

"I do not blame you. On parole there is no amusement left for anyone. Escape if you can, and I will shoot you if I can, and no ill will on either side."

"May I know my destination?"

"The city prison. I am sorry. It is not a pleasant place."

"Then Marreno has been driven out?"

"Thanks to Decies. A fine soldier, though an Englishman. Without him —— Na, the general should be reentering in triumph now."

He must have seen my eyes seeking the hill above us where the ruins of the San Juan hacienda were blackly visible. He added in a low grumbling tone, "She has gone with him. He had a litter made. He had to go—he would not leave her."

"He is mad. He is risking her life."

"H'm yes. I fear so, too, poor lady."

I think he felt he had said and done too much. He had me mounted with scant gentleness on a Mexican pony, my feet made fast under the animal's belly. I laughed at him.

"Evidently a prisoner of importance, baron."

"Of great importance, Herr Graf," he answered with solemnity.

Two legionaries rode on either side of me. But as we passed through the charred and still smoldering encampment a second prisoner and guard joined us. In the former I recognized that one-time lieutenant in the Quetzelangan Army, Albert Finney, now a woebegone and battered figure of disgrace. He winked at me. It was a very fleeting wink—a mere drop of an eyelid with no devil behind it—and it left his face with a look of imperturbable resignation. I think he was glad to see me, for his own sake, and sorry, too, as I was for him; but though we rode side by side, we had no chance to speak to each other. His cautious "Seems like our funeral procession, capting," ended in a gasp as the butt end of a rifle caught him in the ribs.

So we returned along the trail which to me was like the thread of an enchanted memory. I could close my eyes and feel her head on my shoulder, and a rush of happiness, such as I had not known since I was a boy, poured over me in a warm flood. Perhaps I was light-headed still. At least it seems hard to reconcile my real state to the strange sense of exultation that possessed me. My mind knew that there was no hope. Even if Lisbeth could survive the physical trial his ruthless ambition had imposed on her, even if her faith penetrated to the cause of my disappearance, there remained the fact that he would not dare to let me live. I had challenged him and he had no choice. And yet I had for the first time a conviction of my ascendancy. It was like the turn of a tide—that subtle change when in a long, bitter struggle a fighter feels the power passing into his hands.

Dawn broadened out into a sultry, gloomy day. The sun came up behind the cliffs of wan mountains and drank up the shadows of the deep ravines, emptying them to their grim depths of rocky desolation. It was like the drying up of great lakes whose bottoms were littered with a giantesque, prehistoric death. Agua's cold, pyramidal shadow moved with us, sinister and silent as a ghost. In the world that encompassed us there seemed one living central force. It brooded over us. Wherever else the eye wandered for a moment, in the end it came back, fascinated. In some strange way it forced even me from my dreams to a troubled wonder. Yet it had always been there—that horned and hunchbacked figure—that plume of smoke so steady and unchanging that it seemed like a painted wraith against the hard blue tropic sky.

It was only some trick of sunlight that gave a faint glow to its outer pennants. Imagination—not the wind—carried a whiff of acid-tasting heat against my face. And yet once my pony stopped short, snuffing the air and trembling.

We halted at midday beside a stream. Horses and men were parched with thirst, but the water which I remembered for its sweet freshness was hot and tasted loathsomely sulphuric. The disappointment brought about a kind of uneasy exasperation which seemed to affect even the baron's iron nerves. He became insolent and brutal, bullying his men, who scowled back at him and whispered sullenly to one another.

But I lay face downwards in the long coarse grass and dreamed peacefully. Lisbeth had passed this way. Where she had gone I was going. I was not a prisoner, but a rescuer. Some great event, like a giant's hand, was closing down on us all. But she and I loved each other and after the way of lovers had become immortal and invulnerable.

In my broken dreams my face was pressed gently against hers. I awoke suddenly. The grass was hot under my cheek. It was as though a living thing under me had quivered and then lain still.

After that there was a change in our relationship. We were less prisoners and captors than a handful of survivors traveling through a vast wilderness the unseen master of which brooded over us with a malevolent patience. As night swept down upon us, blotting out all but the topmost peaks, and the gray column from Fuego became a red plume shaken by a sinister wind, we drew closer to one another. Discipline was forgotten. Poor Finney, bunched in his saddle like a doll from which all the stuffing has oozed out, muttered to me unreproved.

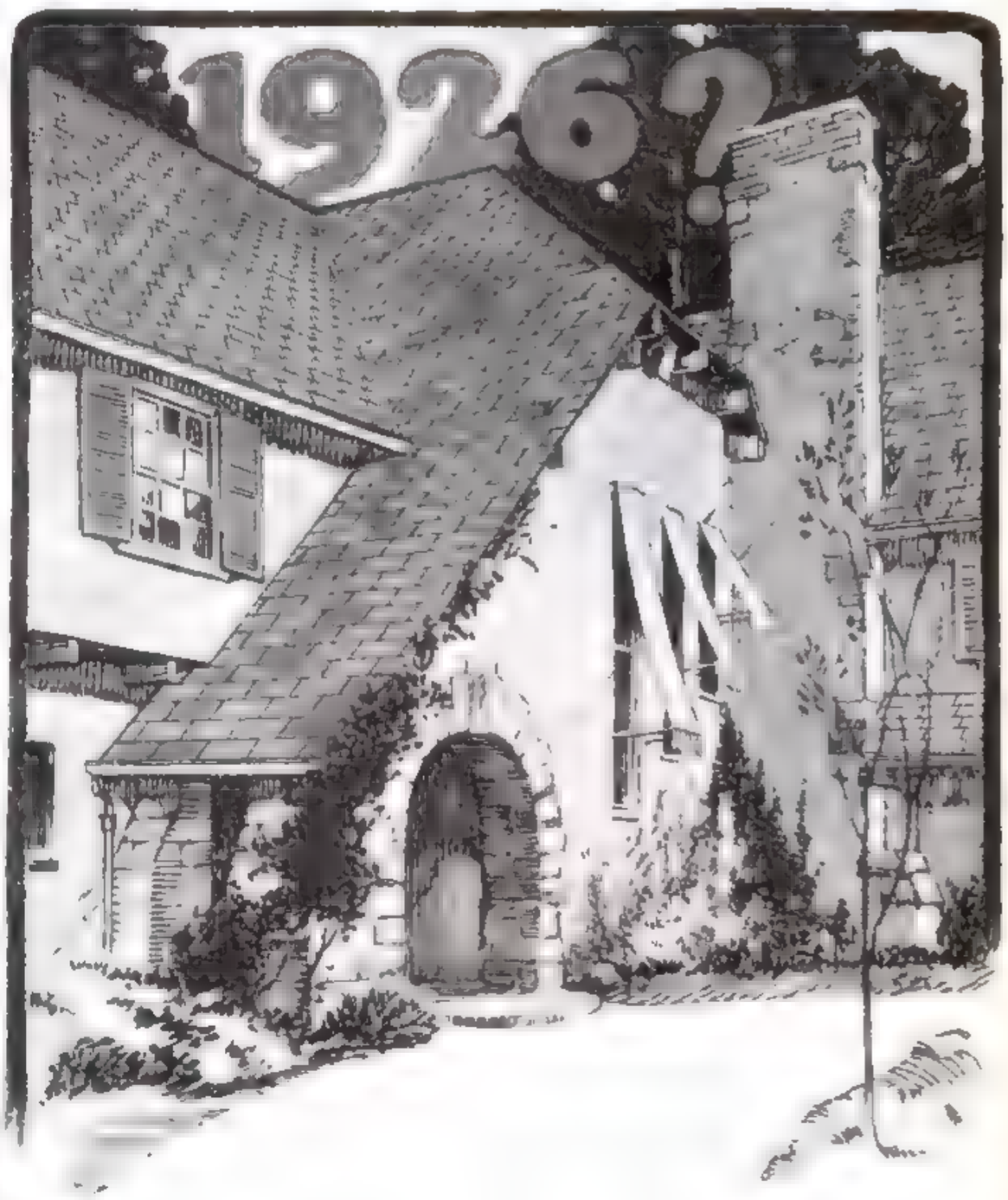
"I never thought I'd want to see West 'Am again," he said. "But I do. I'd give something for a whiff of those prize kippers Mary'd 'ave for supper. I bet she's got the shop going all right. She's a first-rater, Mary is. I don't like to think about the way I treated 'er, leaving 'er to it. Not very lively for 'er, either, now I comes to look back, that get up, get your breakfast and your dinner and your tea and go ter bed again. Some'ow one always expects women ter put up with things. Anyway, she's got the bulge on me this time." He sighed heavily. "Not that I'm complainin'. I asked fer trouble and now I've got it. Wot I don't like's this spy business. I don't want to be shot fer mixing with spies. I never did like 'em. It's a dirty game. But 'ow was I to know? Seemed all right to both of us, didn't she? Rather a good sort, I should 'ave said. And 'ere we are in the soup. Well, to think of us two squeezin' through the Great War and then getting done in by a blasted female ——"

The baron's voice joined in through the dark, troubled and sullen.

"You're not the first and you won't be the last, my friends. She got me before she got you—Karl von Eisen, who hadn't cared a hell's curse for any woman. *Ach*, but you should have seen her then. She was beautiful; not pretty, but like a storm at sea—like a regiment on the march with its flags flying and its bands playing. Yes, and she could be gentle, and her gentleness turned your bones to water. You didn't care what muck heap she sprang from. It was as though Aphrodite herself took your head on her breast." His voice dropped. He was not speaking to us, not to himself, but to the night, to some spirit that he believed walked beside him. "It was all a trick. She fooled me for some other man. Yes, she sold her own people for him. She was a devil. Justice has been done—mere justice. And yet when she walked to that wall you would haf thought —— *Ach, Gott*, we are poor things after all. Our knees shook under us. She was a loose woman—a woman of the streets. It was written all over her; but I could haf thrown myself at her feet. I would haf covered her body with mine from those accursed bullets. And—and I gave the order—and she smiled at me—like she did that night in Brussels."

He said no more. I could have sworn if tears had not seemed so incredible in him—that he was crying. My own throat hurt me. For I could see her and the large and gallant gesture of her death. I seemed to look into her mind at that last minute. After all, she had not pulled down the temple in ruins. She had held her hand and covered the confusion of her life with a last fineness. Things were tidied up now, and beautiful, as at heart she had always wanted them to be. Now she could really be quiet and at peace.

After that we rode on in unbroken silence. At midnight we reached the city, staggering up from one more orgy of internecine bloodshed. The dead still littered the streets, lay huddled in the doorways where they had crawled instinctively for shelter. Men



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stumbled carelessly over their bodies. There were the illuminations that were always at hand to welcome the latest conqueror.

"*Viva el liberador!*"

"*Viva el Unidad* ——"

There was the liberator's name, roughly marked out in candlelights, on the façade of the Teatro Nacional. Very queer it looked in its bald, its almost incredible Englishness. "John Smith." One couldn't believe in it. It was like a mask covering a face.

A column of legionaries swung past us. They were the recruits that had just come up from Puerto Madero. They had been blooded, and as they came under the flickering tawdry illumination they lifted their caps and cheered. They were like boys drunk with the joy of life, and yet they were grown men.

One of them who brushed against my stirrup was a grizzled veteran. But they were free. He had set them free—not from pain or privation or death, but from the bondage of civilization, the curse of law, the curse of order and brotherhood. He had given them back their ancient inheritance—the right to kill and show no mercy, to risk their lives in their own fashion, for their own ends.

But we had been terribly alone, and I saw the baron slump in his saddle, watching with a gloomy impatience.

"We are survivals," he said. "We fight. That is our *métier*. But some of us haf begun to think. We cannot help ourselves. I, for instance—soon all these will be thinking, too, and the joy will go out of them. We shall not fight any more. The last thing will haf been taken from us. And what then? What shall we live for? Can you tell me that, Herr Doktor? No, I will tell you. Nothing. So we shall die. We shall not kill others—we shall kill ourselves." He laughed. "Peace—that is the danger."

"One we have to face," I answered.

"Well, you will need all your courage—more courage than I have. *Gott sei dank*, I shall be dead."

We rode up to low gray walls and a barred gateway. A guard of native soldiery turned out to meet us. A ragged Quetzelangan underofficer took his orders, his little monkey eyes, bright and inhuman, twinkling at us in the lantern light. The baron turned his horse, bringing it alongside mine, facing me. He spoke in a rapid undertone:

"One thing I wish to say to you, Herr Graf—something which has puzzled and troubled me. Yesterday I was witness to a strange ceremony a little priest, half out of his wits with terror and as puzzled as I was, and a woman married to her husband—I do not think she was quite conscious. She said your name often, Herr Graf—your first name. I tell you this because —— Now, if I see her, haf you any message?"

"Tell her that I am alive and well," I answered, "and to trust to me."

He looked at me very gravely.

"I will tell her that. We part company here. I regret it deeply." He took my hand and pressed it hard. "In case we do not meet again—I haf enjoyed many hours with you, Herr Graf. There are fine fellows everywhere. *Schade* that we haf to kill one another."

He saluted me with great ceremony, perhaps as one about to die. Finney he did not so much as glance at. Then he rode off, jangling and clattering like some old-time knight at arms, into the darkness.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

STORE SERVICE PROBLEMS

Typical of the varied and complicated merchandising problems which are put up to us daily is the following:

Problem No. 2 The store where first floor volume had outgrown the capacity for service and stock carrying requirements in practically every department. Expansion was impossible because no further ground space was available. The solution of this problem is covered in a very interesting and comprehensive report to merchants upon request.

Judge the New Way Organization By Its Record of Performance

HOW better could we sum up the performance of our Store Planning and Production organizations than to say that our volume comes almost entirely from retailers who have been influenced by old clients whom we have been serving for more than a quarter century?

To us has been entrusted the solution of some of the most complicated architectural and merchandising problems of many of the largest retail stores in the country. The same resourceful staff has also recognized the equal seriousness of the every-day problems and requirements of thousands of smaller merchants.

Of necessity, the New Way Store Planning Staff has grown with our steadily increasing production facilities. Serving such a large proportion of the equipment needs of the merchants throughout the country with unmatched manufacturing resources the cost of New Way equipment is correspondingly low.

The New Way System is increasing volume and lowering operating costs for retailers large and small. It is an investment which pays liberal dividends and helps the store to a greater, more rapid and more substantial growth. It is Standardized and Flexible, and can be tested by a simple installation in one or more departments. Actual results invariably justify quick expansion.

Ask for Catalog "A" for Dry Goods, General, and Department Stores; Catalog "B" for Clothing and Furnishings; Catalog "S" for Shoe Stores; Catalog "D" for Drug Stores. Local representatives in every section; shall one call? Tell us if you wish the above survey.

GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE COMPANY

World's Largest Designers and Manufacturers of Complete Store Equipment

FACTORIES: GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. - PORTLAND, ORE.

OFFICES IN MOST PRINCIPAL CITIES. CONSULT TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

The NEW WAY

STORE PLANNING SERVICE - PRODUCTION - MERCHANDISING COUNSEL

The Poets' Corner

Somewhere

SOMEWHERE, in some land,
Winding to the sea,
Still waits the creek road,
Beckoning to me.
Birds in the willow ways,
Dragon flies awing;
Somewhere, in some land,
There's another spring.

God made the creek road,
Winding to the sea;
Fern banks and rock moss,
Bird minstrelsy;
God gave the happy shade;
Man brought the fire;
Man left the creek road
Ugliness and mire.

Ax blows and bitter flame;
Smoke along the stream;
Green leaves and yellow wings
Vanished in a dream;
Still sings the waterfall;
Still into my ears
Comes the haunting bird song
Up along the years.

Time sweeps the sickle on;
Age browns the hill;
Slow runs the water now;
Bright wings are still;
Gone are the sycamores,
Grapevines—and oh!
Where wave the willow ways
I cherished so?

Tick, tock—tick, tock—
Years flying by;
Room for a wistful glance,
Room for a sigh;
Room for a wondering—
Where have they gone?
Glad years and young years
Underneath the dawn.

God made the creek road;
Beauty never dies;
Somewhere, in some land,
Under sunny skies,
Still sings the little creek,
Still hum the bees,
Still laughs the summer wind,
Tangled in the trees;
Somewhere, in some land,
Winding to the sea,
Still waits the creek road,
Beckoning to me.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

For a Friend

MEN think I love your eyes, your hair,
Your voice—and seeing you so fair

Do never wonder that I find
In you such solace for my mind

And heart; but this, none ever guess—
It is not all your loveliness

Of form—all that which visibly
Attracts—that is your charm, for me;

But something far more sweet and true
Than accidents of time, are you,

And what I love is that which lies
Beyond the laughter of your eyes,

Beyond the beauty of your face—
A something full of inward grace,

A something ardent, vivid, pure,
Fragile—though infinite and sure;

A something childish, and yet old—
And at once passionate and cold.

For this I love you; and I know
I love what may not ever grow

Old—what will not slip away,
Nor can diminish nor decay.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The Trail to Peace

THE trails of the world are only two:
The trail to work and the trail to you.
I climb with a song to work; but best
The trail to you is the trail to rest.

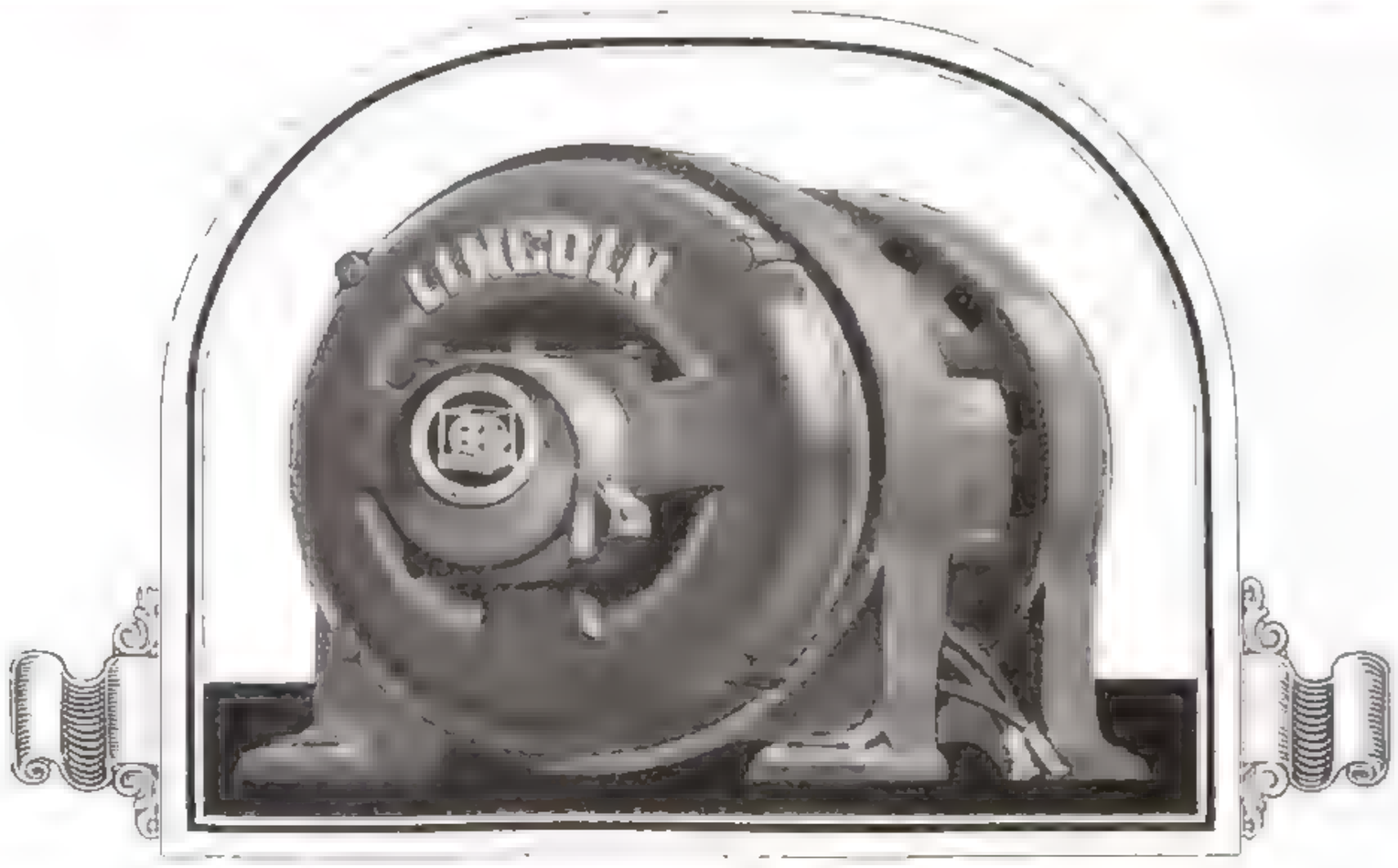
The road to you is the road to peace.
Here in your hands my doubtings cease.
My struggles and scorn and hurts I lay
In your palms, and you shut them all away.

You crush them and fling them from you, telling
Me all I've forgot; and I feel love welling
Fresh in my heart each time as new
As if I had never been mad for you;

As if I had never found peace before
At the end of your path beside your door.
Soon I'll take the trail to my work anew,
But tonight I may climb to peace and you!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



The Price is *Fixed*— Like the Quality

There is only one quality of Lincoln Motor—and likewise *only one price.*

If you are a user of Lincoln Motors you can be sure that no other user is getting them for less money.

If you are selling Lincoln Motors you can always depend on the same margin of profit to reward you for your work.

We have no special deals or discounts for "the tough buyer" or for "close competition."

It is not necessary for us to sell at a high price on a non-competitive job in order to make up what we lose when in stiff competition.

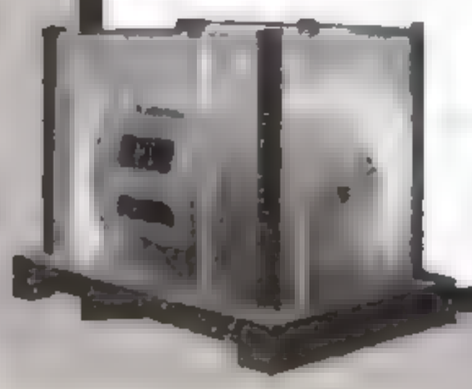
We have no processes, held in reserve, by which we make the motor better at "slight additional cost."

Every Lincoln Motor is as good as it can be made and every Lincoln Motor is sold at the *same fixed price.*

You cannot afford to buy motors until you have the Lincoln price on your requirements.

Branch Offices
Boston
Buffalo
Charlotte, N.C.
Chicago
Cincinnati

Branch Offices
Detroit
Minneapolis
New York City
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh



THE LINCOLN ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Offices and Factory: Cleveland, Ohio
The Lincoln Electric Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal
European Representatives: Allen-Liversidge, Ltd., London

"Link Up With Lincoln"

Manufacturers also of the famous
LINCOLN WELDER

Over-Sunday Hotels

Plan your week-end, when you're traveling, to bring you to one of these cities—and you won't dread your Sunday. For Sunday is a pleasant day, in these hotels.

When you get up you will find that a morning paper has been slipped noiselessly under your door—just as on other days—while you slept.

If you want to stay in bathrobe and slippers your breakfast will be sent up to your room.

There's a desk, well supplied with stationery, right at hand; there's circulating ice-water; there's a clean and comfortable bathroom the other side of a long-mirrored door; there's a well-selected library waiting your telephone call for a book to match your mood.

When you want to be among people, you go downstairs to luxurious lounging rooms, provided with chairs built especially for lazy men's comfort. Employees schooled in courtesy and thoughtfulness are anxious to "be out of the way" until they're wanted—and then right at hand and helpful. Excellent restaurants invite you; at certain hours an orchestra plays for you.

Sunday *is* a pleasant day, in these hotels.

Some Extra Values You Get in These Hotels:

Many of the newer of the country's first-class hotels give you some of these things; but, so far as we know, the Statlers are still unique in providing all of them:

Every—*every*—room in these hotels has a private bath, circulating ice-water, full-length mirror, completely-equipped writing desk, reading-lamp on bed-head or portable reading-lamp, desk-lamp, pin-cushion (with threaded needles, buttons, etc.), besides the more usual conveniences.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street or street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

And the Rates:

Though *every room has private bath* and running ice-water, Statler rates are no higher than those of other first-class hotels—which means that they give you *extra values, whatever the rate.* These hotels are well-balanced, too; more than 82% of all rooms in Hotels Statler are $5 or less, as are also more than 55% of all those in Hotel Pennsylvania.

Statler Service is Guaranteed

We *guarantee* that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write *to me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.
BOSTON: *Now preparing to build* at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

STATLER and Statler-operated HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees

Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

They had to tear her house down to get it out, Sim says. He says he has had it set up again on a vacant lot and is going to build a new house around it.

Joe Strakatt went to Nashville on a business trip recently. While he was there his wife decided she wanted a phonograph, but couldn't think of the name of it, so she wrote to bring "one of these here musical instruments that plays itself." Joe brought back a canary bird.

One of Si Bimm's kids went to the grocery for a pound of brown sugar yesterday. When he got home he had a pound and a half, having spilled it in the road on the way home.

Joe Tompkins visited his brother Ike at Yellow Dog last week. Ike showed him all the sights and places of interest in the town, including a house where no bootlegging was being done.

Oscar Jones was wearing gravel in his shoe the other day so he could forget the toothache.

Joe Nelson's barn burned to the ground one day last week. The insurance was only partially covered by the barn, Joe admits.

John Bimm courted his girl so much over the telephone the other day that Aunt Emmy Shanks, who is on the same party line, let her whole dinner burn up.

Ez Strakatt says he's going to have the law on those slick swindlers at the carnival. Ez, who is six-foot-eight, paid a quarter to see the giant, who is six-foot-seven.

Hiram Loze took his fifteen kids down and had their group picture made the other day. He has mailed copies of the family panorama to all his friends.

Guy Judson, who has been used to driving a mule, built a fire under his new flivver yesterday when it refused to move. It moved.

The villain of the high-school play was throttling the beautiful heroine the other night when Uncle Josh Strakatt yelled out from the front row, "Be careful, young man! When I loaned you my store teeth to wear in this show you promised you wouldn't gnash 'em!"

Oscar Todd's bad habit of eating with his knife has become "such an amusing eccentricity," Oscar having struck oil on his farm.

Tight-'Un Watkins, the richest man in four counties, loosened up last week and bought a nickel pencil—on the installment plan.

Johnny Dukes, champion expectorator of Yellow Dog County, missed a twenty-foot shot at the sawdust box in Strakatt's grocery yesterday for the first time in twenty years, a loose tooth deflecting his aim.

Jim Brown says he's tired of getting up every morning and washing the dog tracks off his face. He says he'll either have to lock the dogs out of the house or quit whistling in his sleep.

Joe Fox was bragging again yesterday about the fighting spirit that he naturally inherits, his father and General Grant's great-uncle having been buried in the same cemetery.

Sim Little knew how to set dice so they would roll any desired number, but he couldn't do it when they made him rattle 'em. However, he finally thought of a solution. He concealed another pair in his cuff, so that when he shook the pair in his hand the pair in his cuff would rattle. The following will serve as pallbearers ——

Jim Todd called this editor outside yesterday to show us a freak animal -a two-headed jack. After he got us to come out Jim pulled a deck of cards out of his pocket and showed us -the jack of clubs. Jim would have been thirty years old next Thursday.

A home-talent performance of The Comedy of Errors was given over at Hogtown this week. Shakspere furnished the comedy and the home talent the errors.

Pedestrian Ike Moons was barely missed by a flivver yesterday. Ike is still trying to find out who threw it at him.

The butcher, Binks, pulled a good one yesterday at the expense of the poet, Milton. When a dog came in and went smelling around his meat block he yelled out, "Hence, loathèd smellin' collie."

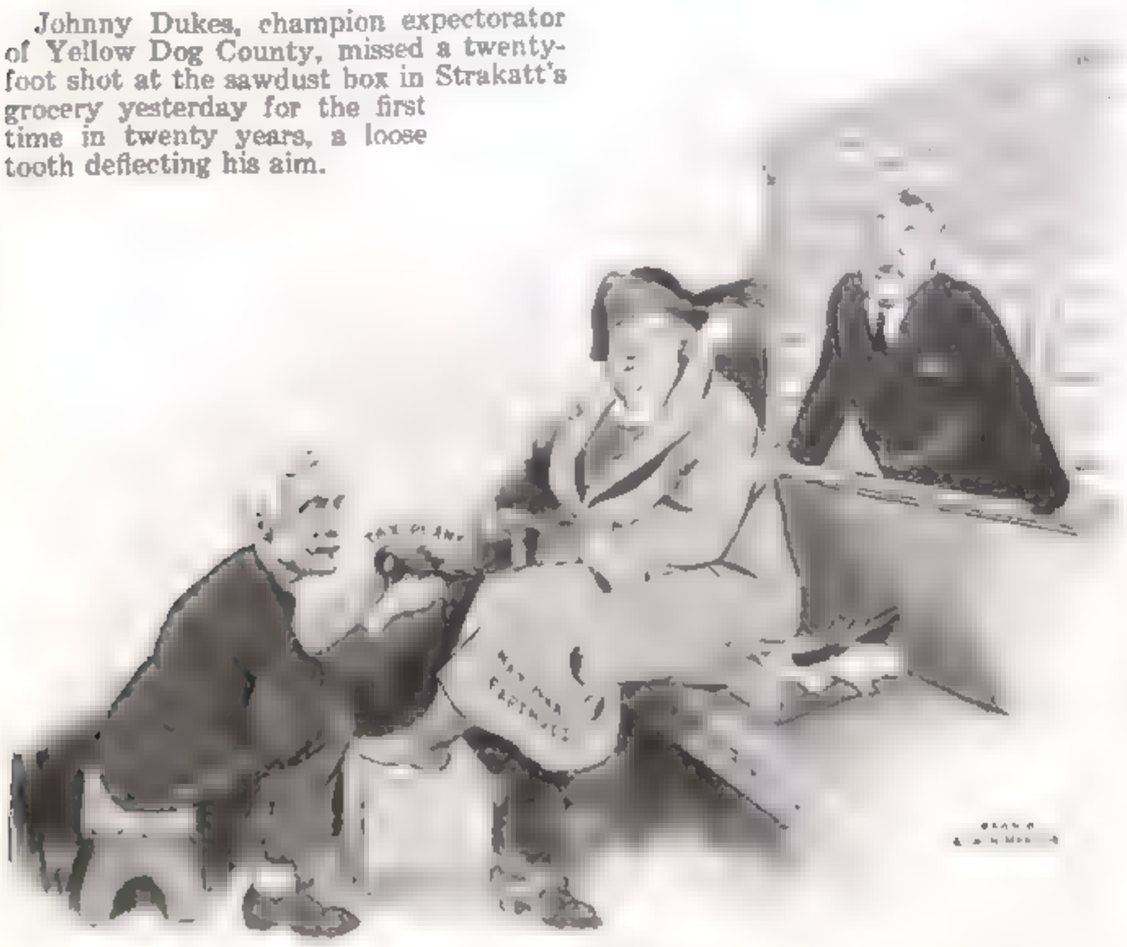
Jim Lucas reports that he drove down to the garage yesterday to have the knock taken out of his knees.

Our Turtle Track correspondent writes: "A brick fell off Joe Thomas' chimney yesterday. If anything else ever happens down here I'll let you know."

The good citizens of Swampbogg got together yesterday and advised a certain bootlegger to choose this town for his former home, his last two cases having proved kickless.

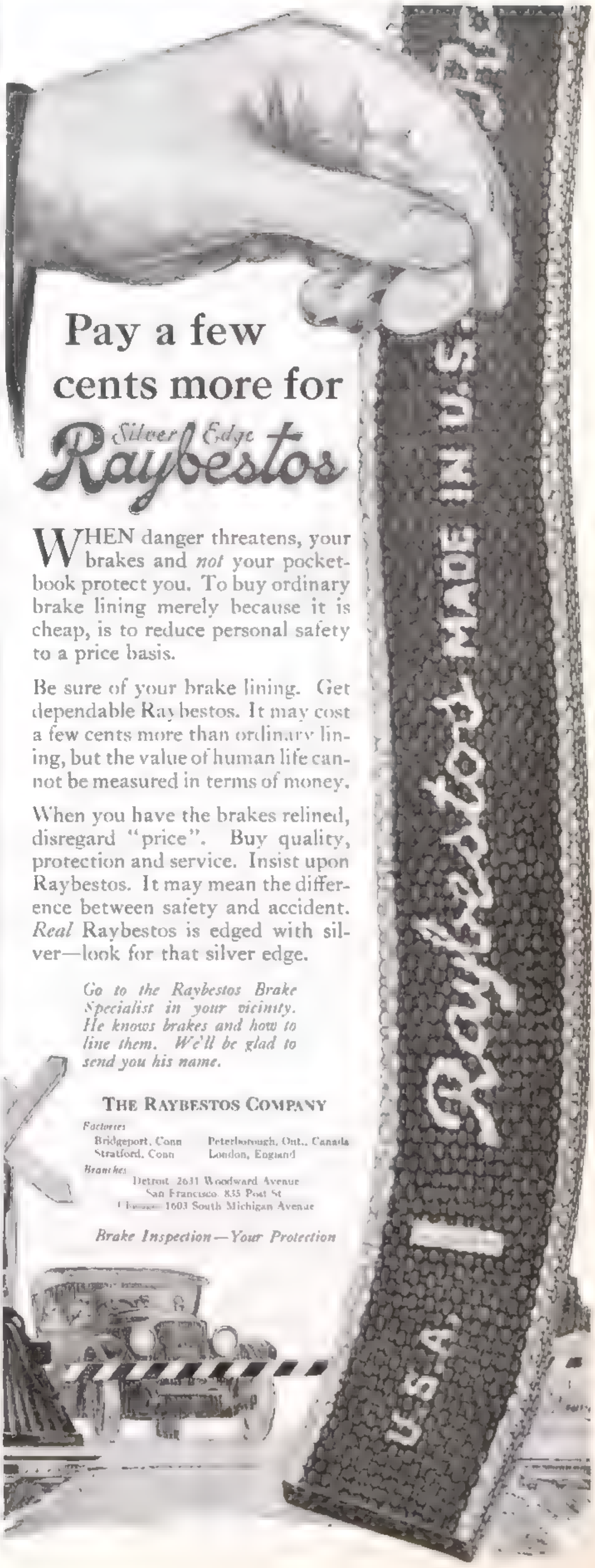
Bud Picton announces that he has invented a combination churn and washing machine but doesn't tell us how it's to be used. His last invention was a combination baby carriage and tea cart.

The Turtle Creek editor claims his town is healthier than Swampbogg. He's crazy. As a matter of fact, Turtle Creek is so



THE FLATTERER

Rival Salesman: "Pardon Me, Madam—But I Could Fit You With a Better Shoe"


Pay a few cents more for
Silver Edge Raybestos
WHEN danger threatens, your brakes and not your pocketbook protect you. To buy ordinary brake lining merely because it is cheap, is to reduce personal safety to a price basis.
Be sure of your brake lining. Get dependable Raybestos. It may cost a few cents more than ordinary lining, but the value of human life cannot be measured in terms of money.
When you have the brakes relined, disregard "price". Buy quality, protection and service. Insist upon Raybestos. It may mean the difference between safety and accident. Real Raybestos is edged with silver—look for that silver edge.
Go to the Raybestos Brake Specialist in your vicinity. He knows brakes and how to line them. We'll be glad to send you his name.
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Brake Inspection—Your Protection
MADE IN U.S.A.

Home Life Just Naturally Centers About the Straube

Mother loves it for the hours it brightens, the dreams it brings back. Dad, though he doesn't "know a note," gets a thrill in playing this wonderful instrument. And the young folks—well, for them, the Straube is always "the life of the party."

Because it gives to each one the music he or she likes best—always ready—always dependable—the Straube is the instrument for all the family. Never a lack of entertainment, never the need to be lonely, for in the Straube there is music, *good music*, an inexhaustible supply of it!

Anyone can play it well. Insert the roll. Begin pedalling—*note how easily*. The Artronome Action responds on the instant. In a moment you are expressing yourself in the music, getting more joy than you dreamed.

Hear the Straube at your dealer's. Ask him to demonstrate the Melo-Harp, an exclusive Straube feature which gives a soft, sweet tone color to be used at will. Notice the beautiful tone quality, the handsome case designs, and remember that the Straube player may be instantly adapted for hand playing.

Straube player pianos are nationally priced, f. o. b. Hammond, Ind., as follows:

Arcadian Model . $750
Imperial Model . 675
Colonial Model . 625
Puritan Model . . 595

The Patented Pendulum Valve, heart of the Artronome Player Action.

Send for Catalog, Free. Illustrates and describes the various models of Straube player pianos [for foot power or electrical operation] and pianos. Explains the *exclusive features* of the wonderful Artronome player action, which may be had only in Straube made instruments.

STRAUBE PIANO CO., Hammond, Indiana
Department A

Straube
PLAYER PIANOS

blamed unhealthy that every family owns its own private hearse.

The prize optimist of Turtle Creek is Sonny Hankins. Sonny is still advertising in the Turtle Creek paper for "information leading to the whereabouts and recovery of my registered bull pup, Snoozer," which disappeared -so his friends say - thirty years ago. —*Barrie Payne.*

Malindy-isms

Sa-vigorous But Not Saluted

WELLUM, I declare to goodness, Miss Annie Lee, I sho' is glad to see you ag'in, and to know as how you and little Annie Lee got here all well and safe. Is that there infuntile-apparatus epidumic still a-rarin' and a-ragin' in Noo Yawk, or is it done dispersed?

But it's jest a plumb shame the way you done raise that chile up. Addie says that pore little thing come out in the kitchen and asted her whut a stick o' stovewood wuz, and she specified to Emmet—"Did you kill the cow to git the milk?" And she says to me as I come in, "Miss Malindy, my pop-pop has got a thing you rides in here, you calls a buggy." You sho' is a-goin' back on yo' raisin' when you don't strop that cutie fur talkin' to me like that, and you's bringin' her up to be a regular ignorampus, you sho' is.

Nip? Yas'm, I allus called him Nip fur short, too Nipoleon Bonyparts is too long-like fur every day. But he's a daid nigger Miss Annie Lee. Why, he wuz a-workin' down by the dam, and one o' the dam rocks fell on his haid, and give him indigestion o' the brain. Yas'm.

Emmet? He's jest fine—they done got a divorce and twins, and a grand perfumed oak phonygraph. Emmet he done kept one twin—Apostle Peter—and Ide she tuck the other Epistle Paul—and they takes turns with the phonygraph. Emmet 'lowed he'd be up to see you soon to git a present, that he'd like a paar of stylish golf shoes, and a drink of real Noo Yawk peartnin—'stead of this here Arkin-saw White Mule whisky—but he says as how he'd like it real strong and sa-vigorous, and not a bit saluted. Yas'm.

—*Rena Shore Duncan.*

Ballade of Old Autos

WHERE are the cars that chugged of yore
The horseless buggies of nineteen-two?
The touring car with postern door?
The smoke screen that obscured the view?
Where are the runabouts that grew
Asthmatic and inclined to stall?
White Ghosts and Crimson Devils too?
Into the night go one and all

Where are the old machines that tore
On Ormond Beach, if reports be true,
At forty miles an hour or more?
Those were the days when racers flew!
Where are the rattling cars that drew
Admiring throngs at the siren's call?
Where the engines that wheezed and blew?
Into the night go one and all

Motoring now has become a bore;
As soon seek thrills in a chapel pew,
Gone is the ancient steamer's roar.
The roadster glides like a birch canoe.
Where are the pioneers who threw
The clutch of the steaming carryall?
The heroes who drove when the sport was new?
Into the night go one and all

Envoy

Prince, on some far Plutonian shore
They're parked, the autos we'd fain recall,
With engines behind and tillers before
Into the night go one and all.

—*Otto Freund.*

THE GREAT MEANING OF SHIPS

(Continued from Page 15

transported to France out of the 2,000,000 total. The Shipping Board gave its thought, enterprise and gold mainly to the construction of slow cargo vessels, which are much faster to build than fast passenger vessels or transports; and even as to these the peak of production came a year after the Armistice. It could not have made transports fast enough if it had made nothing else; and if it had made transports and nothing else, there would not have been enough cargo boats to supply the army in France with food and ammunition. Fortunately, other means of transportation existed. Of the 2,000,000 men we sent to France one-half were carried by ships of the Allies, principally British. The German passenger ships we had seized, including the Leviathan—then the Vaterland—carried nearly 600,000. Some Dutch liners were in American ports. They were requisitioned for use as transports. In American ships—battleships, army transports, Shipping Board boats and privately owned American vessels—were transported to France fewer than 400,000 men. That was all we could do on our own.

We performed a true miracle in ships. It has overwhelmed us since. And it was not enough. We needed, besides the benefit of circumstances, especially one. We were on the side that held the sea. Otherwise what might have been is history that never happened.

Now do we remember what we knew in our gristle—what it was we said to Japan when we were a maritime power and what that meant? Apparently not, since we are still debating the question whether a merchant marine is necessary.

It is true the Congress in the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 said: "That it is necessary for the national defense and for the proper growth of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine of the best equipped and most suitable types of vessels sufficient to carry the greater portion of its commerce and serve as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, ultimately to be owned and operated privately by citizens of the United States; and it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to do whatever may be necessary to develop and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine."

That is a declaration of policy. It is not a popular mandate. There has never been a popular mandate. Still, as always since we surrendered our maritime power, those who believe a merchant marine to be necessary have had to defend the idea. They have had to sell it to the American imagination, and they have never quite succeeded. There is a great deal of opinion for it; there is much conviction against it. Even the Congress, having declared for it as a national necessity, having said it would do anything to realize it, refused to pass the Harding-Lasker subsidy bill and has steadily refused to pass any subsidy bill, as such, whereas if public opinion were as deeply persuaded toward a merchant marine as it was toward railroads in their beginning the question would be not whether the Government should give subsidies to ships, it would be only how to give them and in what amount. Early railroad building was subsidized heavily by both the Federal Government and the states.

How shall we account for the fact that so much argument, supported by lessons from experience, has failed to press home one unanimous conclusion? Do not the lessons alone, without the argument, prove that a merchant marine is a national necessity?

The answer is no. They prove no such thing.

There are those who say they do, and these are right only upon the assumption that we mean to continue our economic development in a straight line of projection.

There are those who say they do not, even though we mean to progress in a straight line; and these are wrong.

Thirdly are those who say, and say rightly, that the necessity for a merchant marine does not exist as a fact in itself. It exists only in our intentions. We may change our intentions. These say, and it is true, that if we mean to pursue the line of economic development upon which we are traveling very fast, then a merchant marine is a necessity, as might be deduced from premises of common sense without any modern lessons; whereas, if we do not mean to have a merchant marine, then we shall have to change our economic ideas and take another road. In the meantime we are absurd to behave as if we were a

Continued on Page 129

Free 30-Day Test

To home owners, hotels and to all public or semi-public institutions, we offer a 30-day free test of OZITE—on your own floors!

Send coupon in any event, for samples and full information concerning OZITE.

A Few Who Use Ozite Today

Among thousands of well-known institutions and business establishments where OZITE is today in use, the following are a few selected at random:

Hotel Statler, Buffalo, N. Y.
Wade Park Manor, Cleveland, Ohio
Shelton Hotel, New York
Hotel Windermere, Chicago
Pullman Co. (cars), Chicago
Keith's Palace Theatre, Cleveland, O.
Chas. A. Stevens & Bros., Chicago
Hudson River Day Line, New York

Grand stairway of beautiful Chicago Theatre—where OZITE protects expensive carpetings. Fourteen million pairs of feet have failed to injure, or appreciably wear these fine carpets because of OZITE.

Double Carpet Life—*Guaranteed*
THIS NEW WAY

Rugs or carpets made extra soft, luxurious—
feel like walking on velvet

To home-owners, owners of hotels, theatres, offices, stores and other public and semi-public institutions.

Here is a new invention which doubles the life of carpets and rugs. And gives them an oriental softness and luxury that will surprise you.

Thin rugs become deep and springy. Fine rugs become still more enjoyable. And all rugs last twice as long as they ever did before. This new way adds definite value to the "feel" of a carpet or rug, and to the appearance.

So here is a new economy. You get the value of a fine carpet from a cheap one. You double the life of a good one. *And we will guarantee in writing.*

Lasts a lifetime—saves carpets

The name of this new product is OZITE—a specially felted and prepared cushion of fine hair, thoroughly cleansed, sterilized by ozone, and fire resisting.

It wears, actually, for a life time. Never loses its softness, its springy resilience. In every feature, it is absolutely guaranteed.

OZITE puts this protective velvety cushion between the floor and the carpeting. It takes up and *halts* wear by instant soft yielding to every weight and impact. Silences all sound of footfalls.

By doubling the life of your rugs it brings within practical reach the luxury and restfulness of silenced floors, soft as piled velvet.

Millions of yards are in use today, in fine homes, and in nearly every classification of public or semi-public institution.

30-day FREE test offer

OZITE has long been used in the finest homes. It is in use today wherever fine buildings are being furnished. A few users are listed elsewhere on this page. But we want *you* to enjoy a definite demonstration of OZITE—on your own floors. So we make this unusual offer

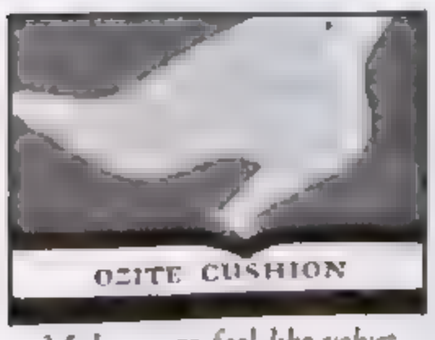
Simply mail the coupon, or go to the rug and carpet dealers of your city. Then, on any floor you select, OZITE will be laid (up to 30 square yards in size) under your rugs or carpeting. It will be left for 30 days. Then, if you are willing to be without it, the dealer will remove it. All at *our* expense

It is an offer with every benefit and advantage on your side. We urge that you accept promptly. You will discover a practical, economical way to beautify interiors—with actual savings on furnishing and up-keep costs.

Even if you do not desire the test installation send the coupon for samples and descriptive matter, as well as a valuable book on floors and their covering. Mail the coupon tonight.

What Ozite Does:

1. Reduces wear on carpet or rug—by soft cushion between floor and covering, taking up friction—lengthening life of rug or carpet 100%!
2. Silences all sound of footfalls—makes floors luxuriously soft—feels like walking on velvet.
3. Lies flat, clings to floor. Never permits ridges or uneven places—never "buckles." Rugs can't "creep." Never packs or "lumps" under carpets
4. Is taken up and put down just like a rug—makes carpet laying easier. In ¼, ⅜, ½ and ⅝ inch thicknesses, widths up to 9 feet.
5. Lasts for a lifetime—will outlast many carpets. A permanent investment. Never loses its fine, soft resilience
6. It is clean, odorless—thoroughly sterilized by ozonization. Fire resisting, and a perfect insulator of heat or cold.



Makes rugs feel like velvet

OZITE
Carpet *and* Rug Cushion

American Hair Felt Company, Chicago
Manufacturers

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY
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Executive Offices:
130 N. Wells St., Chicago

Eastern Offices:
47 W. 34th St., New York

DEALERS:
Telephone, wire or write immediately for our unusually attractive proposition.

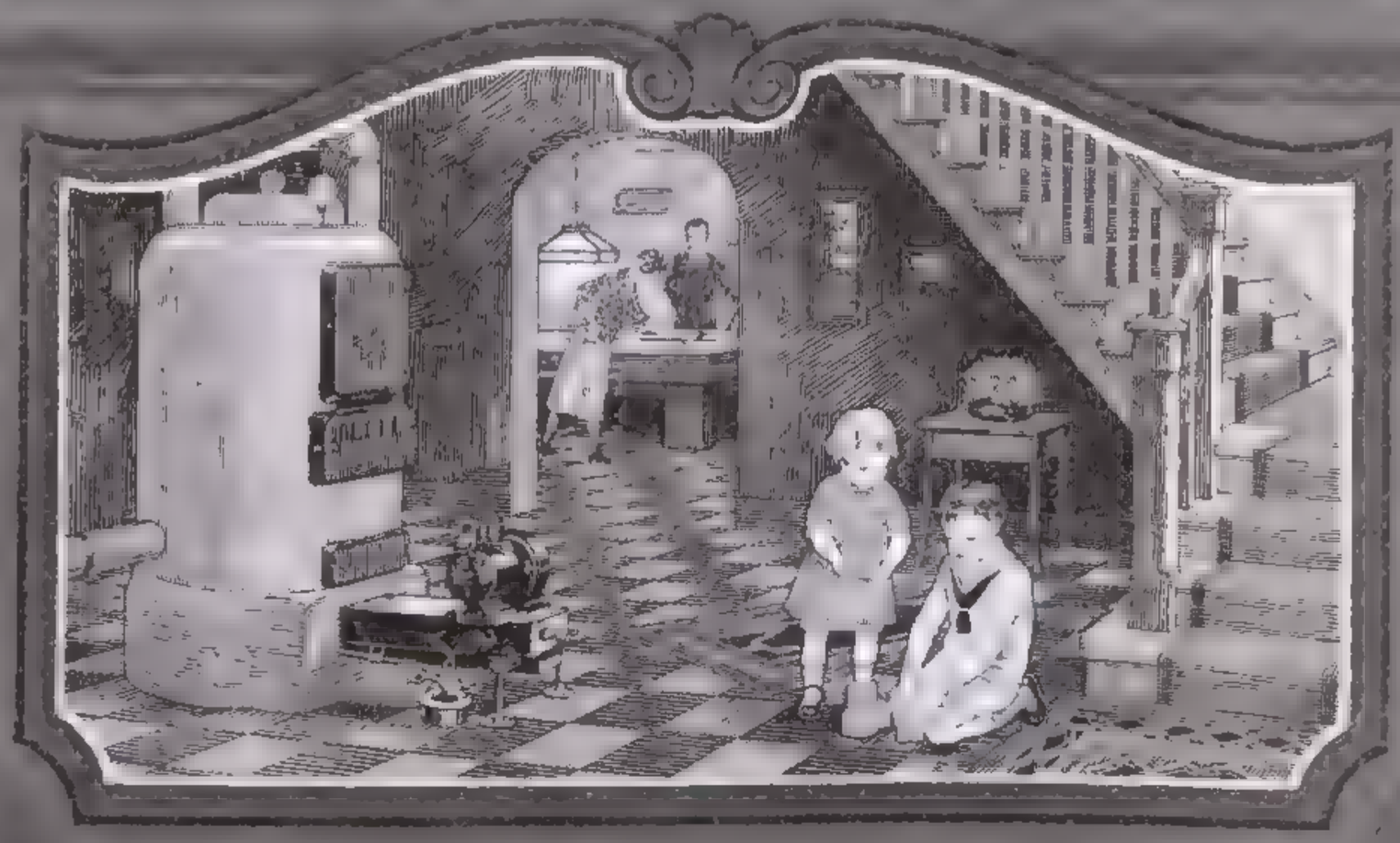
Clinton Carpet Company, 130 N. Wells St., Chicago
Without obligation on my part

☐ (Check here if you desire test.)
Please arrange 30 day test of OZITE on our premises at your expense, as detailed in ad from which this coupon was taken.

Name

Address

City State



Solve your heating problem this better way

COAL with its dirt, its inconvenience and its inefficiency as a home heating element is no longer necessary. Thousands of home owners have found a better method of heating; they have proved that for cleanliness, for convenience and for efficiency, oil is a far superior fuel.

Kleen-Heet is the scientific and perfected application of oil to home heating. "No labor—no coal—no ashes" describes Kleen-Heet in service. It banishes forever the burden of coal—assuring you ample, clean, even, dustless heat instantly. It burns low priced oil—not costly coal.

Kleen-Heet serves automatically through a thermostat located in any upstairs room. Simply "set" the thermostat at the temperature you need and the Kleen-Heet system in the basement will deliver that temperature to the degree without further attention. No oil storage in the basement is required—a tank under ground outside contains the fuel which is drawn upon automatically by a vacuum feed as required. Kleen-Heet is listed as "Standard" by the Underwriters' Laboratories—the highest and safest rating obtainable.

Kleen-Heet fits right into your present furnace or boiler. It eliminates janitor work—reduces expense for house-cleaning and decorating—turns your basement into clean, usable space—a billiard room, den or playroom in place of coal bins and the other necessary evils of coal heating. Kleen-Heet is being installed by contractors and builders all over America—it is successfully serving thousands of home owners. If you would enjoy ample, clean, odorless, dependable, economical heat without coal write for full information regarding this most modern heating system—Kleen-Heet.

Kleen-Heet, Division of
WINSLOW BOILER & ENGINEERING CO., 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Automatic Oil Burners for Every Home and Purse
Distributors in Nearly All Principal Cities

Kleen-Heet
NO LABOR - NO COAL - NO ASHES

AUTOMATIC • OIL • BURNING • SYSTEMS

Licensed Under Doble Laboratories and Good Inventions Co. Patents

"HEAT AT THE FLICK OF A FINGER"

(Continued from Page 126)

maritime power unless we mean to become one, and very stupid to go on creating the necessity for a merchant marine while at the same time we stand debating whether we need it or not.

Through all that follows now runs this "if." One way yes; another way no. We shall have to choose.

We could live without a merchant marine, without foreign trade, without commercial intercourse with the outside world at all. We not only could live; we could prosper at least until we had raised our population to 500,000,000 or 600,000,000. This would mean, of course, complete national self-containment. There is much to to be said for it in theory. If that were our economic goal we should not need a merchant marine. Nor should we need the kind of Navy we keep, but in place of it a cordon of submarines, many aircraft and a lot of small, swift destroyers for coastal defense, to drive away enemies who might sometime be tempted to come and demand the right to share in our natural resources, even as now the whole Western world is demanding the right to participate in those of China. And if self-containment on this principle were our ideal we should be thought mad to go on increasing each day our dependence upon foreign sources for such essential raw materials as rubber, wool, hides, the chemical touchstone called platinum, various alloys for steel, nickel, jute, nitrates, coffee, sugar and tropical fruits. Instead, we ought to be jealously thinking how to produce for ourselves such of these things as we can produce and how to find substitutes for those which we never can produce.

Hardly do we realize how rapidly our dependence upon foreign sources is increasing.

In the first phase of our existence—that is, in prerevolutionary and very early national days—we exported almost nothing but raw materials, such as furs, whale oil, timber, tobacco, turpentine, indigo, rice and cotton. We had no manufactures of our own whatever. English ships came direct to the wharves of the Southern planters, bringing fine cloth, hats, laces, carpets, nails, clocks and mahogany furniture to be exchanged for raw cotton to feed the British textile mills and leaf tobacco for England's great tobacco trade in Europe. The reason the colonists found it necessary to have a merchant marine of their own was that the British first monopolized American trade for British ships and then mulcted it heavily in the interest of British manufacturers, the purpose being to fix the colonies in a status of economic dependence, obliged to sell their raw materials only to the British, at British prices and to buy all their manufactured goods from the British at British prices. We achieved economic freedom by means of ships. And when that phase culminated in the middle of the last century we were a brilliant maritime power, a trading nation of the first class.

Our Shifting Trade

The second phase began about 1850 and is only now definitely passing. In this phase we built our railroads, founded our industries, made everything we required for ourselves and achieved economic isolation in a very remarkable degree. We imported no raw materials to speak of, nothing very essential. Our exports were cotton, grain, meat and certain labor-saving products of Yankee ingenuity, like sewing machines, typewriters, automatic machines and self-tending agricultural implements. All these things our customers were only too willing to come for in their own ships, because they could get them nowhere else. Therefore we did not need in this phase a merchant marine. We did not have one. We did not need foreign trade at all, in fact, since the base of internal demand was ever-widening and our domestic markets seemed inexhaustible.

But now in the third phase, what of our foreign trade? How do our present and future necessities lie in relation to imports and exports? Let us look first at the imports.

The first ten items on our import list for the year 1922, named in the order of their value, were these: Raw silk, sugar cane, coffee, hides, crude rubber, wool, newsprint paper, crude oil, leaf tobacco, wood pulp. There you have five essential industrial commodities raw, one semimanufactured article, one manufactured article, one vital food substance raw, which is sugar, and two sumptuary commodities raw, which are coffee and tobacco.

Now look at the exports. The first ten items for the same year, named in the order of their value, were: raw cotton, refined oil, wheat, tobacco, corn, automobiles, lard, coal, refined copper, flour.

The interior meaning of this picture is significant. Those ten principal imports are increasing, and will continue to increase so long as we pursue our present line of economic development. You know that at once. Our imports of silk, sugar, coffee, hides, crude rubber, wool, newsprint paper, crude oil, tobacco and wood pulp are bound to increase, and as they do so also will increase our dependence upon foreign sources.

But when you examine the ten principal export items you will see that every unmanufactured item in the list is a vanishing item, with the single exception of coal. Lard, you will note, is the last meat product left in this range. All the food items go out, because the time has not far to come when we shall be consuming all our own food. And cotton, which stands at the head of the list—the king of exports—what of cotton? We are already consuming more than half our cotton, where once we exported all of it; and if we do not see that presently we shall consume our entire crop in our own mills, exporting in place of it textiles, the English do, for they are making heroic efforts to increase the production of cotton in Africa and Asia, in their own dominions, against a time when an American supply will be no longer available. If you cast out cotton, grain, food products and tobacco as vanishing items, and also refined oil, which is a bonanza item and cannot be trusted to endure, what stands at the top of our exports? The automobile—the most highly perfected product of our industry.

Mass Production

The meaning is clear. The automobile is a symbol. It stands for the kind of thing we shall have to sell more and more of in the future, to foreign countries, in order to pay for those raw materials which we shall have to buy increasingly from foreign countries to sustain our industries. That is, always provided we mean to continue in this line of development. To break or alter it radically is a thing we have never thought of doing. On the contrary, we are geared to an accelerating pace on this line, with no idea that it will ever end.

Our most astonishing one contribution to the science of industry is mass production. We have carried it further than any other country—production on a quantity basis from standardized patterns and automatic motions endlessly repeated. Now this method of production is governed by a certain law. Every producer knows it as a law, though he may not have formulated it in his mind. The great merit of mass production is that it cheapens the cost of manufacture. But there are many other kinds of cost, such as the cost of overhead, the cost of risk, the cost of selling, the cost of waste as the business becomes colossal and cannot be properly watched in every part. These other costs are always rising. Whatever you do, they rise; and beyond a time they begin to rise exceedingly fast, and all that you can do is to absorb them. You have to go on reducing the cost of manufacture in order that those rising other costs shall not devour your profits. The only way you can keep on reducing the cost of manufacture is to increase your output in a progressive manner.

Having put a thing, as they say, into quantity production, you cannot bring the output up to 1,000,000 and stop there, for if you stop your profits begin immediately to fall, owing to the rise in other costs. Therefore you are obliged to increase your output from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000, from 2,000,000 to 4,000,000, and, if you can, from 4,000,000 to 8,000,000. Then a new problem. You begin to touch the point of saturation. That means you have used up the natural demand, and to sell any more of that commodity you will have to force it. From that point onward your selling cost rises in a frightful manner. It occurs to you that you must if possible widen the base of demand. But how? The domestic base is all accounted for. Then you think of the world at large. There is the whole earth in which to widen your base for a thing that satisfies a human want. That means foreign trade.

Take the automobile industry. It presents all the problems of mass production in a sensational manner. Since 1905 the output of automobiles in this country has increased 120 times; the number of people

Husbands so often are careless of their diet

Your husband will get needed iron, vitamines and lime, in addition to "roughage," if you give him Pillsbury's Health Bran.

HUSBANDS after all are only grown-up boys, and, like their sons in knee pants, they thrive best under a woman's watchful care. This is particularly true when it comes to food selection.

Since, as a wife, you are constituted the family's food guardian, you will surely be interested in recent discoveries pertaining to three important food elements in Pillsbury's Health Bran.

Of course you are familiar with the natural laxative value of Pillsbury's Health Bran. You know how the large, coarse, crisp bran flakes encourage normal, healthy intestinal activity through supplying the bulk and roughage required by Nature.

But did you know that Pillsbury's Health Bran also supplies food iron which is converted into rich blood? The average person today obtains only 80 per cent of his iron requirement. This deficiency can be largely corrected by using Pillsbury's Health Bran; it is second only to egg yolks in iron content. (See the chart.)

This unmatched food also supplies strength-and-health-promoting vitamines—as well as lime which builds bone and aids the teeth. It has been said that America today is suffering from lime starvation. Feed your family lime—and vitamines—and iron—and "roughage"—through the generous use of Pillsbury's Health Bran.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is nothing more nor less than the jacket of the wheat kernel—Nature's food and Nature's cleansing roughage. It is natural bran—nothing added, nothing taken away—just sterilized and packed air-tight—the cleanest, purest bran produced. Less expensive, too. The large 20-ounce package gives fully 50 per cent more for your money than any other package of flaked bran.

If you would feed your husband in a way that will bring him home from each day's work with a spring in his step and a sparkle in his eye, see that he gets Pillsbury's Health Bran—at least three large tablespoonfuls every day; in cases of stubborn intestinal sluggishness as much at every meal.

Special Pillsbury recipes on package

Pillsbury's Health Bran

One of the family

Send for a copy of our new Pillsbury's Health Bran recipe book. Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Eat More Wheat

FOOD-IRON

Note in the official chart below that natural bran holds second place among these foods in its food-iron content

FAMILY OF FOODS
Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran
Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour
Graham Flour
Farina

engaged in the industry has increased hardly twenty times. There appears the astonishing advantage of mass production. More wealth with less labor. The dilemma is yet to be faced. The mass producer is under necessity to increase his output faster than people multiply. Thus he tends to overwhelm the domestic demand. The output of automobiles could increase 120 times in the last twenty years without exhausting the American demand, because it was a new thing and we were 110,000,000 of the richest people in the world. But it cannot increase 120 times in the next twenty years on the same plan and base. Even if the population doubled, which it hardly will, and even though everybody became twice or three times richer, still, 120 times the present output of 3,000,000 automobiles a year would mean a little more than a car and a half a year for each man, woman and child in the country. It is impossible.

What is the answer? Either the automobile industry must suddenly stop its growth at the point of saturation in the American market, with consequences that might be terrific, or it must undertake to supply the whole world with automobiles. It is facing that way, and that is why the automobile is rising in the list of exports. It is merely an exhibit in the case. The same formation of facts holds as to the goods of mass production in general.

Dependence on Foreign Nations

What all this goes to say is that we are rapidly becoming a nation that brings raw materials from afar, applies its labor to them and exports the products of high skill; one that imports hides and exports shoes; one that imports crude rubber and exports rubber goods; a nation that conserves its own raw materials instead of selling them unmanufactured; a nation that requires all the food it produces and buys sustenance from others.

It does not have to be that kind of nation. There is no absolute necessity. But it has already gone a long way in that direction and seems to have no thought of turning back. Unless it means to turn back and take the road leading to self-containment, it must have a merchant marine.

It stands rooted in the principle of common prudence, in the very instinct of survival, that a nation dependent upon foreign sources for the means of bodily sustenance lacking in its own production and for raw materials vital to the processes of its industry, must have ships of its own to bring these things to itself. It cannot rationally trust others to perform this service for hire. A nation that did trust others to perform this service would by that act place its life in the hands of the hired carriers. They might suddenly cease to be interested in your survival; or, with the best of intentions toward you, they might become engaged in a war among themselves and be temporarily unable to perform the service.

No less does it stand rooted in all knowledge of human nature that if you are upon the necessity to find, create and foster markets in foreign countries for those products of high skill which you are obliged to sell abroad in progressive quantities, and have to do this in competition with other industrial nations likewise upon the necessity to find, foster and create foreign markets for similar products of skill, you cannot trust them, your rivals, to carry your trade and deliver your goods. You cannot put this essential act of business in the hands of competitors. No competent business man would dream of doing it. Then how can a nation on business bent afford to do it?

The British are our keenest industrial competitors. They are also the great ocean carriers. They say:

"Leave it to us. We will carry your foreign trade for less than it will cost you to perform that service for yourselves. We have done it for the past fifty or sixty years, haven't we?"

They have. But that was in the second phase of our existence, which is past; it was when, in the first place, foreign trade was not very important in our scheme and represented no necessity whatever; and while, in the second place, our exports were such as sold themselves—cotton, food, meat products, labor-saving machines, which could be had nowhere else. Our customers came in their own ships and took them away. It is a matter in very different aspect when our exports begin to be vital to our economic system and the things we are obliged to sell not only will not sell themselves, but come more and more into hard competition with the similar products of other industrial nations, especially those that insist upon carrying our ocean trade.

To create and foster foreign markets you must control your own way to the customer, you must be responsible for every act in the transaction, and you will have to make large investments in goodwill, prestige and service—particularly service—which in the beginning may not pay. This is too obvious to seem arguable.

Before the war for many years we wondered why we did so little business with South America. One reason was that the trade between the United States and South America was regulated and controlled by a combination of German and British lines. The Germans and British together were our principal rivals for the business preference of South America. Their shipping service in the American-South American trade was very slow, and there was no other. It was actually quicker to come to New York from South America by way of London than to come direct. The result was that South Americans stopped in London and left their business there. If we complained about the service, those who performed it for us said, "It's all the service the business warrants. Increase the business and we will increase the service." That was a perfect answer.

The business did not warrant any more service; the other side of it was that without better service we could not increase the business.

One of the first things the United States Shipping Board did after the war was to establish a service of fast cargo and passenger boats to South American ports against the British line, which, when the Germans had been swept away, controlled the trade alone. The average time of a voyage between the United States and South America was shortened one-third. The British line then cut rates. The Shipping Board met the cut and promised to go as much further with that pleasantry as was necessary. The British line, with its obsolete boats, could not compete; therefore it withdrew. It is expected to return with a fleet of fast new boats. Meanwhile our business with South America is increasing remarkably, and our contacts are such as never were possible before, simply by reason of the fact that the service of American ships has brought the merchants of South America five or six days nearer to the merchants of the United States.

Our South American Trade

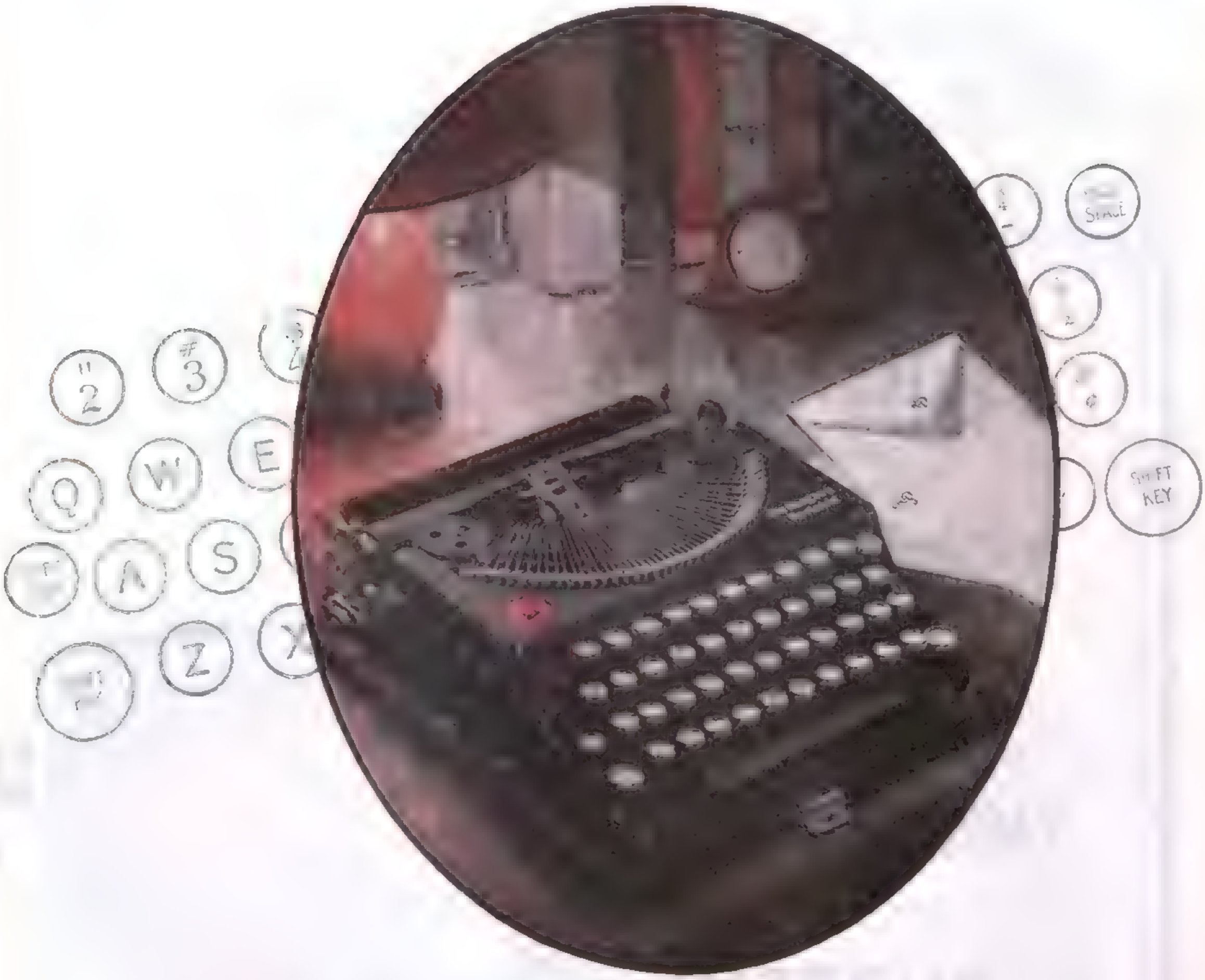
The case of our South American trade, being typical, will bear further examination. In 1912, two years before the war and before we had ships of our own, the Merchant Marine Committee of the House of Representatives investigated the foreign shipping combinations that carried American commerce. It found British and German lines working together under a pooling and rate-fixing agreement for the regulation of trade between the United States and Brazilian ports. They determined in their own discretion what the traffic should bear and how it should be served. That it was served badly need not be alleged on our own experience. The government of Brazil thought the service intolerable and established a line of its own, called the Lloyd Braziliero. The British-German combination was not strong enough to put the Brazilian Government out of business; it had only the power to make the Brazilian Government run its ships at a loss. In 1912 twenty-two Brazilian ships were loaded to their full capacity with merchandise from New York southbound; but northbound, from Brazil to New York, they were unable to load more than 6 per cent of their capacity, notwithstanding the fact that their rate on coffee was 40 per cent lower than the rate charged by the British-German combination. The New York agent of the Brazilian line testified, "That the business as a whole, both northbound and southbound, would be profitable; and in fact present rates could be reduced if the line were able to obtain a fair proportion of the existing cargo on the upward run."

The United States imports $150,000,000 worth of coffee annually. Brazil grows it. But when the Brazilian Government, dissatisfied with the service of the European shipping combination, put on ships of its own to bring the coffee to us, it could not touch the trade.

The monopoly was too powerful with the shippers. It controlled, besides the American-Brazilian trade, also the Brazil-European trade, and it could for that reason say to a shipper that if he patronized the Brazilian

(Continued on Page 135)

A Map Prepared by the Navy Department, Showing the Mandated Areas in the Pacific Ocean Through Which Our Ships Must Sail to Reach the Philippines



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The Remington is *that* portable with the four-row keyboard (42 keys)—just like the big machines. No shifting for figures. Everything arranged according to the business standard. Simplest to learn and easiest to operate.

It is compact, light, and easily carried in a handy case. Then there is the baseboard already attached—that makes writing convenient in any place or position.

To countless people who write—much or little—the Remington Portable lends an indispensable aid.

Examine the Remington Portable. Sold by all Remington branches and over 3,000 dealers. A demonstration will prove to you its adaptability for all personal writing.

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We believe we make the best typewriter ribbon in the world and its name is PARAGON

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PAINTS & VARNISHES

for every Household and Industrial Use

"Three different types of products . . . . the very best of each now made under du Pont Chemical Control"

—says the Chemical Engineer

PAINTS, varnishes, "specialties"—each of these three divisions of the paint industry requires entirely *different* manufacturing facilities, skill and experience. Therefore a leading manufacturer, famed for quality products, was selected from each division to form the nucleus for the du Pont Paint and Varnish business.

And still another selection was made! After five years of exhaustive tests, du Pont Chemical Engineers chose from the many products made by these companies, the *best* for each household and industrial need. These "bests" now form the du Pont Paint and Varnish line.

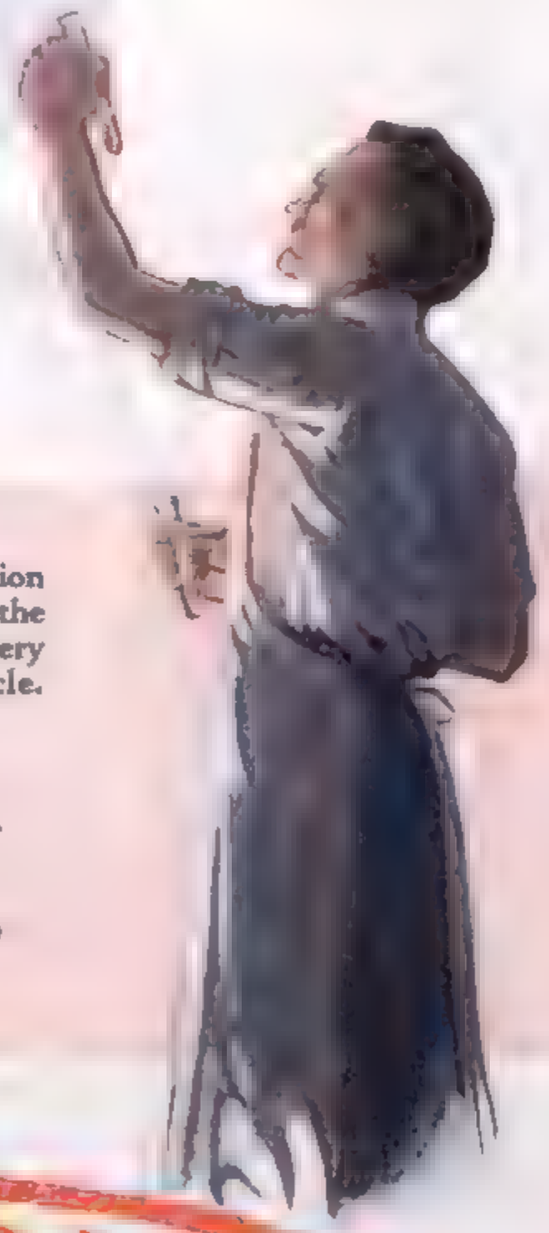
Quality had been proven through specialized manufacturing experience totalling 327 years. To this quality du Pont Chemical Engineers have added *uniformity* through rigid quality control of every pound of raw materials and of every manufacturing process.

That is why the du Pont Oval on the can guarantees satisfactory service, whether it be paint, varnish, enamel or stain. The dealer who displays this Oval will gladly help you select the right du Pont product for your use.

1 ***Paints*** Founded in 1793, one of the best-known manufacturers of high quality Prepared Paint is the foundation-stone of the du Pont paint business.

2 ***Varnishes*** Sixty years' reputation for high quality and endurance of special-purpose varnishes is back of every du Pont yellow can.

3 ***Specialties*** A half-century of experience in combining varnishes, pigments and dyes contributes to the outstanding quality of handy du Pont products such as Tufcote Varnish Stain, Flow Kote Enamel and du Pont Auto Finish.



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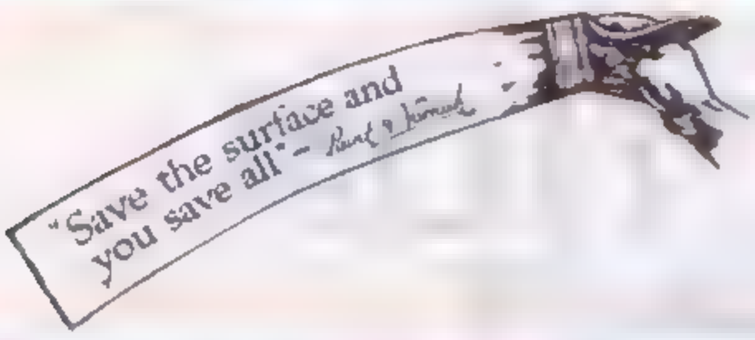

DU PONT

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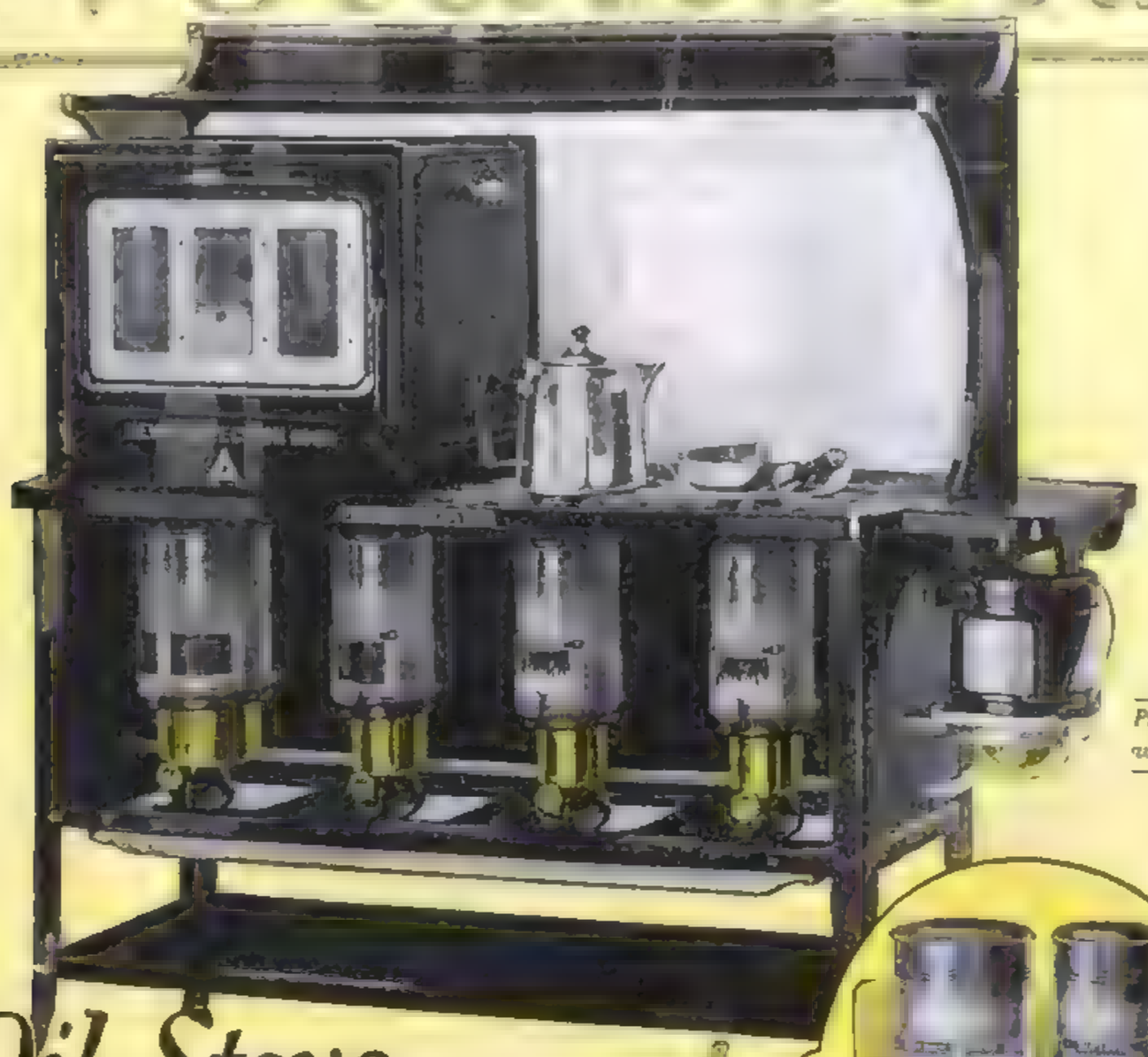
Revolutionizes Oil Stove Cooking!



Women who have never used an oil stove—and women who use nothing else—are amazed and delighted with this New Perfection Range. It has completely revolutionized their ideas of oil stove service.

For it provides the quick heat and satisfaction of gas at the low cost of kerosene.

And it is so completely equipped, so roomy and substantial, so beautifully designed and finished that it is in a class by itself.

At your dealer's you will find styles and sizes, ranging from $7.00 to $145.00, to suit every requirement—each one the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.

Price of Stove Illustrated $80 80
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Higher in the West Southwest and Canada

Fast-as-Gas Superfex Burners

Fastest oil burners made. One "Big Giant" Superfex on each range, with speed of giant gas burners. Desirable for instant heat or quick cooking in large quantities. The other burners are "Little Giants"—as hot as the standard gas burner.

Your Dealer will Demonstrate

New Cook Book

Send ten cents for the 1924 New Perfection Cook Book—forty-four pages of recipes; menus for all occasions and invaluable cookery suggestions

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., 7606 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Also makers of the well known PURITAN short chimney oil stove.

NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ranges

(Continued from Page 130)

ships to the United States there was no telling what might happen to his European cargoes. Moreover, he would lose his deferred rebates.

The Merchant Marine Committee of the House of Representatives found that similar monopolistic pooling, rate-fixing, service-decreeing agreements among foreign shipping lines, principally British and German lines, existed in every American trade route over-sea—in all the American-South American trade, in all the American-European trade, in the American-Levant trade, in the American-African trade, in the American-Asiatic trade, and so on.

"The facts show," wrote the committee in its findings, "that it is the almost universal practice for steamship lines engaging in the American foreign trade to operate, both on the inbound and outbound voyages, under the terms of written agreements, conference arrangements or gentlemen's understandings, which have for their principal purpose the regulation of competition through either, (1) the fixing or regulation of rates, (2) the apportionment of traffic by allotting the ports of sailing, restricting the number of sailings, or limiting the volume of freight which certain lines may carry, (3) the pooling of earnings from all or a portion of the traffic, or, (4) meeting the competition of nonconference lines.

"In nearly all the trade routes to and from the United States," the committee continued finding, "the conference lines have a virtual monopoly of the line service. All monopolies are liable to abuse, and in our foreign carrying trade the monopoly obtained by the conference lines has not been subject to any legal control. While carriers by land are supervised and must conform to statutory requirements in the matter of rates and treatment of shippers, steamship companies, through private arrangements, have secured for themselves monopolistic powers as effective in many instances as though they were statutory."

Such was the state of facts before the war—before we had offshore ships of our own. The whole American over-sea trade in the hands of foreign steamship monopolies, which monopolies were owned and controlled by our principal industrial competitors! So it will be again unless we have and keep a merchant marine.

The Famous Baltic Pool

It was said in defense of these monopolies that they were necessary to rationalize the carrying trade of the world, to stabilize rates and to prevent ruinous competition. But the uses of monopoly are mainly two. One is to stabilize rates as high as possible; the other is to kill competition. One of the tricks of the British-German shipping monopolies was to send out fighting ships, so called, their errand being to destroy a new ship line by taking the business from it at any price down to nothing. When the fighting ships came back with the corpse they were returned to the fleets from which they had been temporarily detached and their losses were immediately and fairly divided among all the members of the monopoly. Ultimately, of course, the shippers paid those losses.

And if you think it may be only a question of rates, that means you do not understand that the power to fix freight rates is like the power to levy taxes. It may be used for revenue only, or it may be used for a purpose of destruction. The foreign shipping monopolies that carried our over-sea trade at rates they fixed to suit themselves were able, when they so pleased, to destroy that trade simply by making the rates prohibitive. Instances are not wanting. There was, for example, the Baltic pool, formed by British, German and Scandinavian lines to regulate and control the trade between the United States and Baltic Sea ports. The Merchant Marine Committee of the House of Representatives found the following facts:

"Complaints filed with the committee tend to show that the aforementioned agreements have been instrumental in greatly increasing the rates on various American exports, especially flour, which item was made the basis of one of the pools. Prior to the agreement among the lines, the rates on flour to Christiania and Baltic ports were approximately on a level with those to Rotterdam, Antwerp and Hull. If the Hamburg-American Line wished at that time to compete with the Scandinavian-American Line running directly from New York to Christiania and Copenhagen, it was obliged to take flour at the same rate as the direct Scandinavian Line and pay the local freight from Hamburg to Christiania and Copenhagen out of its own ocean freight. With the formation of the Baltic pool, however, the rates to Christiania and Copenhagen, it is charged, were advanced even in excess of the full ocean rate from New York to Hamburg, plus the local rate from Hamburg to Christiania and Copenhagen, with the result that American flour exports to Scandinavian and Baltic ports have been practically eliminated."

The rates were quoted for illustration. Those from New York to Baltic ports were in some cases nearly twice the rates from New York to Liverpool; and Section 4 of the pooling agreement said that the rate from Newport News, Norfolk and Baltimore should be two cents a hundredweight higher than the rate from New York, and the rate from Philadelphia one cent a hundredweight higher.

The Power to Destroy

"Such rates," said the committee, "are considered prohibitive, and so far above the world's general freight market as totally to stop, for months at a time, the sale of one of America's largest export items to the markets of Scandinavia and Finland. 'During former years, previous to the formation of the Baltic pool,' as one prominent flour dealer writes to the committee, 'American mills did a regular business, with sales almost every day all the year round, to these markets. After the Baltic pool was formed it has happened that sales can only be made occasionally, when America has had a record crop or can offer flour at exceptionally low prices. The consequence is that German and English mills have secured the regular business which American mills formerly had to Scandinavia and Finland. In plain words, the Baltic pool, through charging exorbitant and prohibitive rates, are stopping the regular trade of American mills to these markets.'"

There is the power of destruction. And there you see also, beyond the power of a foreign steamship pool to kill our Baltic Sea flour trade, a power to control and influence the prosperity of American ports, simply by making rates that will cause traffic to move through this one or that one; and we have nothing to say about it.

The committee considered the effect of another agreement to regulate the American-Mediterranean trade.

"A number of complaints were filed with the committee, protesting against what are called unreasonable advances in rates which have been made since January 1, 1912, when the present westbound Mediterranean Freight Agreement went into effect. Two important increases of rates have occurred. . . . An examination of the rates before and after the first increase, on twenty-four leading articles exported from Naples to the United States, shows that the increase varies from a minimum of 5 per cent to a maximum of 84 per cent, the increase for all articles averaging 30 per cent. Another communication from Florence, Italy, asserts that exporters to the United States are suffering from an increase of rates varying from 50 per cent to 400 per cent. . . . A special committee on ocean freight rates, appointed by the board of directors of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York, reported that although a substantial increase had already taken place on January 1, 1912, 'all freight rates to and from the United States have been uniformly raised since November 12, 1912, by all steamship lines to an extent ranging from 20 to 40 per cent over the rates which went into effect on January 1, 1912,' when the agreement first began to operate."

For a nation to which foreign trade has become, or is becoming, vital in principle thus to leave in the hands of foreign shipping monopolies the power to let, hinder or destroy it would be utterly stupid in any case. And when, as it happens, those foreign shipping monopolies belong to nations that are at the same time our principal trade rivals, it would seem—what is the word?—ludicrous, perhaps. Such a nation would soon have to change its economic ideas whether it wished to or not, since to create and foster markets under these conditions is either impossible to begin with or a pure risk in folly. It could be cut off from them without notice.

Consider how circumstances may weave a very different pattern when you have ships of your own. The American-Levant trade is one in which the Shipping Board's boats have, as the traffic men say, cleaned up. They have pushed the old monopoly out of sight. What occurred there is very interesting. We were using Shipping Board boats to send enormous quantities of American relief to the Black Sea ports. Having discharged their relief cargoes, the ships were open for anything better than ballast to come home with. An empty ship and a low freight rate together make a strong temptation to take a little risk in the way of business. At Constantinople, Smyrna, Saloniki, Odessa, Batum people began trying to think of something in the way of merchandise to venture on the American market. They thought of many things you may guess—such as dried fruits, canary seed, Turkish delight, camel's hair, skins, carpets and rugs—and one thing you would never guess. That was junk, meaning old rags, old rubbers, old shoes—anything like that. American industry consumes an enormous quantity of junk for making paper, shoddy, many things you cannot recognize. It could use all that Levant junk. And the movement of it hitherward became presently so heavy that the amount had to be limited to 500 tons a ship. How fantastic! American industry importing old rags from that part of the world to which the American Government is sending famine relief cargoes!

The relief work ceased; but trade between the United States and the Levant did not cease. It held up in a remarkable manner for several reasons. One was that new trade had got started, and trade begets trade. Another was that all the Greek-American and Armenian-American traders on this side preferred American ships because they were American; and most of the Greek, Armenian and Turkish traders on the other side preferred them, too, because they were all in a state of feeling against the British. Another reason was that the Turkish delight, the canary seed, the rugs and carpets of the Levant had found a ready market in this country, not to forget the junk—above everything else, the junk. American industry wanted it.

All these things have to be paid for. And how are they paid for? With things created in this country by methods of mass production. With Ford cars, notably. Every American ship going to the Levant for junk carries in its hold Ford cars and spare parts. There you see it.

We exchange automobiles for junk!

That is foreign trade.

Offsets to Our Losses

The American Government's ownership and operation of ships entail an apparent loss of from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 a year. That is without counting interest on the capital invested, nor does it allow anything for depreciation of assets. Congress groans and votes the money necessary to keep it going. Many taxpayers, whose money it is, might be easily persuaded that the neatest way with the loss would be to take the merchant marine out to sea and tie a stone to it. But this is by no means a total, absolute loss. If the offsets could be definitely written in dollars, they might wipe out the whole of the loss and leave a balance on the profit side. Almost for certain they would.

One of the offsets is the difference between our present annual ocean freight bill and what that bill would be if the foreign shipping monopolies, as before, had the power above any law or regulation to say what carriage tax America's over-sea trade should bear. A 25 per cent rise in ocean freight rates would be little enough to expect from them in normal times; hungry as they are, it would be much less than we might expect. Yet an increase of only 25 per cent in our ocean freight bill would amount to $50,000,000 a year, and we should be paying that money away instead of passing it around in our own pockets.

Another offset is the increase of our foreign trade. So many factors touch foreign trade to alter its volume and value that you cannot put a finger down and say here it is, there it is, or this is what is owing to the fact that we have ships of our own. Yet there is no doubt in a general sense that the astonishing prosperity of our foreign commerce, running now in a world-wide post-war trade depression at twice the money value it had before the war, is very largely to be set down in credit to the fact that we are keeping American ships in trade routes where we never had anything like such service before.

(Continued on Page 137)

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SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from Page 135)

Here is no thesis for an American merchant marine. All that is proved is the importance of knowing what we are about.

If we mean to be economically self-contained, then we need no merchant marine; then we have the wrong kind of Navy; then industry, so far as it has contemplated foreign markets as an outlet for mass production beyond the point of internal saturation, has made a great blunder. It must recast its ideas; the sooner the better.

But if we mean to pursue an economic course upon which we are already started, increasing our dependence upon foreign sources for essential raw materials and certain kinds of food, thereby obliging ourselves to increase our exports of manufactured goods beyond any measure hitherto imagined, then we need a merchant marine of our own.

It becomes a necessity, an indispensable means to our ends. We require in that case not a lot of ships, but a merchant marine in fact, well balanced and suitable; one that will give us prestige in the world, provide adequate and swift service and support a powerful forthgoing navy.

Yet here we stand debating the question of a merchant marine as if it were separately debatable on its merits; and while we debate it there is a comfortable feeling among us that, whatever else, and whether we have a merchant marine or not, we are a naval power second to none in the world. That is not true. It is a delusion.

In the naval-limitation treaty it is stipulated that the United States and Great Britain shall be equal in naval strength and that Japan shall come next; and that the naval strength of Japan in relation to that of either the United States or Great Britain shall be as three is to five. Hence it is called the 5-5-3 Pact, meaning that the United States and Great Britain are five-five; or, as you may say freely, the United States and Great Britain shall break fifty-fifty and Japan as to either of them shall break thirty-fifty.

This treaty is explicitly observed. Yet in sea power, either offensive or defensive, the United States is nowhere near fifty-fifty with Great Britain. The instant naval strength is limited—meaning by this a nation's strength in warships—that instant the balance of sea power is transferred from warships to merchant vessels, from the navy to the merchant marine.

Secretary Denby's Statement

The cost of maintaining a balance of sea power in merchant ships is much less than the cost of keeping it in warships, as is obvious from the fact that in time of peace a warship is a dead expense, with no earning capacity; whereas a merchant vessel, suitable to assist the navy in time of war as a scout or a swift light cruiser, may in time of peace support itself in trade. And this was one reason why Great Britain was very willing to consider a limitation of naval armament. The cost of keeping up with the United States in warship construction has no end and was becoming prohibitive. So it was at last our recovered power in ships—in warships, mark you—that brought to pass a historic achievement, namely, the arms-limitation agreement among the five principal nations of the world.

However, the enthusiasm for it as an omen of universal peace did somewhat obscure a military fact. The spiral competition in warship building that would at last have made bankrupt all but the richest people—this was stopped. At the same time, by the same act, the balance of sea power went out of our hands and the strategy thereof was set back to the position of 1588, when 197 British vessels, of which only thirty-four were in fact naval ships, destroyed the Spanish Armada. All the 197 vessels fought and it was the weight of the merchant marine that won the battle and saved England.

The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Denby, stated it bluntly when he said to Congress:

"That nation which has a merchant marine will rule the world as against another nation that has no merchant marine in the case of no navies. What I mean is that if we sank every ship of war in the world at this moment, Great Britain would rule the world beyond a question of doubt. Therefore, from the military point of view, it seems to me that the creation of a merchant marine is a vital necessity to our country. I mean a vital necessity if we are going to keep up a military establishment, which I assume we are going to do."

That is, if we mean to become a trading nation, importing essential raw materials and food and exporting manufactures to pay for them; or if we mean to keep the Philippines, on the other side of the Pacific, which we cannot reach without passing through mandated foreign areas, as you will see from a glance at a map prepared by the General Staff of the Army.

It ran through all the thought of the Arms Limitation Conference at Washington—and the American delegates themselves called attention to it—that as the importance of warships decreased, that of merchant ships increased by inverse ratio.

A. D. Lasker, then chairman of the Shipping Board, with intimate personal access to the thoughts of the President, says President Harding would not have supported the idea of limiting our naval strength had he not believed we should be able to develop a great merchant marine to sustain our sea power against that of any other nation.

The Balance of Sea Power

This we have not begun to do. Our merchant marine, calling it such, is weaker now than it was when the Arms Limitation Treaty was signed—weaker by having aged, with no new construction taking place. The shortcomings that handicap it from a commercial point of view are much more pronounced when it is considered in relation to the Navy. It has a great preponderance of slow cargo vessels that in time of war, because of their low speed, would retard the Navy, and very few fast passenger ships to act as scouts, cruisers and transports.

Our position compares with that of Great Britain thus:

	The United States	Great Britain
Ships of more than 20 knots speed	4	8
Ships of 18 to 20 knots speed	3	23
Ships of 16 to 18 knots speed	28	87
Ships of 15 knots speed	15	76
Total ships of 15 knots speed or above	50	194

With equality in warships, there is no question as to where the balance of sea power lies.

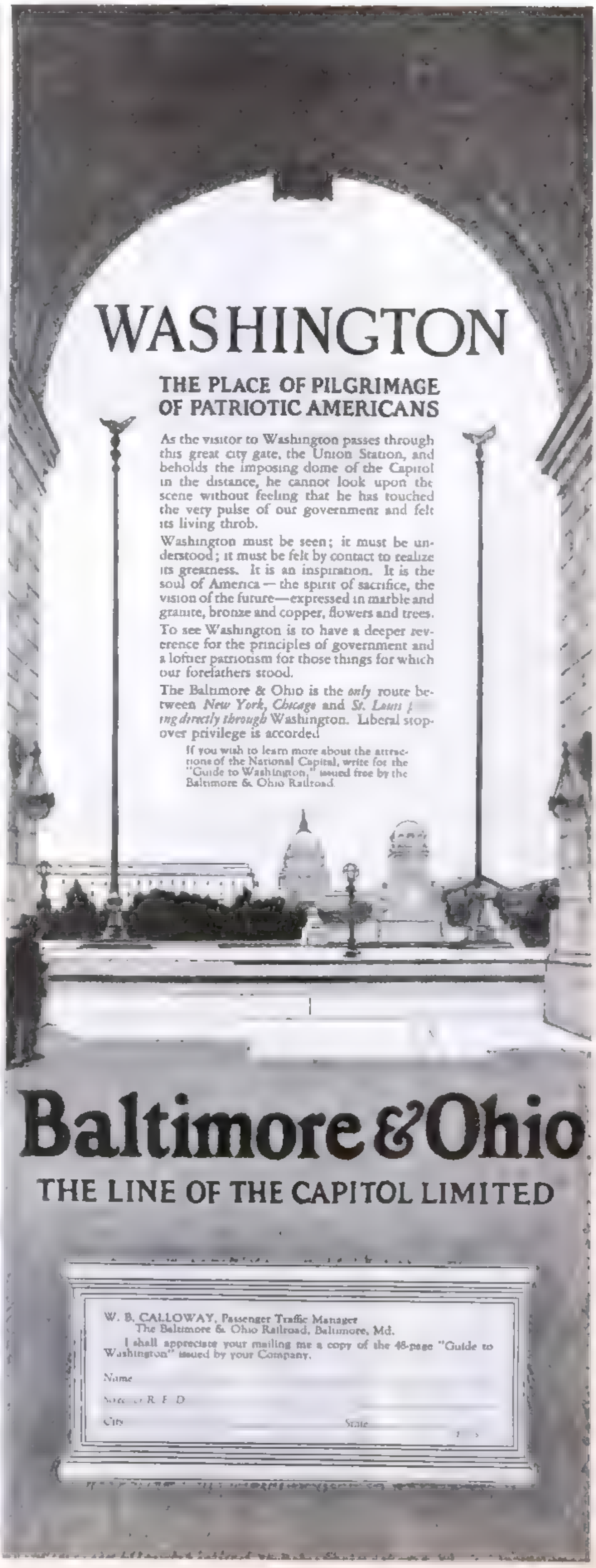
If we mean to have a successful merchant marine at all we shall have to add to it a large number of fast ships. If we do not mean to have a successful merchant marine, then either we shall have to build a number of auxiliary ships for the Navy or ignore the fact that a second time in our history we have surrendered our power on the sea—this time with a line of defense running from Maine around Porto Rico, through the Panama Canal, out to the Philippines and back to Alaska. We should sometime perhaps have to shorten it whether we wished to do so or not.

It is a question to be decided. It now stands open. We are doing nothing about it. We are wondering what to do with the ships we already have. The building of new ocean-going ships has stopped, whereas it is one certainty about ships that to have a merchant marine you have to keep building all the time, no matter what conditions are. The English know this. They are building better ships, fast ships, motor ships, with grants of aid from the British treasury, though millions of tons of perfectly good old ships are lying idle all over the place.

Since the Arms Limitation Conference there has been some disinclination at Washington to stress the military argument for a merchant marine. It has been thought that to do so would offend that pacifist sentiment which is supposed to flourish in our middle. Some of the most earnest supporters of ships have said, "You can't sell the idea of a merchant marine in the Middle West if you talk too much about sea power and about the relation of merchant vessels to our naval establishment."

To this one may answer: It was our power in warships—the power to lay down two against any other nation's one—that brought about the limitation of naval armaments. We turned our power to no aggressive purpose, but exerted it romantically to a pacific end. What reason is there to suppose we should ever use sea power otherwise? Moreover, the idea of the Navy itself was sold in the Middle West, not to any pacifist sentiment existing there, but to a faith that inhabits Americans. Power inclines to them. They cannot avoid it. And they will know what to do with it.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue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EAST IS EAST

(Continued from Page 7

of what she doesn't want; but because she lacks the energy and the courage to say so openly, and because she has a vague idea that the way to do what she wants to do in immigration matters is not to do it, she can't even refuse to accept what she doesn't want.

She hasn't any accurate conception of what she wants, and she probably won't get it until she has. She doesn't, for example, want undesirable immigration from Poland. Yet by the 3 per cent law she permits 26,000 immigrants from Poland to enter America each year; and for all she knows to the contrary, every one of the 26,000 may be undesirable.

So much squabbling and hearing holding has been going on in Washington during the three years since Congress was forced into action on the immigration question by the country-wide outcry against the influx of low-grade aliens that the issue has become clouded, and legislators have apparently lost sight of the extreme simplicity of the country's needs in the matter of immigration.

Between April 11, 1921, and March 4, 1923, the House Immigration Committee met 113 times, docketed 92 bills and resolutions, reported 11 bills and resolutions, brought 7 bills and resolutions up for consideration on the floor of the House, and published 2681 pages of printed hearings in 24 different pamphlets, or about as much material as would be contained in 10 mystery novels.

Polish Emigrants Waiting Outside the American Vise Office in Warsaw

The Way to Restrict

At one end of Pennsylvania Avenue, in the Department of Labor, sits Secretary of Labor Davis conferring with a corps of immigration advisers over the arduous task of writing an immigration bill. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, in the House Office Building, sits Chairman Albert Johnson, of the House Immigration Committee, conferring with a different corps of immigration advisers over the backbreaking job of framing an immigration bill. In various sections of the House Office Building sit other representatives framing immigration bills of their own, sometimes with and sometimes without advisers. And over in the Senate Office Building sit various grave and dignified senators, approving with portentous nods the framing of other immigration bills.

The ideas behind these different bills may be and usually are wholly dissimilar; but why they should be is one of the great mysteries of modern times, for every one of the regiment of persons who are bedewing themselves with perspiration while framing these different bills is firmly in favor of keeping undesirable immigration out of America.

Back in the earlier days of the republic there was a great pother and to-do over the matter of resuming specie payments, and the argument that arose over ways and means of doing it was deafening in the extreme. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, put an end to the discussion by announcing dispassionately that the way to resume specie payments was to resume 'em. The same thing applies to immigration, and is equally simple. The way to do what needs to be done in immigration matters is to do it.

All the different agencies that are trying to frame permanent immigration laws, and that have been trying in vain for more than three years, apparently never think of getting together in an effort to work out the law that would be best for the country. And yet, since all of them are agreed on the principles of immigration restriction, they could easily—if they would only get together—evolve and agree on the working principles of a permanent immigration law in one day's time.

It has become quite the thing among those who squabble over immigration bills to explain loftily that such and such a thing can't be done in the matter of immigration for this or that reason. But America can do whatever she wants to do as regards immigration; and the way for her to proceed is, as has just been said, to find out what she wants to do and then do it.

Let us consider for a moment the matter of selection in connection with our immigration law. Most of the nations which send emigrants to the United States in any numbers use more sense in the sending than does the United States in the receiving. They decide, on a basis of the needs of the country, to whom they shall issue passports. They expedite certain classes. They withhold passports, frequently, from men of military age.

The United States, on the other hand, takes everyone that other nations care to send, up to a certain numerical point, barring those who have sore eyes or certain other physical handicaps. The people of the United States don't even know what the needs of the country are. In the entire United States there isn't a person who can tell truthfully what the country needs.

Now the only way in which these needs can be accurately, scientifically and truthfully discovered is by the establishment of an agency or a commission or a bureau or a department, headed by able, reliable, public-spirited, nonpartisan and nonpolitical citizens, whose entire time shall be devoted to determining exactly what it is that the country needs in the matter of raw material, within the boundaries set by Congress in its immigration laws.

To let immigrants of every race and occupation, no matter how undesirable they may be, pour into America each year by the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands; to take them as they come, haphazard, and let them in to breed in any old place; to be ignorant of the people that we get, and to be ignorant of where they go; to do all these things, and then not to regulate the flow of raw material to the needs of America is abysmal stupidity.

Suppose, for example, that you who are reading this article and many of your acquaintances went out to a distant country and established a colony, and that the colony was a success, and that you sent home for another 10,000 colonists; and then suppose that the 10,000 new colonists who came out to you were tailors and buttonhole cutters and peddlers, when what you needed were woodsmen. What would you say? You would say a great plenty, and it would be justified; but it wouldn't be printable.

More than 500,000 immigrants entered America last year, a large number of them from backward countries whose governments are bad and whose theories of government are worse. Where are these 500,000 immigrants? What happened to them? What effect did they have on the localities where they ultimately settled?

Nobody knows these things, and yet they are certainly worth knowing. The people of the United States ought to know them. They ought to have known about the millions that poured in each year prior to the war. To have known would have been to have more definite information as to our present immigration needs. Not to know these things has been criminal folly, for they have a direct bearing on the future soundness and prosperity of America and the American people.

America has left it entirely to the alien to fill the needs of America; but the country can never expect to get the correct answer so long as it is left even in part to the most ignorant and backward people of the most ignorant and backward countries of Europe to say who shall populate America and breed the Americans of the future.

The needs of America can be discovered only by a group or organization of responsible and trustworthy Americans who are definitely selected for the purpose of discovering the country's needs.

Legislators flap their hands contemptuously at the mention of a commission and declare that there are too many commissions anyway, and that a commission would be so susceptible to political influences that its members would permit the laws to be broken down through political pressure.

A Commission Favored

The United States is cursed with too many expensive commissions, as anybody can see; but if the United States can get what it needs only by means of another commission, then it needs another commission.

The late Senator Dillingham, a leader in immigration investigation for many years, was heartily opposed to the great number of commissions with which the Government was infested; but he stated to friends more than once that in spite of his opposition to commissions he had come to the conclusion that the country would never get the sort of immigration that it ought to have until the law was administered by a commission.

As for a commission permitting the law to be broken down by political pressure, the idea is ridiculous so long as Congress wishes to prevent the law from being broken down.

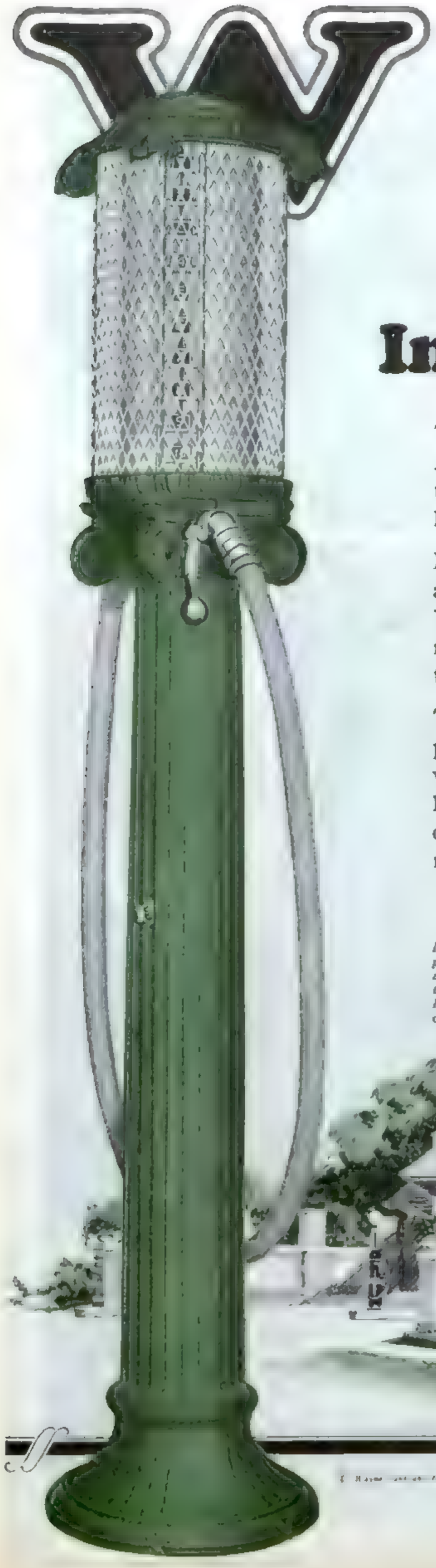
Suppose that Congress passes the 3 per cent quota law again, or a new quota law based on the census of 1890, or a quota law based on the number of naturalized citizens in the country at the time of the 1920 census. All these laws are good as far as they go, for they cut down the number of undesirables. But they don't go far enough, for none of the quota laws gives the country the people that it needs.

But suppose that Congress passes one of them, setting the quota of Austria at 7000 and Great Britain at 80,000 and Greece at 3000 and Italy at 40,000 and Poland at 26,000, and so on; and suppose it also sets up

Swedish Emigrants Waiting for American Visas at the American Consulate, Stockholm

Continued on Page 143

The Wedding Present



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Equip with BUFFALO small diameter wheels and "balloon" tires and—presto! You have an entirely different car. You experience riding comfort that you never dreamed was possible.

Brakes take hold more firmly. All fear of skidding is forgotten. You find yourself taking the roughest roads without concern, without any thought of picking your way, without worrying about dodging the ruts, ribs, holes, sand or loose stones.

BUFFALO small diameter wheels are the wheels that have been designed especially for use with "balloon tires"—large section tires that operate on inflation pressures as low as 20 pounds.

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BUFFALO small diameter Wheels also obtainable through the dealers and distributors of the *leading tire companies.*

for "balloon" tires

BUFFALO

WIRE *Wheels* DISC

(Continued from Page 138)

an immigration commission and says to the commission: "We have set the limit of immigration from each country. Find out the needs of America and supply them within the limits that we have set."

What chance would there be for the commission to submit to political pressure and break down the law? The law would still be the law, and the commission would have no power to say, "We aren't getting enough people from Poland; we must have 50,000 instead of 26,000."

Its only power would be to outline the sort of persons that are needed in America, and to supply that need, if possible, out of Poland's 26,000. If it weren't possible, then the need wouldn't be supplied and the 26,000 wouldn't be used.

Concerning the matter of selection, immigration legislators are fond of saying that foreign countries will not permit America to interfere with their internal affairs, and that America consequently would not be permitted to select immigrants in the country of source without special treaties.

If the House and the Senate Immigration Committees will question American consular officers who have been in contact with European emigration during the past few years, they will be amazed to learn how much an American consul can do so long as he is allowed to do it by the United States Government, or even so long as the United States Government neglects to see him doing it. They will also learn that the consuls can do all the selecting that is necessary without the aid of treaties or anything else to deceive the eye.

Suppose, again, that America abolished her passport and visa requirements with European countries, as she should have done long ago, and as England has been gradually doing for some time. An American spends large amounts of time and money in getting small smudgy ink marks on his passport when he travels in and out of France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and various other European countries. The Englishman spends neither time nor money, but goes as he pleases and when he pleases.

The whole business of requiring visas on passports was a war measure, and has become one of the world's greatest nuisances and absurdities. Any American who has traveled will be glad to confirm these statements as soon as his profanity has subsided.

Consular Certificates

Having abolished all visa and passport requirements where aliens are concerned, the American immigration laws would state that all immigrants must possess a certificate issued by the American consul located at the city nearest the immigrant's place of residence. The certificate, being a paper issued entirely by the American consul, would be dependent on nothing issued by any other government. The present American visa must be placed on a passport issued by a foreign government. Consequently an emigrant, under the present regulations, goes to his government and says, "I want to go to America, and the Americans say I must have a passport." His government looks him over and says, "All right, you can go to America; here's a passport." And it gives him a passport. Then the emigrant goes to the American consul and says, "I have my passport to go to America; please give me a visa."

And the consul, unless he has some particularly potent reason, has to do it or be guilty of technically interfering with another country's internal affairs.

If, however, America admitted only the immigrants who have consular certificates none of them would apply for passports, because passports would be of no use to them. They would go direct to the American consulate and apply for certificates, just as any person might go there and apply for a railroad folder or an income-tax blank or consular information of any sort. The country in which the consulate is located would have no reason for stopping its citizens from applying to the American consulate for a consular certificate; and as soon as they received consular certificates they could go to America, unless the country cared to prohibit them from going. And the country in which they lived could issue passports to its citizens till, as the saying goes, the cows came home; but since passports were no longer required by the American immigration authorities, the passports would be of no assistance in getting them into America. And if the country in which they lived cared to prohibit the holders of American consular certificates from going to America, it could unquestionably do so without causing any poignant anguish to the Government of the United States. Consequently the consuls would be selecting the immigrants who could enter America, or no immigrants would enter America.

Defects of the Law

Congressmen who have no first-hand knowledge of immigration call this a complicated scheme. Consuls who are in daily contact with immigration in all its phases say that there is nothing complicated or difficult about it at all; and that, furthermore, there is some sense to it. This is more than the most sensitively attuned ear will ever hear them saying for the existing law.

It might conceivably happen, under the present law, that the first 26,000 persons from Poland who applied for admission to the United States might be women, in which case the entire Polish quota would be filled by women. Or the entire 26,000 might be dressmakers and tailors, in which case the entire quota would be filled by dressmakers and tailors. Why should it be so? There is only one answer, and the answer is that it shouldn't be so.

It is only a step to the northwest from the crowds of would-be emigrants in the Polish towns to the smiling farms and towns of Denmark; and from the capital of Denmark it is only a ferry ride across the straits to Malmö and the Swedish countryside.

The bulk of the Danes and Swedes and Norwegians who dwell in cities have a peculiarity that isn't possessed by the natives of any other countries in Europe—at least, not to the same extent. Almost any American that one encounters in a Danish or Swedish or Norwegian city might, from his looks, be a Dane or a Swede or a Norwegian; and almost every Dane or Swede or Norwegian might be an American.

Persons who declare that there is no distinct American type may be correct in certain respects; but the fact remains that any American who has traveled widely can almost invariably distinguish an American among a crowd of Englishmen in London, or among a crowd of Dutchmen in The Hague, or among Italians or Rumanians, or among any other European nationality; but he can seldom distinguish him among a crowd of Danes or Swedes or Norwegians in Copenhagen or Stockholm or Christiania until he hears him speak.

Of the three Scandinavian countries, Sweden has sent to the United States the largest number of emigrants; and by the 3 per cent law she is still entitled to send the largest number of people of all the Scandinavian countries. She can send 20,000 against Poland's 26,000; Norway can send 12,000 against Czecho-Slovakia's 14,000; and Denmark can send 5600 against Rumania's 7400. Let us therefore consider the sort of emigrant that Sweden sends to America.

Persons who had the opportunity of visiting the impressive and beautiful exposition of Swedish life, manufactures, arts and inventions at Gothenburg, Sweden, last year must have been struck by the evident pride of the Swedes in the manner in which Swedish emigrants had grown into the life of America and by their delight in the fact that Swedes in America are considerably quicker on the uptake than a great many of America's present-day immigrants.

On the walls of one of the big rooms at the Gothenburg Exposition were hung charts which explained these matters in detail.

The charts showed that 73 per cent of all immigrants to America not more than ten years old could read, and that 99.6 per cent of all Swedish immigrants to America could read; that 74 per cent of all immigrants into America were able to speak or read English after spending ten years in America; but the percentage of Swedes who can speak or read English after ten years in America is 100 per cent. After five years' residence in America 68 per cent of all foreigners can speak and read English, while the Swedish percentage is 98.5 per cent. According to these Swedish figures, 19.4 per cent of all immigrants in American cities live in their own houses, but 28 per cent of Swedish immigrants live in their own homes. The foreigners in America who live in towns live 1.4 to a room, while the Swedes live .9 in a room. After five years' residence in America, 6.2 per cent of all immigrants are naturalized citizens; but 22.5 per cent of the Swedes are naturalized at the end of that time. After ten years' residence 56.9 per cent of all foreigners are naturalized, and 87.6 per cent of the Swedes.

Fine Immigrants from Sweden

In the face of these figures, a person would have to indulge freely in fact concealing in order to persuade himself that Swedish immigration is undesirable.

At the Gothenburg Exposition, too, one could see models and pictures of the good ship Kalmar Nyckel, which carried the first Swedish colony to America in 1637 and deposited it in the Delaware region to the glory of Sweden and the benefit of America; and of the cheese box on the raft, which was invented by one John Ericsson of Sweden to knock the stuffing out of the good ship Merrimac during the Civil War; and there were likewise photographs and exhibits from the Swedish settlements in Aroostook County, Maine, where the Larsons and the Carlsons and the Petersons and the Hansons and the Johnsons and the Dalbergs and the Ericksons make themselves useful as well as ornamental in developing the land and causing it to flourish with even more flourishings than are commonly associated with the green bay tree. The Swedes send good people to America and they don't care who knows it.

The brand of emigrants who leave Sweden for America is so good that the Swedes have formed a National Society Against Emigration in an effort to persuade prospective emigrants not to emigrate.

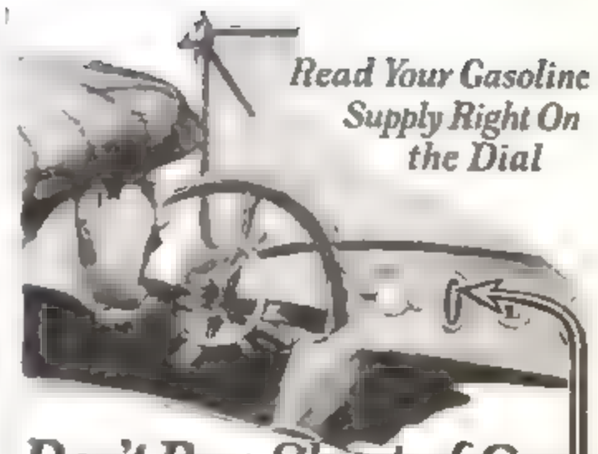
The director of the Swedish National Society Against Emigration, Doctor Molin, explained his society's attitude in the following way:

"Sweden is a country that has great natural resources. She depends entirely on her own people to develop these resources; and we therefore feel that we shall have need of all those who are now leaving us, especially since they are young and strong.

"Just now the economic situation in Sweden is bad, as an after result of the war and other things, and consequently the people are unusually eager to emigrate, especially skilled laborers. These, we understand, will be welcome in America; and not many opportunities exist for them in Sweden, so we make no effort to hold them

Shops in Poland

Continued on Page 145



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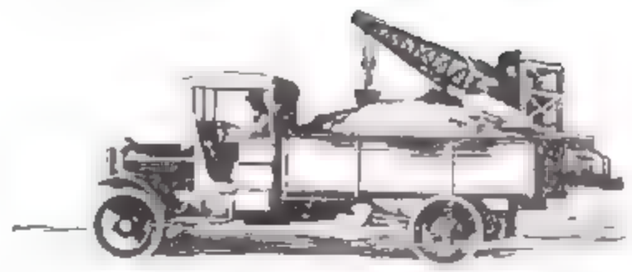

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FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCKS

Continued from Page 143

here. Our special work at present is to keep the young farmers from leaving Sweden in large numbers for the purpose of getting homesteads in the United States and Canada. We think that in Sweden, by helping them to build homes at low prices and to get land on good terms, we can give these young men the same or nearly as good opportunities as they can find in America."

When asked whether his society was making any appreciable dent in the outpouring of young Swedish farmers to America, Doctor Molin replied with an air of regret that he feared it wasn't.

Emigration from Sweden to the United States, until 1923, wasn't so large as its quota. Sweden is a prosperous country and its people have been prosperous. There was little attraction for the average Swedish workman in the knowledge that if he went to America he would have to compete with cheap labor from Southeastern Europe. The Swedes have developed their own country without importing large quantities of labor from any part of Europe. An occasional attempt has been made by mine owners and manufacturers to employ Poles in the Swedish mines and factories, but the employers have never been satisfied with them, and neither have the workmen. During 1922 forty-seven Poles entered Sweden and thirty-three Poles left Sweden, and the immigration and emigration of other Southeastern Europeans was practically nonexistent.

Yet not a voice was raised among the large employers of labor in Sweden to the effect that if liberal quantities of laborers from Southern and Eastern Europe were not at once imported into the country for the purpose of developing its resources the financial ruin of the nation would be complete.

This cry is frequently raised in the United States by large employers of labor; but it has no more basis in fact than it would have in Sweden.

The United States has aptly been called a great country; and those who consider its greatness and then declare in all seriousness that it cannot continue to be prosperous unless hundreds of thousands of Poles, Southern Italians, Greeks, Rumanians and Russians are imported each year ought to arrange to have their heads examined by an ivory expert. Sweden can continue to keep her bonds at par without such importations; and though Sweden is a highly cultured nation, with beautiful cities, charming women, brave men and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of large numbers of the heartiest eaters and drinkers known to man, her resourcefulness is probably no greater than that of the United States.

An Interesting Comparison

The number and the classification of emigrants who leave Sweden for the United States make interesting reading by comparison with the regiments of dressmakers, tailors, seamstresses and shoemakers who emigrate from Poland. During 1922, 11,797 persons emigrated from Sweden to America. Of this number, 3584 were what the Swedes list as industry and handicraft workers, the most numerous subdivisions of this class being carpenters, concrete workers, sawmill workers, mechanics and engineers; 3520 were farmers, 1291 were domestic servants, 1195 were business men and 2206 were listed under unclassified laborers and occupations. Owing to labor troubles and strikes in Sweden in 1923, the 1923 quota was completely filled, and the people who filled it were of the same types that went in 1922.

The comparison becomes even more interesting when one travels to Stockholm and visits the American consulate there for a first-hand look at the emigrants. Three years ago, in Poland, the American consulate in Warsaw got the use of a large covered meat market during off hours as a visa office, since it was the only building large enough to accommodate the crowds of prospective emigrants under one roof; but after a time the Polish Health Bureau stopped the use of the market for that purpose. To walk into the same room with a crowd of emigrants from Poland was like coming up on the leeward side of a glue factory on a warm day. The emigrant lines in Warsaw, moreover, had to have police protection because of the attempts at fraud and larceny that were constantly being made by the emigrants on one another.

In Sweden the emigrants look and act like regular people. They are admitted to a large room separated from several members of the consular staff by nothing more restraining than an open doorway. If this were to happen in Poland the consular staff would be instantly mobbed by frantic emigrants. They would be frantic for no particular reason, but merely because it is their nature to be frantic at times when calmness is most urgently desired. But in Sweden the emigrants wait patiently in their big room, looking at the magazines on the tables and conversing in whispers.

The mere fact that magazines can be left on the tables for the emigrants to look at is worthy of note, for in more eastern countries the acquisitive sense of the immigrants is so great that all movable objects to which any value, sentimental or otherwise, attaches must be carefully removed from their vicinity.

The Swedish emigrants, like most of the Swedes, are orderly, clean, educated—the Swedish school system is rated by educators as about the best in the world—self-respecting, and have a high regard for law and order. With slight shades of difference, they have the same manners, habits and political principles that are common to old-stock Americans; and George Washington pointed out in his Farewell Address that the citizens of America, "with slight shades of difference, have the same manners, habits and political principles."

Why Men Leave Home

An American who is high in the government service and close to the administration of the immigration law said recently of Scandinavian immigrants in general:

"America doesn't have to install Americanization schools for these immigrants. She doesn't have to keep the Department of Justice watching them every minute. She doesn't have to fill her insane asylums with them. America knows what she's getting when she gets them, and where they are going. If America wants this sort of immigration she can keep having it, or she can specialize on peddlers and nonproducers from the east and the south, all depending on how loudly she speaks to the men who make her laws."

At the same time there are certain features of Swedish—and all other European—emigration that should be kept in mind. Swedish emigrants leave Sweden for America because they are out of work and hope to get better jobs, or because they aren't earning enough money to live properly. The immigration movement is purely an economic one; and consequently America should exercise the right to say which of the job hunters she will accept, just as do England and France, and just as does any business.

I interviewed the following series of emigrants as they passed through the Stockholm consulate, in order to discover their reasons for going to America. The names have been altered, since most of them have relatives or close friends in America:

Esken Carston, from a small town to the north of Stockholm, was a fine-looking youngster with blue eyes and flaxen hair. He was a carpenter, but for two months he had been out of work.

He had distant relatives in Sioux City, Iowa, and he had heard that carpentering jobs were easy to get in America, so he was on his way.

Lingerd Fagren was an electrical repair man and had worked steadily for seven years until two months previous, when he had lost his job. He was going to New York, where he had several acquaintances. His friend John Hallberg was a sawmill worker. His hands had the texture of shark skin, even though he had been out of work for five weeks. He had an uncle in Sioux City, and he was supremely confident that he could get a job there.

Kurt Lindborg was a metal etcher who was dissatisfied with his pay of sixty kronen a week—something under twenty dollars. He had heard that a friend of his who was no better than he was had got a job at seventy dollars a week in America, so he was taking his wife and heading for his uncle in Stromsburg, Nebraska, his uncle having assured him that living conditions in America are much better than in Sweden. When the subject of registration was mentioned, he said that he was quite accustomed to putting down his pedigree whenever he went from one city to another—from Stockholm to Malmö, for example. Like everybody else in Europe, he was used to it, and wouldn't have the slightest objection to doing it in America. It would seem strange,

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In this connection the following extracts from a few of many letters written us by Jersey dealers will interest you—

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"We want you to know that in our opinion Jersey Insect Screen Cloth is by far the best screen wire we have ever sold and we look forward to a large increase in the demand for it next year."

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"We have handled Jersey Copper Screen Cloth for the past seven years and have found it far superior to any other kind of window cloth and feel we are giving the trade good advice when we recommend the use of it for windows and doors."

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Go to your hardware merchant—ask him about Jersey Copper Insect Screen Cloth. If he does not carry it write us and we will send you samples, an interesting booklet and tell you how you can get it.

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he said, to go to a country where one didn't need to register.

Olaf Jensen was on his way back to America, where he had lived for twenty years as a copper miner and borax miner. He would be glad to get back to America, for Sweden seemed strange and small to him.

Axel Hand, from Homdal, a young man with a tanned face and blonde hair, had been a locomotive fireman for four years, and then had lost his job because of strikes. For six months he had had no work, so he was going to Boston to see his uncle. He knew he could get a job, for he had been a farmer before he went on the railroad. He felt sure of one thing, and that was that he wouldn't be knocked out of work by strikes in America.

Dirk Erikson was eighteen years old. He finished his schooling at fifteen and went on the farm at once. Near Boston he had a relative, and there were many small farms near Boston where he felt sure he could get work.

John Ekstand was twenty years old. He was a farmer and his father was a farmer. He had never done anything else and didn't want to. He had saved his fare to America and a little more, and he was going to see his sister in Minneapolis and get a job on a farm.

Arlene Carlson was a snappy-looking young blonde who was bound for the home of her sister—a farmer's wife—in Rhinelander, Wisconsin. In Sweden there aren't enough men to go around, and she had heard on what she considered unimpeachable authority that there were more men in America. The suggestion that she might possibly fall for a farmer, marry him and have to cook for a large crowd of hungry human wolves didn't distress her in the least. She was accustomed to work—a veritable glutton for it. Furthermore, her friends wrote from Minneapolis that life there was one glad sweet song; and since so many of her friends had made the trip, she might as well make it too.

Nels Anderson had been a blacksmith for fourteen years. He had a wife and two children, and his income was ninety-five öre an hour, or about twenty-four cents. He found it difficult to live on this, as more than a third of his earnings had to be paid for two small rooms. So he was taking his nine-year-old son and going to Philadelphia, where he had friends who had told him that there was plenty of work to be had. It couldn't be worse than Sweden; and he thought that it wouldn't be many weeks before he sent for his wife and his other son.

Friends in America

Anna Dalquist, from the Åland Islands, had a brother in Brooklyn. There were too many girls in Åland, so that there weren't enough men to go around, and her brother said that the chances in America were much better. No, she wasn't going to be a house assistant, but just an ordinary hired girl.

Lena Gansson, from Dalarne, wore the beautiful Dalarne costume of blue skirt and black, white and green apron, a broad red girdle, a little black bolero jacket and a tiny peaked cap from which hung two little ribbons with balls on the end. White ribbon was braided into her hair, and an embroidered pouch hung from her waist and banged against her knee. She was going to French, Wyoming, to get work as a housemaid. She had a friend in French who had set her seal of approval on the place, and she guessed that there was a better chance to earn a living there than in Dalarne.

Waldemar Stefanson, from the Åland Islands, was a brisk, snappy, well-informed, tow-headed youth who viewed Sweden's future with the utmost pessimism, largely due to the fact that his pay as a carpenter in the Åland Islands was twenty-five Finnish marks, or about sixty-six cents a day. He had been credibly informed that one could easily draw down eight dollars a day in America; so as soon as he had a clear road, the residents of Sweden wouldn't be able to see him for the dust of his departure.

Andreas Gustafson was a cement contractor from Luleå. The competition was so great that one could hardly live, and the climate was so severe that cement working could be indulged in only during the six warm months of the year. Owing to the fact that nights are long in the cold months, one tried to work both day and night in the warm months in order to even things up, and this proved very wearing in the long run. He had a brother-in-law in Stephenson, Michigan, who was a native-born American; so he was going over there where a person could work winter and summer and keep decent hours. He was taking his wife and his three children, and if he ever got to America, he'd never come back to Sweden. He'd rather be a common laborer in America than a contractor in Sweden. Sweden was a poor place nowadays; the government gave unemployment doles, and the people who got them refused to work unless they could get higher wages than anyone could afford to pay. Yes, he knew all about radicals, but they gave him a pain, for he had done too much hard work to take any stock in them.

Helmer Key's Views

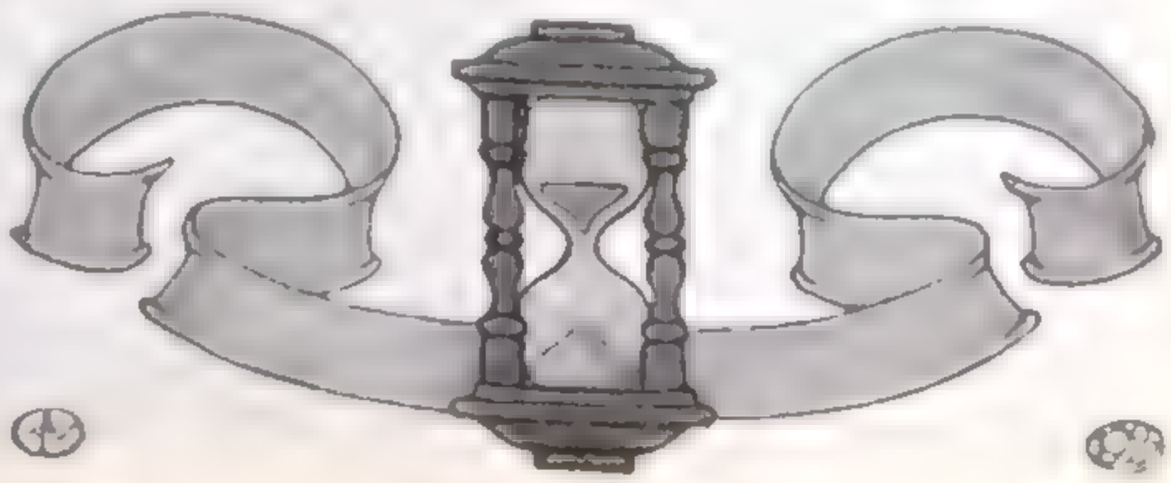
Like every other nation in Europe, Sweden and the Swedes look at emigration to America with a selfish eye. There is constant talk in Sweden of block colonies in foreign lands which shall offer a suitable basis for the creation of new markets for the country's export.

The desirability of strengthening the ties between emigrants and the mother country is constantly emphasized, since such ties "may yield national and cultural profits, the importance of which ought not to be underrated."

Helmer Key, a distinguished Swedish journalist, recently wrote a series of emigration editorials in the Svenska Dagbladet, which is one of the most influential of the Swedish newspapers. He pointed out that an important Swedish problem was "the organization of emigration of more qualified persons, such as doctors, engineers, electricians, agriculturists, foresters and other specialists with scientific education. Sweden has quite a large surplus of people who have received their education at universities and technical schools and agricultural colleges, but for whom there is not enough work in Sweden. And in order not to create a proletariat of learned persons, which the country cannot support, many are of the opinion that it would be desirable to decrease the number of students. It is argued that it is too expensive to educate more specialists than the country needs.

"Personally I am of the opinion that this viewpoint is condemnable and, on the contrary, think that the export of highly qualified labor is desirable. The prospects of advantageous positions in transoceanic countries ought to become more plentiful as the many settlements which are planned in foreign countries at present get into working order; and nobody should be better able to maintain the relations with the home country and cooperate in the creation of new markets for its products than such persons, who theoretically are highly qualified and thereby in a position to represent Swedish culture and economic interests abroad."

America cannot expect her immigration troubles to be settled by the immigrants themselves or by the nations from which they come. They will never be settled until America herself finds out what sort of immigrants she actually needs, and then refuses to take any others.



Anyone can easily operate a Foamite Extinguisher. Merely invert it—and the foam stream soon has the fire under control. Even blazing grease or oil goes out immediately.

"Firefoam"—

with its thousands of minute, tough bubbles clinging close together. Spread over any burning surface by Foamite equipment, this foam blanket snuffs out the worst fire by shutting off air.

The Foamite 40-gallon Portable Engine generates nearly 300 gallons of fire-smothering Firefoam, throwing it in a strong stream for a distance of 75 feet and quickly smothering any fire at the start.

Smothered under this clinging foam fire is killed *instantly*

The triumph of Foamite Protection

Uncontrolled fire has been man's most savage and terrible enemy.

For thousands of years, water was the only defensive weapon—too often a weapon that failed!

Then came improvements—liquid chemicals, live steam, stifling gases.

And then—with a tremendous leap ahead—came a *real triumph of science—Foamite* Protection, a method that *smothers out any kind of a fire at the start.*

A method so sure, so positive in its effect, that today it is protecting the plants of leaders in every line of industry—great oil fields, national manufacturing plants, ocean liners, office buildings, schools, hospitals—wherever fire threatens property or life.

How Foamite Protection smothers any fire in factory, office, home or garage

Shot out in a swift stream from *Foamite* apparatus, thousands of tough, adhesive gas-bubbles (Firefoam) quickly cover any burning object. They form an *air-tight blanket* under which fire is literally impossible.

This fire-smothering foam sticks to walls, ceiling, or floor—floats on any liquid—clings despite drafts—resists fierce heat—*puts out the fire and keeps it out.*

And it does far less damage than water would do!

Fire plays no favorites, and your turn may come any day

What protection are you depending on?

The fire department? It can't be there *when the fire starts.*

Insurance? It will rebuild property, but it won't bring back lost business, or *human life.*

Old-fashioned extinguishers? What a costly gamble if they don't do the work in a crisis!

Stop taking chances. Have a real safeguard where it counts the most. Look into this new, unfailing method that smothers and kills fire at the very outbreak!

FOAMITE Protection is available in a form adequate for every type and size of industrial and home fire risks—2½ and 5-gallon hand extinguishers; 40-gallon portable engines on wheels; automatic devices for protecting dip tanks; complete system installations.

Backed by the special service of Fire Protection Engineers

The Foamite-Childs Corporation is a *complete* organization of fire protection engineers, manufacturing all kinds of fire-fighting devices from the 1-quart size extinguisher for automobiles to motorized equipments and stationary systems.

For 27 years* Foamite-Childs has developed, manufactured, installed and maintained fire extinguishing equipment for big industrial companies, public utilities and municipalities.

Our service representatives located at 290 convenient centers enable you to consult with us promptly. We will make recommendations and furnish rough estimates without obligation.

*Foamite-Childs Corporation is a consolidation of O. J. Childs Company (established 1896) and Foamite Firefoam Company.

Free Booklet—"The Essentials of Self-Protection Against Fire"—will be sent to you on receipt of the coupon below. Foamite-Childs Corporation.

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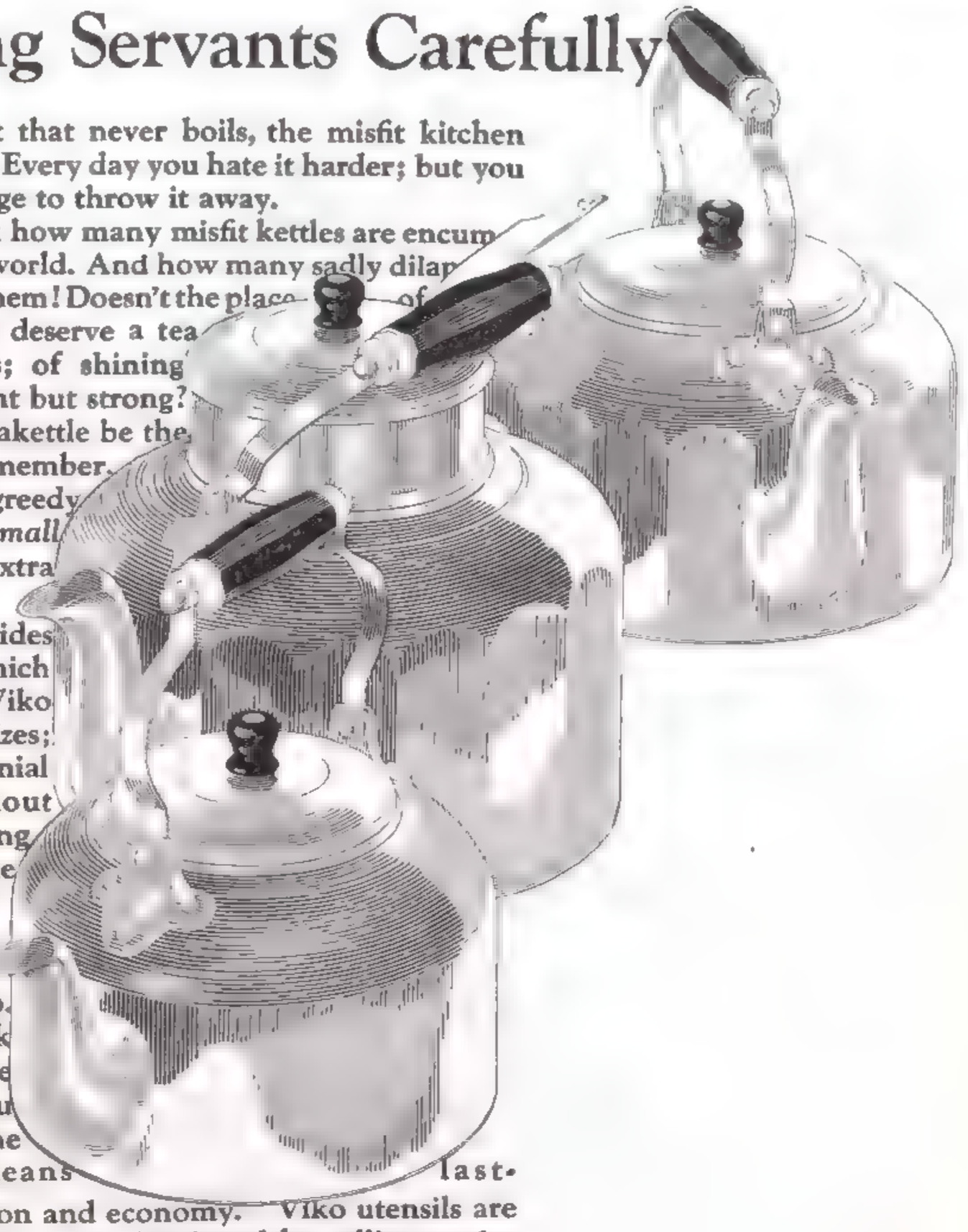
Choose Lifelong Servants Carefully



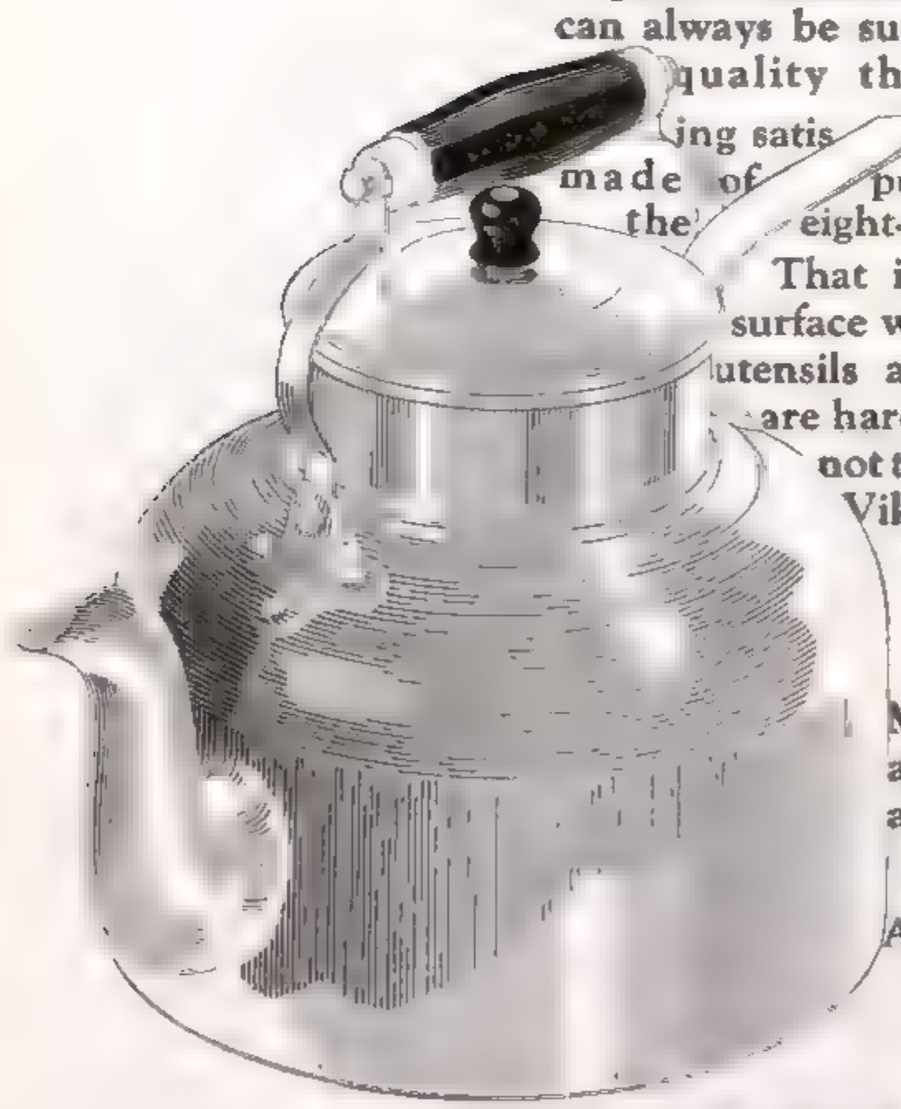
Like the watched pot that never boils, the misfit kitchen utensil never wears out. Every day you hate it harder; but you haven't the moral courage to throw it away.

Take teakettles. Think how many misfit kettles are encumbering the stoves of the world. And how many sadly dilapidated ones. Away with them! Doesn't the place of honor in your kitchen deserve a teakettle of Viko fineness; of shining satisfying aluminum, light but strong?

And shouldn't that teakettle be the right one for *you?* For, remember, *too large* is clumsy and greedy of stoveroom. And *too small* wastes fuel and makes extra work.

Fortunately Viko provides a complete line from which to choose. There are Viko teakettles of different sizes; in round or paneled Colonial models; with or without double-boiler insets—among them, surely, the very one you need.

Every other kitchen utensil that you can think of is made in Viko, too. If you remember to look for the stamp "VIKO, The Popular Aluminum," you can always be sure of the quality that means lasting satisfaction and economy. Viko utensils are made of pure, *thick* metal, hardened by rolling under eight-ton pressure of our giant mills.



That imparts the tough grain and hard smooth surface which good aluminum ware *must* have. Viko utensils are as durable as they are beautiful. They are hard to dent or scratch, and easy to clean. And not the least of their attractions is moderate cost. Viko always stands for *quality, popularly priced.*

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VIKO
The Popular Aluminum

RIDE 'EM AND WEEP

(Continued from Page 17)

he could not desert that gentleman in the hour of his extreme and hopeless trouble.

Of course, there was the bare possibility that Mr. Foster might be safe in the drawing-room. Crosby was the only man it was necessary to contend with, as, this being a through car starting at midnight, the tickets were handled by the Pullman conductor only. Too, Epic had made the run with Crosby on other occasions and knew that that stern official was not in the habit of sleeping. Crosby's attention to duty was simply shocking. Invariably he sat up in the rear car; or, failing that, in any car where sitting space was available; and he took good care to see that his porters did not avail themselves of opportunities for long, luscious naps.

If only Crosby could be kept out of the drawing-room! Hop Sure suffered agonies as the man strolled through the car, then breathed a sigh of vast relief to notice that he was temporarily safe. The porter followed his chief onto the platform, where he stood staring out into the night.

The train was making fair time in the general direction of Atlanta. Beyond the windows, Epic could discern the silhouette of Alabama foothills and the occasional winking lights of small towns. The train was jerking and lurching on its way, rounding at good speed the countless curves on that particular one hundred and fifty-six mile stretch of road.

Inside, the car was quiet as the grave. The latest of the passengers were composing themselves for the night and praying for rest. Epic stared gloomily down the cañon of green curtains toward the door of Drawing-Room A, behind which lurked tragedy. Then, slowly, he lurched down the aisle of the car and his practiced eye noticed that all the berths were occupied except Upper 10 and Upper 2.

"Two mo' passengers," he mused, "an' the on'y place I could put Mistuh Foster—'ceptin' the drawin'-room—would be nowhere."

Epic seated himself at the lower end of the car, where he commanded an excellent view of the drawing-room door. Thus far the affair had been running much too smoothly to satisfy him This was entirely too good to be true. He prepared himself for a shock, but not quite for the shock he received when Crosby suddenly shoved by him, walked the length of the car and turned the knob of the drawing-room door.

Epic swallowed his heart as he stumbled to his feet and zigzagged down the car to join Crosby. That personage glowered upon him.

"Make up the drawing-room," he ordered briefly.

Hop Sure stared, his lower jaw drooping. His head bobbed slowly on the long skinny neck.

"Drawin'-room?" he repeated.

"Yes, the drawing-room. It is engaged out of Anniston."

"Y-y-yas-suh. H-how them folkses want it made up, cap'n?"

"Upper and lower. And be sure you do a good job. I'll come back and inspect."

"Cap'n, they ain't no need fo' you to trouble yo'se'f. What you ought to do, cap'n, is go back yonder an' take a nap. You is lookin' pow'ful peeky, Cap'n Crosby; I ain't never seen you lookin' so bad."

"Nonsense! Don't talk like an idiot. I was never better in my life. Now get busy."

"Y-yas-suh, I shuah will. You don't know half how busy I is rilly gwine git, either."

Hop Sure walked to his linen closet, where for an inordinate length of time he pretended to assort the necessary linens. Crosby joined him.

"What's the matter? Why are you so slow?"

Epic favored him with a pained expression.

"Is I slow, cap'n?"

"You are." The conductor's eyes narrowed. "Are you drunk?"

"Me? Good goshness, no! B'lieve me or not, Cap'n Crosby, knowin' what I does 'bout the evils of licker, I woul'n't touch a drop even if there wasn't nothin' else in the whole world."

"Hmph!" Crosby sniffed. "At any rate you better never let me catch you even fooling around where liquor is."

"Boss man, if I c'n he'p it, you suttinly ain't gwine catch me. Nossuh!"

The conductor left the car. Hop Sure pussyfooted after him to the vestibule and made sure that he had departed completely. Then, with arms piled high with clean linen, he traversed the dimly lighted green-walled corridor of the Pullman and let himself softly into the drawing-room.

Mr. Foster was yet asleep, but his slumber did not have the same lethal quality it had appeared to possess an hour earlier. The young gentleman was stirring; faint mumblings came from his throat and occasionally his lips twisted into the ghost of a grin. Epic stood over him and gazed down commiseratingly.

"Mistuh Foster," he mused, "us is sho'ly in a fix."

He deposited the linens on one of the seats and set busily to work reviving Mr. Foster.

The task was not without its difficulties. Mr. Foster was happier asleep and he voiced inarticulate protests against the none-too-gentle treatment which the porter was passionately bestowing upon him.

Hop Sure rubbed the white gentleman's face and wrists—rubbed them raw. Then he filled a sanitary drinking cup with ice water from the cooler in the lavatory and pitched it full into the face of the other man.

That treatment proved sufficiently drastic. Mr. Foster scrambled unsteadily to his feet, hitting out wildly in the frantic effort to ward off a hydraulic attack.

"'Swater!" announced the intoxicated gentleman. "'M in the ocean, an' I can't swim—can't swim a lick!"

Mr. Epic Peters had become a man of action. He side-stepped one of Mr. Foster's wild lunges and took his position behind the helpless gentleman. Then the porter's two stringly powerful arms slipped beneath the armpits of his Caucasian friend and he propelled that gentleman violently down the aisle of the car.

Until they pulled up short in the vicinity of Section 10, Mr. Foster was too entirely dazed to register a protest. He turned amazed, hurt eyes upon Hop Sure.

"Never thought it of you," he murmured reprovingly. "Thought you wash frien'. Do' wanna go walkin'; wanna shleep."

"You is gwine sleep, boss; you suttinly is. You ain't gwine do nothin' else but it, once I gits you in that upper berth. C'mon, be a good spoht an' climb up yonder. I ain't no derrick."

Mr. Foster surveyed the pitching, rolling precipice of green, and shook his head helplessly.

"Can't do it; 'stoo high, anyway; might fall out."

"But," wailed Epic, "if you don't you is li'ble to git th'owed out."

"Never was no good climbin'. . . . Wanna shleep. Wanna be rocked in the cradle of the deep. You know, Hop Sure, rocked in the cradle. . . . Do' wanna go way up yonder; 'stoo tall."

Hop Sure was up against it.

"They is on'y two things I can do," he reflected miserably, "an' bofe of 'em is wrong."

He stared uncertainly up and down the car, and suddenly his face lighted as his eye rested upon the pudgy, interested countenance of his fellow porter Joe. He summoned that gentleman to his aide.

"Hot dam, Joe! Nothin' could look gooder'n you right now. C'mon he'p me h'ist this gemmun into that upper berth."

Joe regarded the spectacle solemnly.

"How come him cain't climb up his ownse'f?"

The answer came sibilantly, "Drunk!"

Joe smiled approvingly.

"He do kind of remin' me of a gin mill I useter know down in the Scratch Ankle distric'. Lo-o-oka yonder. Hop Sure! He's done went to sleep."

"Dawg-gone if he ain't! Le's us lif' him."

Neither Hop Sure nor Joe was lacking in muscle, but they found the task almost too much for their straining bodies. At length, however, they managed to project a small portion of Mr. Foster over the edge of the upper, and the rest was a mere matter of shoving, regardless of its effect upon the unfortunate's anatomy. Hop Sure then ascended the ladder, which Joe braced, and arranged his charge in what seemed to be a moderately comfortable posture.

For a minute or two the porter seriously debated undressing Mr. Foster; it seemed

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Think how you could use it!

$2

With 9 ft. cord and combination plug (not bulb)

Just think! No, *don't* think. If you do, you'll buy it.

Soon as you get your mind to thinking how you could use a Buss Lamp, it's *yours*.

You can think of more ways of using the Buss Lamp in one minute than you can tell about in an hour.

And the ladies—they never *heard* of such a bargain. Imagine such a little beauty, such an *artistic* stand lamp, with 9 foot cord and combination plug, being sold for $2.00!

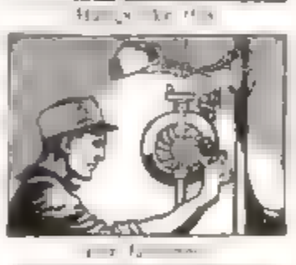
And *that's* the lamp, mind you, that also hangs or clamps

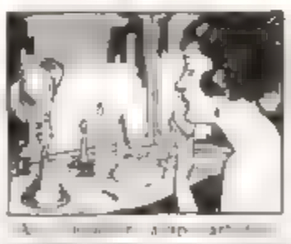
Yet, to look at it—you never know it. Nothing shows at all. That's why the Buss gets clear out of the class of ordinary clamp lamps. It *isn't* a clamp lamp. It's an artistic *stand lamp* that *also* hangs or clamps.

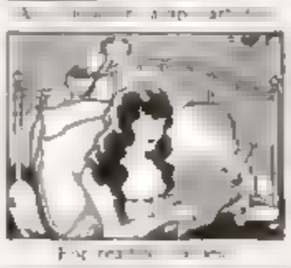
Get the idea? When you want to clamp it, just screw out the base plate—to clamp on anything up to 2½ inches.

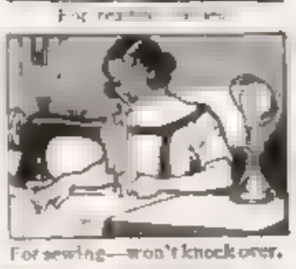
When you want to hang it, there's a slot in the base that never shows.

When you want to focus the light in any direction—a touch of the hand adjusts either the shade or the bulb or both in any direction—up or down sideways—*all the way around* on the swivel ball joint. Nothing like that in any other lamp.









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You'd buy such a lamp even at $5—but $2 is the price. And that *is* the amazing thing. And yet, it's easy to understand, too. It's just a matter of making only *one style and size of lamp and making it on a million basis.* That's all. That's what we do!

And the result to you is the kind of a lamp you've always wanted for home, office or factory use, at a price that lets you buy *more than one.*

The Buss Clamp-o-Set Lamp is now the fastest selling lamp in the world. And you'll agree it *ought* to be. When you get one for yourself, you'll be *sure* of this.

Why not get one today—or more than one? You can buy a bunch of them—one for every member of the family—and they'd cost you no more than one ordinary stand lamp.

The Buss Lamp is 11 inches high. Three beautiful finishes—Bronze, Brass and Ivory. Shade has an aluminized reflecting surface which throws pure white light. Extra [illegible] quality, is approved by the underwriters. Plug is two-piece [illegible]. Whole lamp is real quality [illegible] finish and every part [illegible]

Sold by stores everywhere. Ask to see it.

If you don't know of any store that sells Buss Lamps, just put currency or money-order in the Order Coupon below and mail it now. Your money back if not delighted.

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Made by the makers of Buss Fuses.

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GENTLEMEN: [illegible] Buss Lamps at $2 each. (Send $3 each if you live in Canada.) Lamp includes 9 ft. cord and combination plug—not the bulb.

Mark which finish you want. Bronze, Brass or Ivory. Otherwise, bronze will be shipped.

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to him that being in bed fully clothed savored somewhat of indecency, but on second thought he shook his head.

"Nossuh, 'twould be mo' indecenter was he to git th'owed off the train 'thout no clothes on."

Joe was pledged to secrecy and sent back to his own car. Hop Sure, breathing more easily, now that the menace of the moment had been taken care of, busied himself with the task of preparing the drawing-room for the passengers who were due to occupy it out of Anniston. He worked efficiently and swiftly, and just as he completed his task the train flashed by Anniston, then stopped and backed into the city, as is the way of all northbound trains on the Southern Railway.

At two o'clock in the morning they came to a pause under the shed of the Anniston station. The expected couple boarded the train, and much to Hop Sure's relief no other through passengers came to his car. He had held a horrible dread that there would be someone at Anniston to claim the very much occupied Upper 10.

The whistle blew, the bell rang, the high-ball was wigwagged and the train pulled slowly out. Epic returned to his car and seated himself on a little stool outside the drawing-room door where he could command full view of Section 10. Once Captain Crosby came through and gazed with dark suspicion upon his porter.

"What you sitting there for?"

"Jus' restin', cap'n."

"Why aren't you in the smoking room? You're usually asleep in there when you're supposed to be on duty."

Hop Sure smiled in friendly fashion.

"I has reformed, cap'n. Don't never sleep no mo' when Ise on a run."

"Pff!" Crosby was skeptical. "I can't figure how you ever earned your reputation as a good porter. I've been watching you, Epic—watching you closely."

"Listen heah, cap'n, they ain't no need of you watchin' me; honest there ain't. Tha's the mostest thing you ain't got no need to do. Jus' lemme be; I c'n han'le things fine."

"Be sure you do. I won't stand for any foolishness."

"I knows it, boss man. I suttinly does. I has remembered that ever since us departed away fum Bummin'ham tonight."

Crosby moved on. Epic favored his back with a grimace of distaste.

"That feller is suttinly embarrassin'. Bet was he to 'scover 'bout Mistuh Foster I would git kicked out of my job so hahd my ancestors would starve to death."

They were yet more than four hours away from Atlanta, and Epic was immensely worried. He loved his job for all the fact that it guaranteed him only sixty-six dollars a month. But it was a job which carried with it worthwhile perquisites in the way of tips and social prominence at home. And Epic had been in the service sufficiently long to comprehend the enormity of the offense which he was in the process of committing. It was one of those things which are quite all right when they are all right, and decidedly heinous when they aren't.

Hop Sure was not particularly worried as to what would happen to Mr. Foster when they reached Atlanta. In the first place, there was every likelihood that he would have sobered up sufficiently to be able to navigate himself after a fashion, and the chances were that he would be sick enough to wish himself far away from a train. Besides, they were due in Atlanta at 6:15, and immediately after their arrival in the Terminal Station Epic's car would be switched into the yards to await the making up of the New York train of which it was to become a part, and which was not due to leave until eight o'clock, central time. Captain Crosby would not be in the yards with the car. Hop Sure would therefore have a free hand and more than an hour of spare time.

"An' any man which c'n get a feller into a upper berth can sho'ly git him out. One pull, one push—an' kerflump!"

Seated on his stool at the end of the car, listening to the monotonous thrumming of the wheels and the occasional shrill blast of the locomotive whistle, Mr. Epic Peters became drowsy. The car rocked and rolled as it skirted hills and careened around sharp curves; the clackety-clack-clatter was rhythmic and soothing. Mr. Peters drifted off into a dreamful doze in which he saw himself attempting to conceal an inebriated Captain Crosby in the fire box of a furnace which somehow resembled an upper berth.

He was awakened from his delicious slumber by the insistent sounding of his buzzer and a strident howling for Hop Sure. There was no need for him to consult the buzzer box. He recognized the somewhat alcoholized voice of Mr. Foster, and his first sensation was one of relief that the gentleman in question was no longer entirely *hors de combat*. He climbed the ladder and poked his head in at Upper 10.

"What you craves, Mistuh Foster?"

"Ice water."

"Yas-suh—yas-suh, I shuah fetches you a glassful."

"Glassful? I want a barrel."

"Cain't git no barrels, suh. Gits you all the glassfuls which makes up a barrel."

There seemed no limit to the amount of ice water which Mr. Foster could consume. After the sixth trip Hop Sure grew leg weary, arm tired and not a little dispirited. Too, the gentleman in Lower 10 was becoming querulous.

"What's the matter there, porter?" he inquired. "What's all the disturbance?"

"'Tain't no disturbance. Jus' a sick gemmun."

"Ain't sick," proclaimed Foster's voice irritably; "jush thirshty."

At length his surpassing thirst was quenched and Epic sank weakly on his stool. The night was dragging by on feet of lead; the progress of the train seemed interminably slow; Epic glanced at his watch every five minutes with all the eager hope of the weary traveler. For the first time in his eight years of service he was learning that there is a vast distance separating Birmingham and Atlanta; never before had he longed quite so keenly for a sight of the Georgia metropolis.

Of course, Epic realized that there should be a vast deal of satisfaction in the knowledge of a noble deed being nobly done; but just at present that satisfaction was not with him. The moment was too fraught with danger, the immediate future too pregnant with horrid possibility. Hop Sure had a hunch that the end was not yet, or even almost yet. Mr. Foster was in a highly uncertain condition and the animosity of Captain Crosby was too disturbingly genuine. And so as the train crawled eastward Epic waited patiently for the inevitable outbreak—waited in the absolute certainty of its arrival. But when it did come, Epic almost pitched through the roof.

Down the length of the car echoed a weird, high-pitched, staccato laugh. There was a brief pause, then another peal of rib-tickling laughter. Epic came up standing.

"Oh, Lawd!" he muttered. "It's done turned off into a laughin' jag. I was born unlucky an' Ise gittin' mo' so ev'y day."

The diagnosis was eminently correct. The full-throated laughter of Mr. Foster continued without intermission. Epic shook his head sadly as he started toward the berth.

"Laughin'—dawg-gone! Wonder what he thinks is so funny?"

There was certainly nothing funny in the situation that Mr. Epic Peters could discover. This was the ultimate unfortunate twist in a hopeless involvement. Epic climbed to the side of the berth.

Mr. Foster was sitting bolt upright, braced on his hands, and he was laughing uncontrollably. Hop Sure's face was woefully serious.

"Mistuh Foster," he pleaded, "I begs you to cease that laughin'. There ain't nothin' funny happenin', honest there ain't."

Mr. Foster favored his dusky benefactor with a playful dig which almost upset that gentleman.

"You haven't any shense of humor, Hop Sure; none wha'shoever. 'Sh very 'scrushiatingly funny. 'Sterribly laughable."

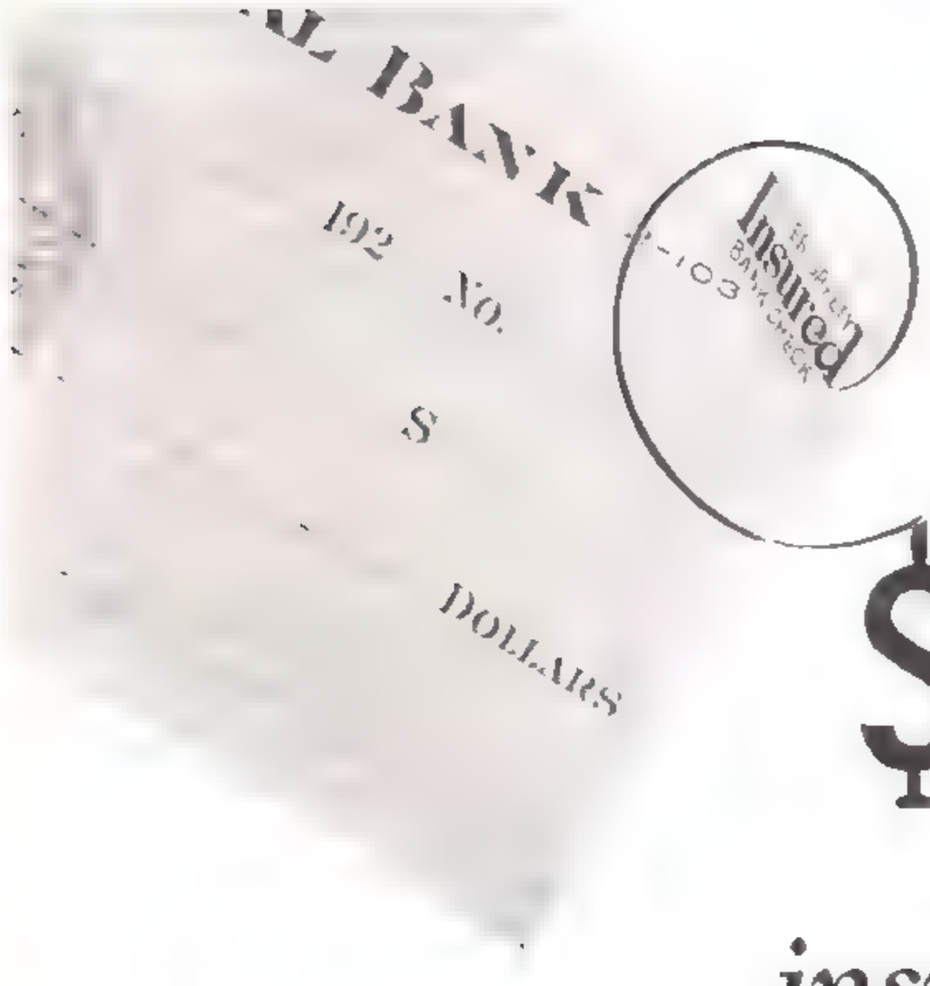
Epic was entirely unable to grasp that point of view, nor did he feel that his inability was due to lack of humorous perception.

"Mistuh Foster, you is shuah fixin' to th'ow us bofe in a hole full of trouble an' then pull the hole in after us. Please, suh, leave off advertisin' how happy you is. Folks on the car is gettin' res'less. 'Tain't so easy to sleep on a train nohow, an' you ain't makin' it no easier."

"Can't bother 'bout other passengers, Hop Sure. Crowd of pesshimists, thash what they are. Need a li'l' laughter in their lives."

"Yas-suh, they suttinly does. But they don't need a lot."

(Continued on Page 153)



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But heed these precautions

It is the *modern* way to handle funds—because it saves time and money. It gives you an exact record of what you pay out, eliminates mistakes in amount and embarrassment or loss. It aids intelligent operation of your "budget," and always shows where you stand.

But heed these precautions:

Write checks properly, *in ink*—filling blank spaces. Never use a check on which erasure has been necessary.

Insist upon Super-Safety Insured checks—positively protected! They are triply safeguarded against fraudulent alteration. Your bank *can*, perhaps *does* supply them in the regular way. Find out. Use them.

Today you can use these *safe* checks, instead of checks which *tempt* the crook.

Their protection is positive. They are simple to use. No mechanical or chemical devices needed.

Everywhere progressive banks furnish them to depositors, in the regular way. Ask *your* banker.

A $50,000,000 loss

It is estimated that check crooks cause losses totaling more than fifty million dollars a year, in this country. A banking official said that someone, somewhere, suffers check-fraud loss every three-and-a-half minutes!

The famous detective, Wm. J. Burns, declares the check-raiser more dangerous than the safe-blower.

This way to safety

These Super-Safety INSURED Checks do two things:

Deter the crook—green amateur or skilled "master"—make his success in raising your check tremendously difficult.

Then insure you against all loss through raised checks.

The three factors of this safety are actually a part of the fine checks your bank supplies.

Made of the world's "safest" paper. Instantly exposes knife, acid or rubber erasure.

Each check protected by the famous Wm. J. Burns organization—and that warning to crooks plainly printed thereon.

Finally, $1,000.00 insurance for you—against "raised-check" loss—in the Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.—one of America's strongest companies. It enjoys an enviable and national reputation for the prompt payment of all just claims. It has over $19,000,000 in assets. It is associated with the "old line" HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, which has been in business over 113 years.

A combination that unfailingly, positively protects! Your bank may now, or can in the future, supply it. Find out.

Burns' fine book free

We have privately printed a book of Detective Burns' adventures with check raisers. It is unusually interesting. For a free copy, simply mail the coupon below.

SUPER-SAFETY **Insured** BANK CHECKS

—see that this mark is in the corner of each check

THE BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO ATLANTA DALLAS DENVER

SEND TODAY FOR INTERESTING BOOK

THE BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY 132
5950 So. State Street, Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your private edition of "Stories of Check Raisers—and How to Protect Yourself," by William J. Burns.

Name

Address

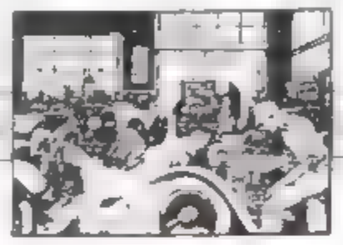
City

Your Bank

Please write plainly, use margin if required

A million dollar mistake

One little careless habit has cost the American public millions of dollars since the automobile came into use, and the cost mounts higher every year .... Are you one of those who pay the bill?



For twenty-five years the majority of motorists have made the mistake of knowing nothing about oil. Many a man who reads this advertisement can learn enough in a few minutes to save him thousands of dollars in the course of an average motoring life.

It is time the public knew

what the oil world knows about the remarkable qualities of Pennsylvania Crude

AUTOMOBILE manufacturers, engineers and reputable dealers are constantly warning the public today that more damage is done to automobile motors through the use of inferior oil than from any other cause.

The lubricating value of a motor oil depends directly on the quality of the crude oil from which the motor oil is refined.

Since the beginning of the oil industry in America, Pennsylvania Crude has been the standard of quality. For many years it has commanded, just as it comes from the ground, a price averaging twice as much as any other crude. This is the best possible evidence of the value which expert judgment places on pure Pennsylvania oils.

The difference between the best oil and "good enough" oil is often the difference between no repair bills and high repair bills; between a strong motor and a weak one; between a car that lasts for years and a car that wears out prematurely. The habit of asking for "a quart of oil" is one of the most expensive habits the motoring public has ever had.

Pennsylvania Crude is limited in quantity. There is not enough for all the motor vehicles in America—but there is enough to supply the discriminating users of oil who realize that the damage resulting from poor lubrication can easily cost many times as much as the cost of oil.

Remember, Pennsylvania is not the name of a brand, but the name of a superior *grade* (or kind) of crude oil found in Pennsylvania, Southeastern Ohio, West Virginia and New York. Be sure that the lubricant you use, whatever the brand, is refined from pure Pennsylvania Crude. Producers, refiners and marketers of Pennsylvania Crude are proud of the leadership of their oil and they zealously guard its reputation.

For your protection and their own they have created the emblem shown below. Look for it at filling stations and on all containers represented to contain pure Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Oil City, Pennsylvania, will send you, at your request, a helpful booklet on lubrication.

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

THE HIGHEST GRADE OIL IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 150)

"'Stoo funny for words, Hop Sure. 'Stoo funny; 'snawful peculiar situation."

"Yas-suh, it shuah is awful."

From the other end of the car came a deep bass voice, freighted with sleep and annoyance.

"Porter!"

"Yas-suh, comin', suh." Epic pitched from his ladder and hastened to answer the summons. "Is you cravin' anythin', suh?"

"Yes. Who is that fool that's laughing?"

"Dunno, suh. Jus' some humorous gemmun, tha's all."

"Tell him to shut up. I can't sleep."

"Ain't it the truth, suh? I cain't either."

"If he don't shut up I'll complain to the conductor."

And from two adjacent berths came fervent echoes.

"He's right, porter. Tell that laughing hyena to be quiet."

Epic passed the message to Mr. Foster. That person found in it food for additional mirth. It was, he explained, quite the funniest thing he had ever heard. Couldn't understand why folks wanted to shleep anyway. No shense to it; guess he could laugh if he wanted to, and he thereupon proceeded to prove it. His ribaldry rolled down the car corridor, exciting all within earshot to intense irascibility. Hop Sure, failing in his efforts to stem the flood of mirth, retired hopelessly to the end of the car, where he folded himself up on the tiny stool, his face transfigured with an expression of consuming discomfort.

And it was at this precise juncture that Captain Crosby, Epic's most acute *bête noire*, happened to stroll through the car.

For the two minutes preceding his unwelcome and unheralded arrival, Mr. Foster had been quiet. He was quiet when Crosby entered. But the stout gentleman in Lower 7 was not quiet. He was complaining loudly and bitterly that a decent person was being robbed of a decent night's rest owing to the cachinnations of some blankety-blanked-blank idiot, and if he got his fingers on the gullet of that person —— Crosby frowned as he quizzed Epic.

"What is he kicking about?"

"Don't hahdly know, suh. Mebbe his dinner is disagreein' with him."

"H'm—anything gone wrong in this car?"

"No, suh. Nothin' gone no way, let alone wrong."

A large bald head projected between the curtains and a pair of fiery eyes sighted the gold of Crosby's uniform cap.

"Conductor," he bawled, "come here!"

Crosby went. Three minutes later he was at Hop Sure's side again, grim-visaged and menacing.

"The man in Lower 7 says someone has been creating a disturbance."

"No! He di'n't say that, did he, cap'n?"

"Yes, he did."

"Now ain't that the mos' peculiarest thing."

"Has there been any disorder here?"

"Nossuh; not ary disorder. Ev'ybody in my car seems puffec'ly happy. Some of them terrible happy."

Crosby frowned; he believed that Epic was evading the issue.

"He complains that someone has been laughing loudly."

"Aw, cap'n, what anybody would be laughin' at this time of night?"

"Who has been laughing?"

Crosby's voice came in a deadly monotone, and Epic experienced a sinking sensation at the knowledge that a show-down was imminent. He was all a-tremble for fear the miserable mirthful discord would again burst forth. Then would come the discovery of Mr. Foster and the sudden exodus of that gentleman from the train, with its attendant misery and loss of position for Hop Sure.

He conscripted an expression of intense innocence and plastered it on his dark countenance.

"Somebody been laughin'?"

"Yes. Who was it?"

Inspiration, born of necessity, came to Mr. Epic Peters. Desperately he took the plunge.

"Why, dawg-gone, Cap'n Crosby, there ain't nobody been laughin' in this car 'ceptin' me."

"You?" Crosby was frankly astounded. "You?"

"Y-y-yas-suh, Ise the one."

"You have been laughing? What at?"

"Somethin' funny, I reckon. Ise kind of 'flicted that-a-way, cap'n. I laughs terrible easy."

The Pullman conductor stared. He suspected that something was wrong, but he didn't know what that something was.

"You've been laughing?" he repeated dazedly. "Laughing loud enough to wake the car?"

"Nossuh, cap'n, I di'n't wake no car Mebbe I woke up a few of the gemmun, but I wa'n't meanin' no hahm."

Their eyes clashed. Epic presented a pitiful sight as he made this heroic sacrifice on the altar of his gratitude to Mr. Foster. He knew quite well that in the face of the natural antagonism of Captain Crosby, he was jeopardizing his position with the Pullman Company by thus assuming the responsibility for Mr. Foster's hilarity; but he shivered at the prospect of what would happen to that gentleman should he be unceremoniously dumped on some station platform.

Captain Crosby was amazed. He was fairly well convinced that Hop Sure was sober, and despite his dislike of Mr. Peters he respected Epic's record. That an honor-roll porter should be rousing his car with uncalled-for and senseless laughter ——

"I don't know what ails you tonight, Epic," the conductor announced grimly; "but whatever it is, it promises to get you into trouble."

"Boss man, it does mo' than promise"

"I'm going back to my seat in the next car. One more complaint and I shall make an official report."

"Shuh! Cap'n, I reckon they ain't nobody gwine make no mo' complaints—nossuh. Does anybody crave to complain, I reckon I does my ownse'f."

Crosby disappeared. Hop Sure sank lugubriously upon his seat. His head was aching with fierce pangs of worry. He gazed reproachfully upon the now quiet Upper 10 and reflected that he had done his duty nobly. But the rôle of martyr did not sit well upon the Hop-Surean brow. It did seem to him that the whole miserable affair could have been avoided by a display of a trifle more consideration on the part of Mr. Foster.

Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen. No additional evidence of enjoyment came from Upper 10. In the sad heart of the porter was born the hope that Mr. Foster had once again succumbed to sleep. Eventually he strolled out to the platform, where he stood gazing through the glass door upon the dark vista beyond; and as he looked the first finger of dawn pierced the velvet mantle and Epic's soul expanded hopefully. A glance at his watch indicated the hour of five. One hour and fifteen minutes more—if only Mr. Foster would continue to slumber ——

It had been a hectic night, but the moment was approaching when Hop Sure would glory in the knowledge that he had discharged an obligation; in what agony of soul nobody—least of all Mr. Foster would ever know.

They passed Austell and commenced the last lap of the journey into Atlanta. At length the serried sky line of the city showed in the distance.

Never before had Hop Sure been so glad to see the capital of Georgia. Usually, in his capacity of through-run porter, it meant to him only a spot at which one could get passably good coffee. Now it represented surcease from worry.

The houses were closer together, they passed two street cars, city bound and filled with workmen whose jobs called them to early labor. Then puffing ponderously, the big locomotive pulled through the heart of the city and halted under the big shed of the Terminal Station.

There was the usual exodus of eager, tired passengers; then an interminable switching back and forth and the customary peevish congestion in the men's wash room. Epic searched his car apprehensively for sight of Captain Crosby, and failing in his search, decided unanimously that this was his golden moment to rid the car of Mr. Foster. That gentleman was slumbering peacefully, a cherubic smile upon his boyish lips.

"All night long you enjoys a good time," reflected Hop Sure enviously, "while I catches thunder fo' what you does."

He waked Mr. Foster—not without difficulty. That person struggled to a sitting posture and voiced an ardent craving to be let alone.

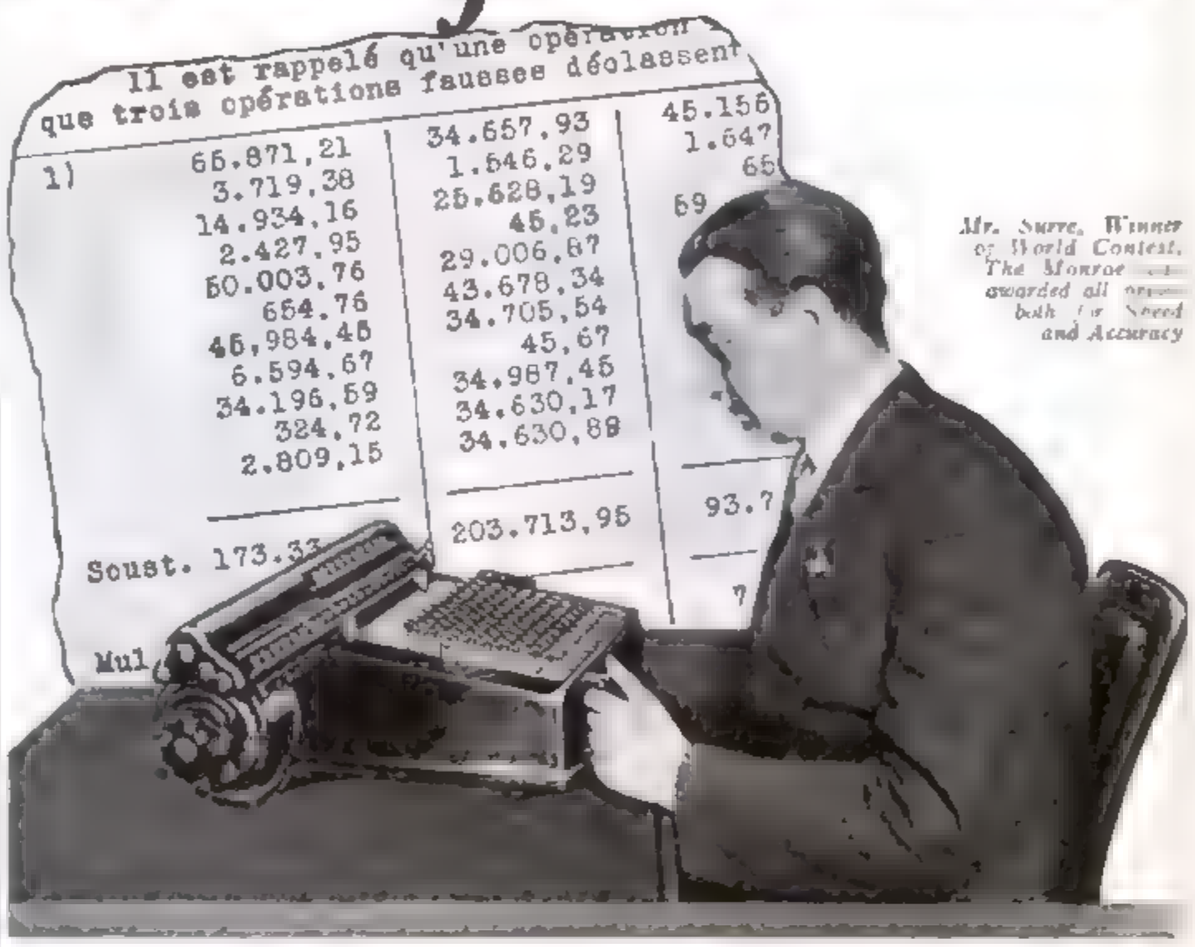
"But us is in Atlanta, boss man. Heah is where you gits off at."

The countenance of Mr. Foster was twisted with pain; both hands were clasped to throbbing temples.

MONROE

REG. TRADE MARK

The High Speed Adding-Calculator



Mr. Surre, Winner of World Contest. The Monroe was awarded all prizes both for Speed and Accuracy

High Speed Addition Enabled the Monroe to Win World Adding-Calculating Machine Contest

ADDITION comprised 76% of the figure-work in International Adding-Calculating Machine Contest held at Paris, November 17th, 1923, and the Monroe won *all* prizes both for Speed and Accuracy. *(See above reproduction of portion of actual work.)*

The Monroe not only officially demonstrated at Paris its premier position as the world's most useful multiplying, dividing and subtracting machine, but as the world's speediest, safest adding machine.

Monroe operators in this contest knew, as they were adding each column, that the total would be correct when the last amount was added.

Monroe first-time accuracy won. Monroe "Locked Figure" Addition removes all the fear of inaccurate totals.

There is no limit to the possibilities of the Monroe in the field of Addition. It handles with equal ease and security all addition, subtraction, cross addition, cross subtraction, adding or subtracting constants, accumulation of separate totals to grand totals, etc.

The Monroe is a wonderful aid to the bookkeeper who can add debits and credits, subtract the credit, obtain the balance and have the TOTAL DEBIT, TOTAL CREDIT and BALANCE *all in the machine at the same time.*

And the Monroe multiplies, divides, figures percentages, distributes expenses, figures interest, etc., just as easily as it adds and guarantees the same FIRST-TIME ACCURACY as in Addition.

When you get ready to buy an adding machine, DON'T sign the order until you have at least investigated the possibilities of the Monroe. The coupon is for your convenience in arranging a trial.

Monroe Service is available at all Principal Points in the United States and Canada and throughout the World

Monroe Calculating Machine Company
Woolworth Building, New York
(Without expense or obligation—Check items desired)

☐ Send Monroe man to demonstrate Monroe High Speed Addition.

☐ Send folder: "Monroe, the High Speed Adding-Calculator Wins Brilliant Victory at Paris and Grand Prize at Turin."

Firm Name _____

Individual's Name _____ *Title* _____

Address _____ P-224

Gingerbread!

..topped with whipped cream

luscious ... for dessert!

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Send for recipe book D, Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La.

"Ow!" he commented graphically. "My head aches."

"Yas-suh, I kind of reckon it do. But you is pow'ful lucky nothin' else aches also."

Fortunately, Mr. Foster was already garbed. Protesting violently, and depending unduly upon Hop Sure's assistance, he clambered down from the upper berth. It was a long and tedious process and, just as it was completed and Hop Sure was congratulating himself that all was well, the voice o' doom came over his left shoulder.

"Who is this man?"

Hop Sure turned slowly to face ruination. All night long he had struggled valiantly for his impecunious and inebriated friend. He had spent a night surcharged with the agony of apprehension, and now, just when success had apparently crowned his efforts, disaster appeared. He turned lugubriously to face the scowling Captain Crosby. Mr. Foster, teetering uncertainly, and still too intoxicated to care particularly what was happening, gazed from black face to white and then back to black again. Hop Sure's head bobbed uncertainly on the upper end of his neck.

"Y-y-yas-suh," he answered vaguely. "He suttinly is."

Crosby frowned.

"Is what?"

"I—I ain't suttin," answered Mr. Epic Peters.

But if Hop Sure was vague, Captain Crosby was not. He surveyed Mr. Foster with insulting deliberateness. He recalled the extraordinary events of the past night—the disorder in the car, the complaints of the passengers, the heroic assumption of guilt by Hop Sure. And above all, he remembered that the man before him had presented no ticket. Crosby bestowed upon Epic a frown of unalloyed fury.

"So," he accused, "you've been trying to beat the company!"

"No, suh—no, suh, Cap'n Crosby. I ain't never tried to beat nobody no time. I ain't ——"

"You knew this man was in Upper 10."

"Well, suh, I knowed it, but I wa'n't shuah."

The haze was clearing slowly from Mr. Foster's brain. Instinct informed him that he should be embarrassed and perhaps even angry. He nudged his dignified way forward.

"Whash all the row about?" he inquired gently.

Crosby withered him with a look.

"Where is your ticket?" he asked frigidly.

Mr. Peters hit bottom. Beyond this there was no more misery. He envisioned a jobless existence. And he was sorry for Mr. Foster—if he had only let him slumber a trifle longer!

"My ticket!" Mr. Foster was obviously pained. On the other hand, he was obviously not worried. He fumbled in the pockets of his vest and at length produced before the amazed eyes of the porter a railroad ticket and a berth check. "Here it is."

Crosby slumped. He inspected the tickets. No words came from his lips.

"I have a good mind to report you, captain." It was Foster speaking. "You have been falsh to your trust. You never even ashked me for that ticket."

The Pullman conductor moved slowly off, but not before receiving a golden and triumphant grin from Hop Sure.

As for Epic, that Afro-American gentleman did not quite understand what had happened, but he knew he was glad that it had. Triumph had been snatched from misery.

"Mistuh Foster," he asked, "has you had that ticket all night long?"

"Certainly. I alwaysh buy tickets before I ride on a train. I hope you didn't think, Hop Sure, that I was trying to beat my way."

"No, suh!" exploded Epic. "I never could think no such of a thing 'bout a gemmun like you."

Hop Sure assisted his late charge down the aisle of the car. Mr. Foster was exquisitely conscious of his headache, but he retained sufficient of his intoxication to be not entirely miserable.

They reached the station platform, and there Mr. Foster produced from an inside pocket a wallet which was bulging with currency. From this he extracted a ten-dollar bill which he pressed upon the beatific porter.

"Thash for looking after me so well, Hop Sure. My shentiment toward you is exclushively one of gratitude."

And Epic, remembering the recent agony of soul, the scene with Captain Crosby and its unexpected wind-up, and gazing now upon the lavish tip, answered with great fervor.

"Mistuh Foster," he said, "I wishes to assuah you that yo' gratitude is entirely mutual."

Now for the "Eats"!

This camper won't have to hunt wood. In a minute's time he'll have his COLEMAN Camp Stove unpacked and going. In two minutes he can be frying ham and eggs.

You need this all-complete camp stove. Bakes, boils, toasts; fries, broils, roasts. Fuel tank, wind-baffle, oven, air-pump and hot-blast generator are all built in. No extras to buy. Price, only $13.50.

Write us for Descriptive Literature and the name of your nearest Coleman dealer. Address Camping Dept. P-4.

Quick Hot-Blast Starter—sure and speedy.

Built-in pump right in the end of tank—can't get lost

The Coleman Lamp Company

Factory and General Offices: Wichita, Kansas

Philadelphia
Chicago
Los Angeles
Canadian Factory
Toronto

Coleman Camp Stove

THE CIVILIZATION OF BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 29)

and girls who are freshmen at the age of twelve, which is quite in keeping with the speed mania that has given this country a higher accident rate than exists in any other land.

This spirit of rapid change is producing a new series of psychological reactions, which are largely responsible for the midnight jazz, the reckless, restless, go-the-limit flapper, the undressed show, where the raiment of the young women is mostly talcum powder instead of silk, and floods of noises, lights and scenes that assault our ears and attack our eyes and nerves. It is paradoxical to think that the natural environment which harbored the stolid American Indian should give birth to such an economic scramble.

However, the nation's course is set and there is no alternative but to proceed with care and wisdom. Thousands of people will persist in their endeavor to fit social careers to white-collar salaries. Cities and counties will continue to build narrow streets and roads that will soon be inadequate to handle the traffic and will then have to be widened at a cost of millions. Corporations will go on paying salaries to tens of thousands of executives who are unable properly to read a balance sheet. The designers of modern buildings will continue to be influenced by the construction practices of past ages; and even after the coal fire has become only a memory, because of the universal use of gas, many architects will doubtless insist that we do not substitute twentieth-century ideas of comfort and fitness for the glories of architectural features, such as the chimneys that have marked the development of building design from the Elizabethan period to the present day. Just as we cling to the useless buttons on the sleeves of our coats, so will we doubtless refuse to accustom our minds and eyes to the satisfying effects of unbroken roof surfaces.

There is very little doubt that by regulating the flow of credit we can control production in our American industries and thereby prevent the ills that so frequently result from excessive rises in prices. In modern civilization the individual worker exerts his energy in that industry where credit is available, even to the production of commodities beyond the saturation point of demand. As credit is directed, so are labor and resources used. The country's most important national trust is the direction of credit by the nation's banks. Our economists ask why it is possible for bankers to direct credit for their own profit, instead of being compelled to exercise such control with full regard for the permanent welfare of society. In order to direct credit properly it is only necessary to make a few simple provisions, the first of which is to have a complete weekly report of business facts. Surely public welfare would be better safeguarded by a current knowledge of vital truths than by an excess of foolish and ineffective legislation. Yet we refuse to depart from precedent and submit to ills that could be remedied through the application of simple corrective measures.

In recent times a common question has been, What can be done to help our farmers? Investigations in several states have shown that many of the farmer's difficulties are largely of his own making. In the corn, wheat and cotton belts, large numbers of farm families raise only the one crop that is the chief product of their region. Where crop diversification has been introduced immediate benefits have been secured, which supports the statement that the way to agricultural prosperity and happiness is through education, especially of the coming generation.

Confirming this thought is a survey which showed that the earning capacity of

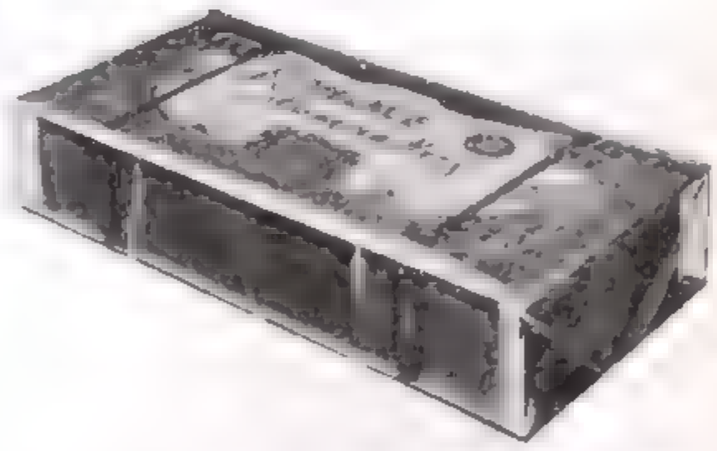
(Continued on Page 157)

What they gave in 1724

History records that a lover of this period gave to the lady of his heart "China Oranges,"—also "A psalm book elegantly bound in Turkey leather." Of course he lived in New England!

THE HOSTESS PACKAGE
$1.50

The choicest chocolate covered fruits and nuts—nougat fruit centrals, glazed fruits and specialties. It makes a delightful package to offer your guest—and an equally charming remembrance of a happy visit



ASSORTED NUTS
$1.50

Just what the name implies—fresh, crisp almonds, walnuts, filberts, brazils—covered with a blend of chocolate which gives them a rare, distinctive goodness.

THE TIFFANY PACKAGE
$1.25

An unusually fine assortment of specialties, all old-time favorites, gathered together in a package that is new and striking

Romance in 1924 —

is the same as it was two hundred—or two thousand—years ago. The gifts change—but time and place are powerless against the spirit.

In the heart of every man is an eternal desire to see delight in the eyes of those he loves. This, from time immemorial, is the reason for giving. This, for most of us, is the *high adventure* of life.

It is the purpose for which Romance Chocolates have been prepared. It is why they contain only the purest of ingredients and the best-liked of centers. It is why the greatest care is always taken in making every single chocolate.

It is the reason why Romance Chocolates will be given by thousands of men tonight.

If your dealer does not carry Romance Chocolates send us his name and the money for the selection you wish and we will mail you a box—postpaid. Cox Confectionery Company, East Boston, Mass.

ROMANCE SELECTIONS $1.00

A selection from the fifteen most popular Romance packages. A wide assortment of pieces—crunchy nuts, full-flavored fruits in the most delicious coatings

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

SHEAFFER'S
PROPEL-REPEL-EXPEL

Take the coupon below to any Sheaffer dealer and exchange your old style Sheaffer Pencil, with the Bulging Cap and Flat Clip, for a New Model

"Propel-Repel-Expel"

Absolutely without charge

Sheaffer dealers have been authorized to return to the factory all old style Sheaffer Pencils for the new style—without cost.

New Pencils:

Patented Bell Shaped Cap, neat design and perfect balance.

Ball Clip—Holds fast and is easy on pockets.

"Propel-Repel-Expel"—Withdraws the lead after writing so it will not break off, soil or tear your pockets or hand bags.

If you want the newest and best in pencils, get the Sheaffer with the bell shaped cap.

Old Pencils:

Overbalanced bulging cap.

Flat Clip—Does not hold tight. Tears the pocket.

Only propels lead, soiling and tearing pockets and inside of ladies' hand bags.

NEW STYLE—Lead is withdrawn when not in use. Does not soil or tear pockets or ladies' hand bags.

OLD STYLE—Lead is exposed at all times and easily breaks off.

COUPON

Here is my old obsolete pencil in exchange for a new Sheaffer "PROPEL-REPEL-EXPEL" Pencil.

Name

Dealer

City

State

This pencil was exchanged without cost to me. (Post)

At the Better Dealers' Everywhere

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA
Makers of Quality Writing Instruments

BRANCH OFFICES

New York	Chicago	Denver	San Francisco
370 7th Avenue	506 Republic Bldg.	502 Jacobsen Bldg.	681 Market Street

(Continued from Page 154)

the farmers of Georgia who had no schooling averaged $240 annually. Where they had a common-school education, the earning capacity was $565. Graduates from high schools averaged $664. Those who had a short agricultural course earned $895, while graduates of agricultural colleges had an earning capacity of $1254. According to such facts it is evident that the farmer's earning power might be increased 500 per cent through education. The lesson is that one source of agricultural poverty is inefficiency, and yet many people foolishly propose to overcome the farmer's ills by adopting a legislative program.

In the field of labor we find organized groups of workmen demanding scales of wages that have no relation whatever to the cost of living. Just as capital formerly used force whenever possible to gain its ends, so labor now serves the same false idol. Athletic directors in our colleges often get $1000 a month, while professors are fortunate to receive $5000 a year.

The presidents of our railroads say that the end of private ownership is in sight unless present laws are changed so as to permit the owners of railroad securities to receive a fair return upon a fair value of their properties. It is maintained that our transportation systems cannot add $500,000,000 annually to their investment if there is to be no increase in their returns.

America's metal-mining industries, especially the producers of copper, are engaged in a struggle that can only end in a survival of the fittest. Our Federal laws forbid any collusive action by regulation of price or output that aims to conserve even a valuable natural resource, the supply of which cannot be replenished. If we were wisely practical instead of sentimentally theoretical, we should applaud conservation measures on the part of the mine owners by agreement under such conditions as now exist, and we should accept such action as prime evidence of sound business sense.

In this same vein one might go on and enumerate a long list of economic and political evils that now afflict the nation's business. There is hardly an industry but feels oppressed, and scarcely an individual who is not seeking to reform the other fellow. Such a situation has always existed and doubtless will continue. However, we Americans, like other folks, are more inclined to recount our ills than to take stock of our blessings. Most of us are so completely occupied with our own affairs, and with national matters of seemingly great moment, that we are largely ignorant concerning many vital developments in our commercial and industrial life. There is so much for us to be optimistic about that it is perhaps a good thing we have much of our attention focused on our shortcomings and deficiencies.

The Nation on Wheels

On the happy side of the ledger we may record that the nation's public debt is being reduced at the rate of more than $2,000,000 a day, and that since the war ended the reduction has amounted to more than $4,000,000,000. This may not appear to be important at first glance, but it is an interesting fact that this debt reduction means the saving of a sum of money in interest charges each year that is nearly equal to the cost of the Federal Government as late as 1890. The principal we have paid off in a little more than four years is double the entire cost of the national Government from the beginning of our independence up to the time of the Civil War.

And while we have been making progress in bettering our position financially, some of our American industries have continued to expand at a rate that is nothing less than amazing. Our output of automobiles last year totaled approximately 4,000,000 cars, which was an increase of 50 per cent over 1922. The United States has become in truth a nation on wheels. In California there is one automobile for every 3.8 persons. In a number of cities there are 1800 or more cars per square mile. All predictions that the automobile industry would soon reach the saturation point, so far as the market is concerned, have proved to be in error. A recent survey showed that in many parts of the country the number of families owning two cars is on the increase. It used to be that people buying a house demanded a garage. Now the demand is not only for a garage but for one that will house at least two cars. There are 48,000 public garages in the United States, and the sales of automobile accessories now amount to $170,000,000 each year. In other words, our per capita expenditure for accessories exceeds $1.50 annually.

Not only has our youthful automobile business become a colossal industry through the development of home markets alone, but there is every indication that the growth will continue unabated for several years at least through the development of foreign fields. It has only been within the last three years that American manufacturers have made any real effort to sell automobiles abroad. Already this missionary work has produced results that are highly gratifying, and it is clearly apparent that great opportunities exist for the sale of motor cars in many overseas markets. The good-roads movement is spreading throughout the world, even in far-off China. Already 80 per cent of the automobiles now in use in China are of American make. In Belgium, Denmark and several other European countries, American models have become important factors in the automobile markets. In Cuba, cars from the United States comprise 95 per cent of the total sales. The Mexicans also prefer American makes and, like the Cubans, show a predilection for bright colors. Even in distant Arabia, the majority of motors now in use are of American manufacture.

Expansion in Staple Lines

The stories of the development of the motion picture, radio and many other comparatively new American businesses are equally romantic tales of marvelous industrial accomplishment. Even our infant aviation business is commencing to show a gratifying growth. Already there are 125 passenger-carrying aviation companies, and these concerns have carried 130,000 passengers during the last year. Twenty important corporations are devoting all their time and effort to manufacturing aircraft, and developments in this field are likely to be astonishing when the eyes of capital become attracted to the opportunities here existing and the business gets really under way. With our railroads overtaxed and our highways congested, the only avenues remaining for us to use in overland travel are the lanes of the air. In dozens of places commercial air service has been successfully inaugurated to carry on transportation between cities and for the conduct of interurban excursions. In a few years commercial aviation will provide us with overland passenger routes in all parts of our country, and then a new giant industry will actually be in the making.

Even in our older industries, like the manufacture of shoes, the same astounding growth is taking place. It is estimated that the production of shoes in the United States last year totaled more than 350,000,000 pairs. Even this enormous output does not approach the estimated capacity of our mills, which can easily turn out 525,000,000 pairs a year. As an indication of how highly such businesses are being developed, it is interesting to note that there are sixty-seven retail shoe companies here in the United States each operating chains of ten stores or more. Including all shoe stores in the total, we have now in our country about 100,000 separate concerns retailing shoes. The estimated retail sales of shoes are nearly $2,000,000,000 annually, or a per capita outlay for footwear of approximately eighteen dollars.

No matter in what direction we turn, even a cursory investigation is sure to disclose a similar state of ceaseless expansion. Out on our Pacific Coast is a wonder city that was only a small town ten years ago, and that now is the eighth city in the country in point of industries, with a manufacturing output of $1,250,000,000 annually. That this growth is continuing unabated is clearly evidenced by the fact that 482 new industries located in this same city last year.

One might go on with an endless recounting of optimistic facts, derived from a wide range of businesses that are wholly unrelated. Only a score of years ago, gasoline was hardly more than an undesirable smell about a refinery. Now we estimate that our consumption of gasoline in the present year will total upward of 7,000,000,000 gallons, which is considerably more than all the rest of the world will consume during the same period of time. And when it comes to carrying oil overseas, here again the United States is preëminent, for American companies own one-half the 8,000,000 dead-weight tons of tank steamers now

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

FINE shoes, like good company, are a satisfaction to have—a pleasure to be associated with. One reason why so many men wear Florsheim Shoes permanently.

Most Styles—Ten Dollars
The Rialto—M-137

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers • CHICAGO

I Will Give You a Chance To Earn $200 a Week

RIGHT NOW, today, I offer you an opportunity to be your own boss—to work just as many hours a day as you please—to start when you want to and quit when you want to—and earn $200 a week.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work

You can do every bit as well as he did. If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2 00 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $9,000 a year.

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40 00 a day?

J. R. HEAD

A Clean, High-grade, Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in the leading magazines. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials, for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get *your* share of that three hundred thousand dollars. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only four [illegible] orders a day, which you can easily get, you will make $100 a week

Maybe You Are Worth $1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40 00 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger $20.00 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $625 cash for one month's spare time.

If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. If you are interested in a chance to earn $200 a week and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to my proposition, write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible

Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything and you will have a chance to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Get full details. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. COMER, THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept B-610, Dayton, Ohio

JUST MAIL THIS NOW!

THE COMER MFG. CO., Dept. B-610, Dayton, Ohio

Please tell me how I can make $200 a week as your representative. Send me complete details of your offer without cost or slightest obligation to me.

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Address_____

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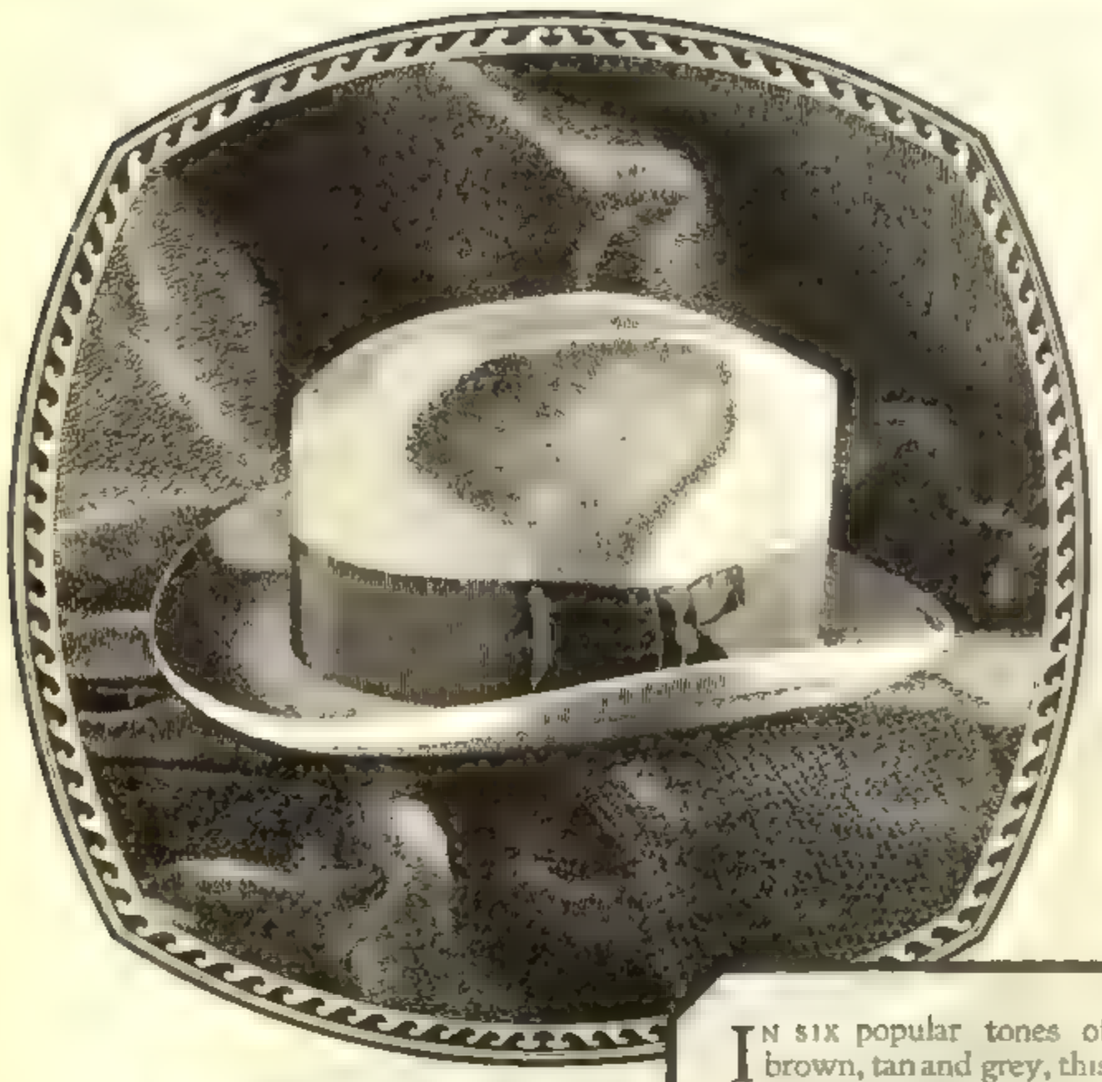

IN SIX popular tones of brown, tan and grey, this new Knox "Fifth Avenue" Hat sets the style for the spring of 1924. Priced at $7 —sensible economy.

KNOX

HATS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KNOX HAT COMPANY
452 Fifth Avenue, New York
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Agents in all principal cities

KNOX NEW YORK

Isn't He the Picture of Contentment?

IT is so easy to keep your dog happy and healthy simply by feeding him regularly on SPRATT'S Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits.

Of course you want your pet to have the best, but not everyone knows which foods dogs like most. SPRATT'S foods appeal to the tastes of all dogs. They contain all the necessary health, stamina and body building ingredients that dogs need—and are a complete diet in themselves. They are not mussy to feed.

For more than half a century SPRATT'S dog foods have been the recognized standard among owners, breeders and exhibitors the world over.

Try SPRATT'S Ovals, the pocket dog biscuit for all sizes and breeds.

Don't disappoint your dog. Get the *genuine* SPRATT'S. If your dealer cannot supply you, send for sample and enclose 2 cents for new book, No. 24, on feeding.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED
Newark, New Jersey
San Francisco St. Louis

SPRATT'S
DOG CAKES & PUPPY BISCUITS

engaged in oil marine transportation. Sixty-three years ago the first shipment of a few barrels of oil was made on a sailing ship. Now the modern American tank steamer has a carrying capacity of 120,000 barrels.

Science and engineering are carrying us forward with amazing speed. As we face each new difficulty that appears to be insurmountable, these same forces are called into action and the obstacles to progress are swept aside. Labor groups and capitalistic groups that try to take advantage of existing conditions to practice oppression find their successes are only temporary, because of the beneficent intervention of science. Now we hear of electric machines that lay bricks at the rate of 10,000 a day, with only three men required to operate them. When sugar was first made from beets it looked as if the industry could not survive the competition of the older variety of cane sugar, which was produced with cheap labor; but the engineer and chemist got busy, and instead of its being necessary to use twenty tons of beets to produce one ton of sugar, as was the case in the beginning, it is now possible to secure one ton of sugar from six tons of beets.

In our Northwestern States the low price of wheat last winter was foreboding, and the farmers of that section were in a quandary as to the course they should pursue. Scientists said, "You can raise flax; and since we are importing nearly 30,000,000 bushels of flaxseed each year to supply the needs of our linseed-oil industry, here you have the solution of your problem." As a result many farmers planted flax, and the production in 1923 in the Northwest amounted to nearly 20,000,000 bushels, the price of which has been more than double that of wheat.

The advance of society is quite similar to the progress of a man rowing a boat upstream. There must be a constant movement forward on the part of the fellow in the boat. In order to overcome the unnumbered forces warring against mankind, we must forge on ahead and refuse to be satisfied with any degree of activity that only holds us stationary against the opposing current. And of all the dangers that beset us the one to be most feared is the common tendency to ignore so-called trifles. Such a fault has proved the undoing not only of nations but of entire civilizations. The Hessian soldiers that were sent over by King George to defeat Washington's Revolutionary forces brought with them, in addition to their rifles, some Hessian cooties, which were snugly housed in the soldiers' bedding. This fact at the time was not considered even worthy of mention, but now the Hessian fly costs the American farmer more money each year than the War of Independence cost the American colonies.

Indirect Consequences

It was only a so-called trifle that gave us that valuable crop we call winter wheat. Back in 1842 a Canadian farmer sowed some wheat that he had procured in Russia. Most of this wheat did not mature, but a few kernels each sent up three stalks that did ripen and supplied us with seed from which has come our hard wheat. Even after we discovered this grain and learned how to grow it, there seemed to be no possible way to mill the kernels properly. Then the engineer got busy, the roller mill was invented, and the output of flour in a single district in our great Northwest was increased from 1,000,000 barrels to 30,000,000 barrels a year.

All this resulted from one farmer noticing a trifle in his wheat field.

Even when we exercise careful observation and give thought to the multitude of developments that are constantly taking place all about us, it is quite impossible to determine in advance what will be the outcome of the various activities. When cement was first discovered there were only a few people who could see any benefit to themselves or their own businesses through the prospective use of this new material. Surely the manufacturers of roller skates did not anticipate that the coming of the cement and asphalt road would prove a boon to their business. When the automobile industry commenced its rapid expansion the paint people were doubtless gratified to observe this evident widening of the market for paint. But they certainly did not expect that in a short time the congestion of traffic would make it necessary for the city and county authorities to use immense quantities of white paint to indicate restrictive channels and division lines at corners, curves and other places on our pavements and roads in the country, as well as in the city.

In practically every line of business we find this same lack of foresight, or inability to foresee effects. Many of the things that happen to us, good and bad, are largely the result of accident. We had no hand in starting the European war, and certainly we did not anticipate that one of its results would be the addition of scores of brilliant minds to the groups of scientists already at work in America. Men who have made invaluable contributions to engineering and chemistry in European countries have found it impossible to continue their work under the difficulties that now exist in their native lands and have come to us in order that they may continue their studies. Men like Kammerer and Carrel, finding it impossible to continue their researches abroad, have been attracted to our shores, and from the efforts of these and other eminent scientists we may expect at any time epoch-making discoveries that will revolutionize industrial practices.

On the negative side of the page of effects we might set down the attacks that are frequently made on our industries by Federal commissions or private individuals who give no thought to the indirect consequences of their actions. As an example, let me mention the evil effects of the recent legislative enactments in Argentina, where the government of that South American country attempted to fix arbitrarily the prices of products, especially meat, which must be sold in world markets. There is no doubt that this action of our neighbor to the south was caused largely by one of our own government reports which criticized American packers—a report which was reprinted in the Spanish language and circulated widely in Argentina and other countries. Extracts from this same report were also published in Australia and were used by the prime minister and other Australian officials as a basis for their arguments urging the menace of the "American beef trust" and demanding the establishment of preferential British duties upon livestock and food products.

The Flood of New Laws

Our attacks upon our own industries should at least be made in such a way that they will not be utilized by foreign competitors to assail American business generally. Only too often the assaults we make on our own business are unjustified and only serve to injure efficient, useful industries that are rendering service upon a margin of profit that is so small the public refuses to believe the truth.

The unsettled conditions that continue in Europe make it necessary for us to look largely to our own industrial activities for the employment of our workers and the consumption of our products. It is, of course, true that when we compare our present exports to Europe with the prewar averages the volume of our present trade is not diminished, while the value has increased. But our productive capacity has undergone a very material expansion, so that with the European depression continuing indefinitely it is necessary that we stimulate activity at home and develop non-European markets, so that they will take a substantial part of the commodities produced by our mines, mills and factories. Above all else, if we would maintain world leadership we must exercise more caution, cultivate foresight and materially increase our business efficiency

All about us we see wasted time, effort and materials. As an instance of the excess activity of our legislators, let me mention that the Illinois legislature, in 1922, passed laws containing altogether 3,000,000 words. It is quite evident that no living lawyer could become familiar with such a flow of legislation, being produced, as it is in a single state, at the rate of two good-size volumes a month. We talk of the need of conserving our forests, and yet where could we find a better example of needless waste than the use of thousands of tons of paper and the sacrificing of millions of spruce trees to supply the requirements of needless legislative programs?

It is no wonder that in our search for a solution for our economic problems we are ready to listen to the psychologists who assert that all the conditions surrounding us are purely psychologic results, and that the field of psychology will alone provide us with the necessary remedies. It is, of course,

(Continued on Page 161)

You Know it's Cream, Mother

—the same pure Cream that left the Dairy

—when it's Sealed this Way

STANDARD
HOOD ~ SEAL

Of course the up-to-date dairies use the Standard Hood Seal on their better grades of milk. But many are extending this protection to their cream. For cream, like the more expensive grades of milk, invites substitution.

No Dust

When it leaves the modern dairy cream is *cream*—not half milk. The good dairyman protects you there. He sends out the cream you order—and expect to get—clean and pure in sterile bottles.

But before you take it off your doorstep, cream is too often tampered with. Cheating hands (and dirty hands) substitute milk for plain cream, and plain cream for whipping cream.

No Tampering

It was to prevent this tampering—switching of labels, and substitution and adulteration—as well as to protect cream and milk from back-porch soot and dust, that the Standard Hood Seal was invented.

The Standard Hood Seal is non-replaceable. Once removed, it cannot be replaced. Any tampering instantly exposes itself.

No Back-Porch Germs

Also, this cap, fitting completely over the regular bottle top, covers and seals the entire top. No germs or dust can settle on the top or around the pouring lip of the bottle.

With this cap on the bottle, you know that cream is cream when it reaches you—that neither the cream nor the milk has been "thinned" by hands or contaminated by dust.

No Replacing

You owe it to yourself to see that the cream and the selected milk that you order and pay for are the cream and milk you get, untouched by human hands or dust.

If you are not getting the protection of the Standard Hood Seal, write us and we'll show you how to get it.

STANDARD CAP & SEAL CORP.
Fullerton and Racine Avenues
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

To DAIRYMEN

This coupon will bring you, free and without obligation, full description of Standard Hood Seal Capping Machines and Hood Seals with your name printed on, also particulars of our attractive proposition. Fill out and mail to the Standard Cap & Seal Corp., Fullerton and Racine Aves., Chicago, Ill

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Address _____

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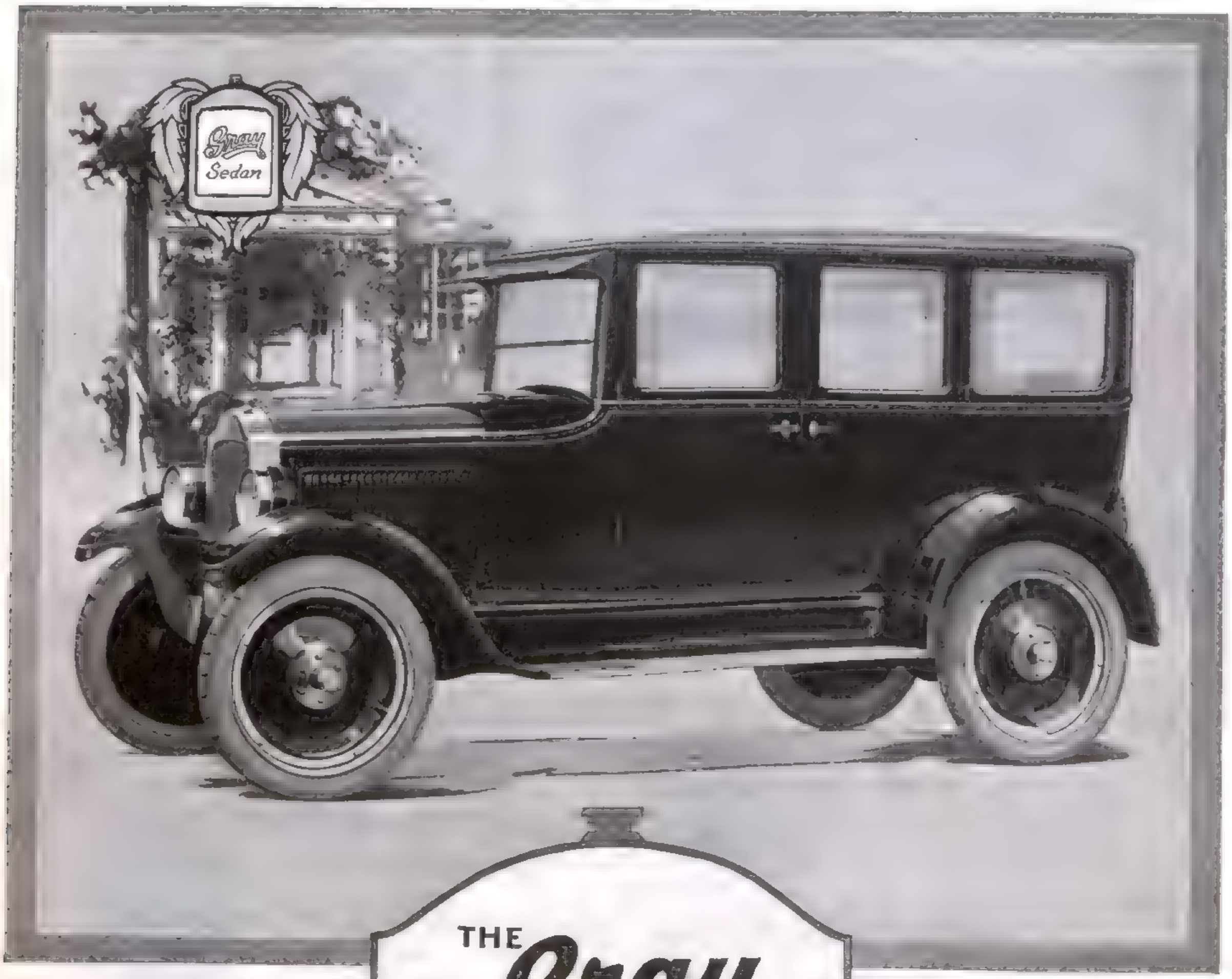

TOURING
$630

THE Gray GROUP for 1924

SEDAN
$875

Most distinctive and unusual in the light car field are the new Gray bodies. Now, you have the opportunity to purchase at a moderate price, the automobile with the world's record for economy, with the added advantages of luxurious refinement and comfort in coach work. In the 1924 Gray group you will find quality, beauty and economy of a character heretofore considered possible only in higher priced cars.

Prices at Detroit

Truck Chassis $575

Coupe $735

GRAY MOTOR CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 158

a fact that our scientific advances in engineering and chemistry have far outrun our progress in civilizing the human mind and the social organism. When a machine fails to operate properly the engineer starts a line of patient research to discover the trouble. But when organic material in the form of human workers fails to function in the way it should, we proceed to lose our tempers, utter threats, and in many cases we even attempt to go so far as to break or destroy our animate brothers.

It took the war to coin the words "shell shock," and in business we are only now coming to understand that there is such a thing as strain shock. In war, the soldier who felt shock coming could not let go until a collapse occurred and he was ordered to the hospital. But in business, the worker bending under the effects of strain usually deserts before the breakdown comes, and the only evidence available to show that working conditions were faulty is the record indicating a high labor turnover.

Business problems are not merely scientific; they are human. It is for this reason that the psychologist now insists that he has a place of service in the practical business world. At present psychology is entirely too popular and is suffering from the same growing pains that affected physiology two generations ago. Optimistic writers in their enthusiasm have attempted to draft this science as a universal cure-all for every business ill.

As soon as one enthusiast discovered that in a large group of executives the most efficient ones were above the average population in height, he immediately proceeded to set forth the principle that height is a determining factor in executive success. Other rules relate to the color of hair and of eyes and the texture of the skin; but in the majority of cases sufficient proofs have not been forthcoming to substantiate the accuracy of these conclusions.

We may well doubt the assertion that ability to look one in the eye is an infallible indication of aggressiveness, and we may relegate to the discard most of the rules of employment managers who attempt to read character through the exercise of prejudices concerning the qualities that go with red hair, snub noses and other supposedly significant traits.

Measuring Human Ability

But let no one think that all the psychological tests now being employed in industry are worthless. Many of the attempts which are now being made to measure human ability are established on a foundation of common sense, and in actual service have produced proofs of their value that cannot be denied.

In many places business men are now employing proficiency tests which, coupled with systematic records and statistical verification, are sure to prove extremely useful. One concern whose work required manual skill and dexterity attempted to select its workers by having the applicants plunge and withdraw a short rod as rapidly as possible in a series of holes that were drilled in a small steel frame. This test failed because it only measured a past habit of quick movement rather than an ability to learn such movements.

But other tests of a more complicated character are now being used by many large companies, and experience has shown that in no case does a poor operator make a high rating in these tests, nor a high-grade operator receive an unsatisfactory rating. One manager told me of a reaction time test, through the use of which the company found it possible to select thirty-five girls who were able to do more work in a given time than 115 unselected girls had been able to accomplish previously. In this case the increased average output per individual reached the astonishing figure of 330 per cent.

One company even requires that all its messenger boys shall be selected after having been subjected to a careful psychological measurement. The management acts on the belief that messenger and office boys should be picked with much care because their work offers them a splendid chance to gain an intimate knowledge of the methods and policies of the company, and for this reason they are regarded as a source of supply for future executive material. The opportunity that is theirs to secure a business education should be made available only to those who are capable of taking advantage of it.

After the plan of subjecting applicants to mental-alertness tests had been inaugurated, it was found that the office boys who had been discharged scored on the average only twenty-three points in their tests, while the boys who were promoted scored an average of forty points. It is silly to assume that we can cure inefficiency through utilizing ready-made formulas to provide remedies that can be applied like a patent salve to a lame back. It is also foolish to permit ourselves to be carried away by the claims of handwriting experts and other exponents of systems of character analysis However, all the evidence at hand is clearly against the old methods of selecting employes by chance, by personal opinion or by unstandardized examinations.

Starting with the unquestioned assumption that every individual's ideas and actions are symptomatic, the reputable students of psychology have been able to establish many useful rules and principles. A high labor turnover indicates faulty working conditions. High wages do not abolish labor unrest. Most employes refuse to earn more than a definite total income. Once his earnings reach a certain sum, the average worker prefers to limit his efforts rather than to increase his income. It is for this reason that the employer, before deciding to advance wages to satisfy the demands of his men, should be sure that such a course will avail him something.

How Science Shows the Way

The monotony of following modern methods of machine production tends to create pessimistic reveries, and the result is irrational dreams of radical socialism. In every group of workmen one is almost certain to find a few individuals who are dominated by feelings of dislike for their bosses. Others hold to superstition, like the miners who believe that if a woman is taken into the mine an accident is sure to follow. In one place we find a man possessed of the fear of being hit by a meteorite. Another is afraid to stand and look from a high elevation, while a third carries a potato in his pocket to safeguard him against rheumatism. The underlying causes of all such abnormalities are closely related, and we have here a condition that clearly evidences the failure of business to study and understand the results of the action of what might be called our night minds.

Millions of workers attribute most of their miseries to the practices of capitalists, who, they insist, have entered into a conspiracy to exploit the poor. On the other hand, thousands of employers believe that all forms of socialism are positive indications of the plottings of the working class against an established social order. If psychology can succeed in eliminating superstition, business fallacies and class hatred, this comparatively new science will have succeeded in making the greatest contribution to human progress that history has yet recorded. The application of psychology to business has called attention to conditions that produce physical and mental fatigue; has disclosed how rest periods will generally reduce turnover and frequently lower costs; has shown the close relationship between fatigue and melancholic reveries; has indicated that in every plant where the morale of the workers is low, the incidence of hysteria is high and the minds of a large number of employes are possessed with ideas that are abnormal; and has brought out the fact that employers who are careless of the happiness and contentment of their men are traveling the sure road to ruin.

If we turn from the field of management to that of advertising and selling, we find the same necessity for understanding the various traits of the consumer mind. In making a typical sale, the salesman must attract attention, then arouse interest, next create desire, establish confidence, bring about a decision, and last, but not least, produce satisfaction. In this important branch of business the psychologist has again attempted to establish principles and set down rules. From his point of view, no sale is really completed until the buyer is satisfied.

Furthermore, he declares that practically all the problems of salesmanship can be solved by investigations either in the laboratory or in the field.

The salesman, it is asserted, always hurts his case whenever he speaks either in praise or blame of a rival commodity. Every word so uttered makes the undesirable idea still more troublesome. He must not dress either flashily or shabbily, for if he does, the

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FIVE BUILDING MATERIALS *into* ONE

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National Steel Fabric Style P 214 is not a ***substitute***—

It is a combined base and ***reinforcement,*** which not only unites sheathing, building paper, furring strips, lath, and reinforcement into ***one*** building material, but also assures stronger, monolithic, more permanent, more firesafe, and (what is most gratifying) less costly and "back-plastered" construction.

Style P 214 is used for plaster walls and ceilings and stucco walls, also for cement, composition, and tile porch and bathroom floors.

When you build, be sure to tell your architect contractor, or engineer to ***reinforce*** all concrete, plaster, and stucco with National Steel Fabric.

Before you build, be sure to send for our new free catalog.

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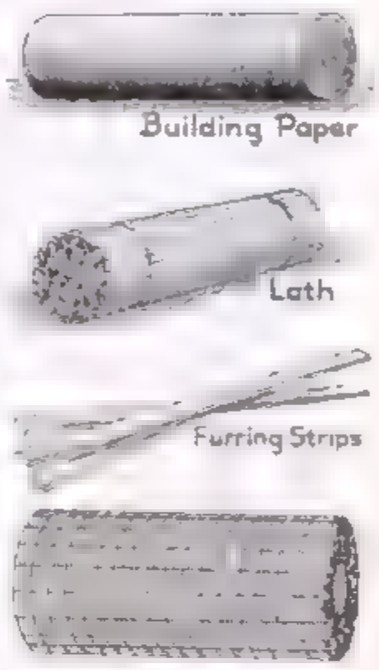

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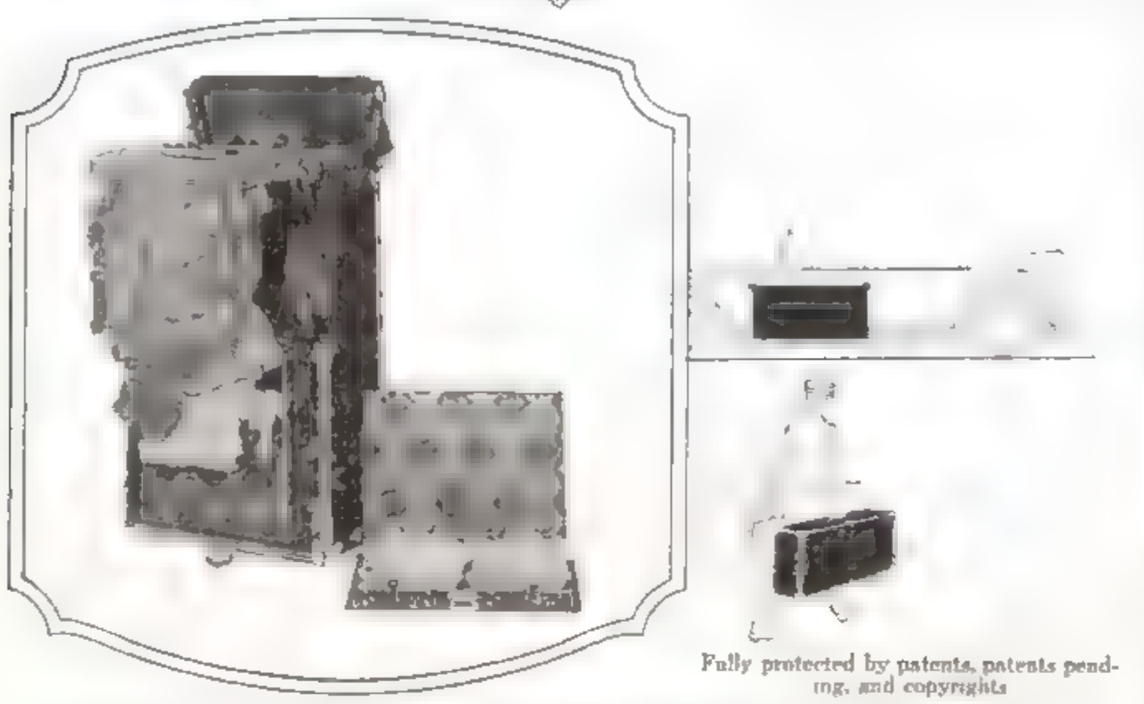
The Aristocrat of Chocolates

a choice assortment of the most frequently chosen of all the famous Bunte fine candies. Regardless of preference, there is sure to be in the box a goodly measure of those confections which please most.

A Bunte Candy

BUNTE BROTHERS CHICAGO



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THE AUTOROBE Touring Wardrobe Trunk is such a marvel of compactness and ingenious arrangement that it can be carried like a suitcase and clamped to the running board of your car. Comes complete with cover and bolts. Eight hangers for suits and dresses. Space for shoes, convenient boxes for linens and small garments. Takes little room. Keeps clothing without a wrinkle.

Most good dealers have them, or write us.

AUTOROBE TRUNK CO.,

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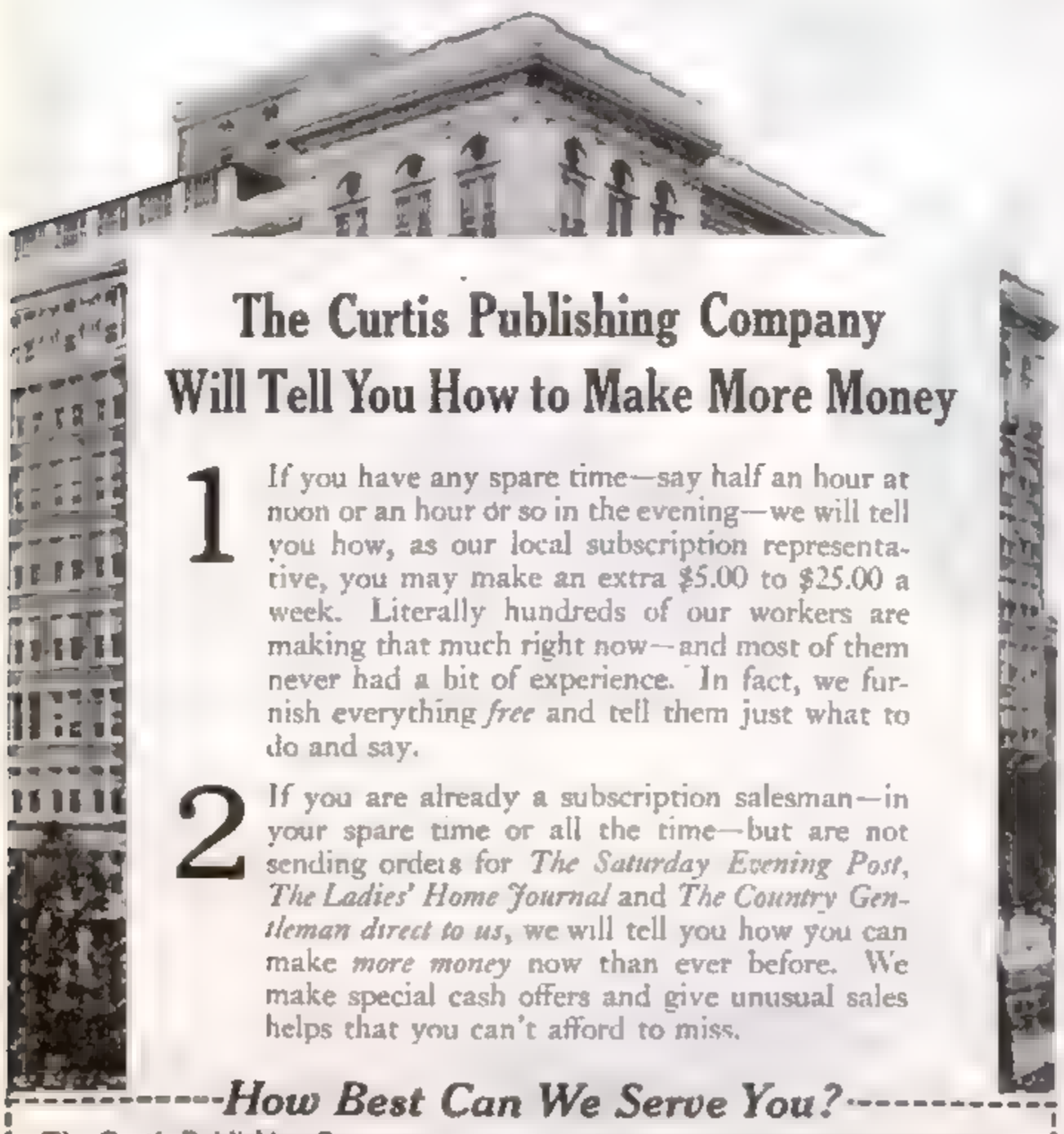
The Touring Wardrobe Trunk



The Curtis Publishing Company Will Tell You How to Make More Money

1 If you have any spare time—say half an hour at noon or an hour or so in the evening—we will tell you how, as our local subscription representative, you may make an extra $5.00 to $25.00 a week. Literally hundreds of our workers are making that much right now—and most of them never had a bit of experience. In fact, we furnish everything *free* and tell them just what to do and say.

2 If you are already a subscription salesman—in your spare time or all the time—but are not sending orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman direct to us*, we will tell you how you can make *more money* now than ever before. We make special cash offers and give unusual sales helps that you can't afford to miss.

How Best Can We Serve You?

The Curtis Publishing Company, 716 P Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me, but without obligation—

1. (Check here) ___What is your cash offer to beginners?
2. (Or here) ___How I can make more magazine money by sending you Curtis subscriptions.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State*

prospect's attention will center on his appearance rather than on what he is saying. The most interesting object to a man is his own personal self and fortune, so the seller must assume a you attitude and talk in terms of the prospect's interests. To do this it is necessary to procure advance information and supplement this by swift observation after entering the office.

Pictures on the wall, golf clubs in the corner or objects on the desk will usually furnish clews to the prospect's habits and tastes. If possible, let every suggested idea be stamped as the purchaser's own original thought. Every person is disposed to favor his own suggestions. Never forget or mispronounce the other fellow's name, and avoid exaggeration or any display of ignorance with respect to certain features of the product that is being sold. Avoid negative statements and try to turn every objection into a reason for buying. If the prospect says he can't afford the article, show him that the purchase should be made for the reason that the device will not only pay for itself but will make money besides.

The psychologist says that the salesman who tries to guess what the human reactions will be in response to a certain stimulus is traveling the road of ignorance and ruin. When one is hungry, an appetizing display of food is sure to call forth the response of eating; but just after a full meal, the same stimulus produces no such response. The sight of a dog causes one man to run, another to climb a tree and a third to whistle for it to come and be petted. All such facts render it plain that advertising and selling problems are serious work for thoughtful, scientific minds.

The most successful salesman is always the one who can best predict human behavior. It may not appear to be important, but it is worth knowing, that it is far more effective to make a direct appeal to the desire to eat delicious food by actually presenting the food to view than it is to try to arouse the desire to eat by merely using a brief text made up of reasons. In selling any article, the prospect should not only be persuaded to look at the object but should be encouraged to handle and if possible use the device.

Other Selling Points

What we call tact or diplomacy on the part of a salesman is described by the psychologist as being nothing more or less than the unconscious observance of various definite rules that are possible of previous discovery and development. For instance, in nine cases out of ten experience has shown that it pays to appeal to the sex or parental instinct. Frequently the seller can get results by taking advantage of a man's love for his wife or children, and this applies to other things besides life insurance. The wise automobile salesman persuades his client to buy a car by getting him to think how much pleasure his wife and children will get out of it. One investigator found that the sales of an electric washer were greatly increased when the appeal was changed from a plea to the woman to save her time and labor to an appeal to the man to prevent his wife from becoming a household drudge.

On the other hand, it is a great mistake to stir up emotion, as some life-insurance salesmen do, by painting a black picture of the prospect's destitute widow and children. Whenever this plan is followed, there is the possibility that the emotion aroused will prove a boomerang and attach itself to the salesman himself or to the policy he is trying to sell. It is a far better plan to picture the home kept intact and the children growing up healthy and happy under their mother's care.

The successful salesman must ever be on the lookout for favorable opportunities to close the deal, and he should always hold one or more selling points in reserve to push the sale across at a critical or unexpected moment. It is helpful to get the prospect into a yes attitude by frequently asking questions which call for a yes answer.

Of course, there is much in this subject of business psychology that is of a more or less theoretical nature. However, so long as business is a matter of humanics, as well as machines and materials, we must be willing to swallow a mass of this theory in order to get the kernels of nourishment that will be of immediate and practical use. When the management of a company must decide what is the best price to place on the article that is produced, we have at once a problem in the field of psychology. It may make all the difference between success and failure if the commodity is sold at ninety-six cents instead of a dollar. The problem of another concern may be the designing and selection of a trade-mark, and here again we must turn to psychology in order to know which of several emblems will most quickly attract attention and be longest remembered. In carrying on research of this kind it is necessary to remember that the person engaged in making a purchase is often affected by motives far distant from those which possess him when he is merely favoring the investigator with an answer to a question.

In nearly every field of business, hard luck is only a polite name for sleeping sickness. Nine times out of ten we get success or failure according to our deserts. We have come to a day when the tendency is to gather resources and activities into great centralized units. Among our leaders we find many who even favor lumping our entire exportable farm surplus into the hands of a single selling agency, thus sending our farmers into the markets of the world as a unit under a leadership that is more governmental than private.

Business a Profession

All of this means that in the days just ahead, though business will likely be good, competition will be keener than ever, and individual as well as national success is going to depend on the amount of knowledge we acquire and apply in our daily work, as well as on the mere exercise of initiative and enterprise. Just as the golf player who insists that he be permitted to play golf in his own natural style, without regard to established rules or principles, will seldom ever develop into a consistently good player, so it is now true in business that the winners are the ones who recognize the necessity of acquiring a mastery of the fundamentals upon which commercial science is founded.

Many people have started life with the idea that if they failed in everything else, they might at last turn to a business career. This belief has largely developed from our glorification of the self-made man whose only education was obtained in the school of hard knocks. We are past the day when good judgment and a will to work are the only requisites to executive success in commerce and industry. Business is now being established on the same type of sound scientific basis as those on which medicine and engineering are founded. The practice of business is becoming as much a profession as the practice of law. Trade secrets of a nontechnical nature have ceased to exist in all well-managed plants. Modern executives realize that they will prosper more by sharing the results of their experience with others than they will by trying to hide them.

The mechanical engineer would not think of starting out to build a locomotive without attempting to gather for his own use all the information on the subject that was anywhere available. But in business, thousands of young executives follow the policy of trying to learn everything by direct experience, almost unaided by the accumulated experience of the past. Fortunately this plan is being abandoned through force of necessity, and a great army of our business leaders are now encouraging the spreading movement to make business a science founded upon well-constructed methods and standards that must be understood and applied in handling current business problems. Those of our executives who oppose such an idea, and who are out of step with this modern movement, will soon cease to count in the average day's work.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Parsons dealing with business problems and practices. The next will appear in an early issue.

Now Ready to increase Your Profits

Made with or without Automatic Cash Drawer

New Standard Systems That Are Effecting Great Economies and Preventing Errors in 83 Different Lines of Business

A Few Classes in Which Standard Systems Are Used

Retail Selling, all lines
Wholesale Selling, all lines
Manufacturers, all lines
Automobile Service
Street Railways
Electric Service
Water Service
Gas Service
U. S. Government
State Government
County Government
Municipal Government
Shipping Industry
Docks
Warehouses
All Transportation
Laundries
Professional Men
Architects
Contractors
Engineers
Telephone Companies
Telegraph Companies
Advertisers
Publishers
Banks
Schools
Realtors
Hotels
Office Buildings
Lumber Companies
Coal Companies
Grain Companies
Mines
Quarries
Oil Companies
Irrigation
Dairies
Grain Elevators
Large Farms and Ranches

IN EVERY BUSINESS, big and little—factory and store—in every department of every business, there are now opportunities to save money, to reduce overhead, to eliminate errors, and to increase profits.

The New Standard Manifolding Register embodies improvements that have revolutionized the value of business records. It has made possible the development of new, simplified systems heretofore impractical.

As many as six copies of a detailed printed form can now be produced with a single writing. Each copy will be clear and legible. Each copy will be in perfect alignment. Each copy may be on a different color of paper—easily distinguishable—quickly found.

To anyone familiar with the details of production—or buying, or stock-keeping—or the routing of materials in factories—or any records of manufacturing plants, retail stores, cities or business offices, the revolutionary advantages of the New Standard will be immediately apparent.

We offer to send you, without obligation, copies of systems and forms that have effected definite, worthwhile economies in thousands of America's most prominent industries and in 83 different lines of business. They may suggest to you new methods and ideas that will lead to the saving of thousands of dollars. Check system you are interested in, cut out and mail coupon to us. If you have a special system in mind write in detail.

THE STANDARD REGISTER COMPANY, 236 Albany St., Dayton, Ohio

Standard

Manifolding Registers *and* Systems

Check & Pin to Letter

The Standard Register Co.,
236 Albany St., Dayton, Ohio.

Without obligation, send me booklet and samples of forms showing

- ☐ Sales Slips
- ☐ Automatic Cash Drawer and Sales Slips
- ☐ Service Station Orders
- ☐ Invoices
- ☐ Purchase Orders
- Receiving Orders
- Bills of Lading
- ☐ Express Receipts
- ☐ Delivery Receipts
- ☐ Warehouse Orders
- ☐ Warehouse Receipts
- ☐ Stock Requisitions
- Shop Orders
- ☐ Stock Records
- Repair Orders

Next morning both *had Wheatena!*

That's the way millions have started eating this delicious whole-wheat cereal—by catching its tempting aroma.

Children don't know why Wheatena makes them look and feel so healthy and strong. They only know it tastes so good that they want more—and more—and more.

Grown folks immediately appreciate the important reasons. The *real* heart of the wheat—the most nourishing and appetizing part of Nature's perfect food for ages, gives Wheatena that delicious nutty flavor and attractive, nut-brown color.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its best. Carefully selected winter wheat roasted and toasted by the exclusive Wheatena method. All the flavor and nourishment is retained—the *real* heart of the wheat, the vitamines, the carbo-hydrates, the starches *and the bran.* All for the definite purpose of making a perfectly balanced food.

That's why Wheatena has become "the great American breakfast dish"—for grown-ups and children alike. That's why Wheatena is so enthusiastically endorsed by doctors, dietitians and nurses, and is served regularly in the leading hotels, restaurants and dining cars. Everybody likes Wheatena, and should eat it regularly.

All good grocers have it or will gladly get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for breakfast tomorrow.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Sample package free,
and cook's recipes showing many delicious ways to serve Wheatena. Only one package to a family. Write today.

Try Wheatena Muffins

½ cup of cooked Wheatena
1 cup of sour milk
Stir well together and let stand half hour
½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water, add to Wheatena and milk
1 egg well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ saltspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
¾ cup sifted flour
Bake in muffin pans twenty minutes

Wheatena

First thing in the morning since 1879

THIS PAPER MONEY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 19)

time would be given up to making the dies and plates. Often an engraver will work for days, even weeks, on a single vignette no larger than a twenty-five-cent piece. A good engraver is like a good painter, too; his work is marked by individual characteristics—difficult to imitate."

Besides these highly paid temperamental prima donnas who wield engraving tools on every bank-note design, from rank Russian whiskers to the leaping llamas of the Andes, this company also enjoys the aid and comfort of a person playfully known to his workshop pals as the best counterfeiter in the world. His job is odd, but important. Now, it's the fondest hope of governments everywhere to use a paper money that can't be imitated. Realization of this hope can only be approximated, of course. But to make the job as hard as possible for those who would imitate one of its customers' money, the company employs every safeguard. One of these is this expert photographer, whose skill the company challenges by seeking to make money so that he can't imitate it. He's a wonder, they say, and when he has put a new note through his experimental laboratory without obtaining a copy that would readily pass, the best professional counterfeiters would also be out of luck.

Even the ink used is made right here in this factory, and so are many of the machines. Into some of these lathes, cutters and presses have gone generations of experiment and improvement. In one big room—covering two acres of space—I saw ninety rotary presses running, turning out money, bonds and stamps for a dozen different nations.

Thirty-seven times, in process of manufacture, this money is counted. To each press a limited number of sheets of paper is issued; and throughout its whole journey, from wetting machines to final shipment, each of these sheets must be accounted for. Counted when first issued, counted into a department and counted out of it, and all these counts reported to headquarters, where a complete bookkeeping record is kept. To get even a torn scrap of that bank-note paper as a souvenir would be about as easy as grabbing a curl from the sacred beard of the Grand Lama of Tibet—if he has a beard.

Framed and hung on the walls, I saw a few worn and faded samples of our own old paper money of the long ago. Bearded men in stovepipe hats, hoop-skirted women, hay-burning railway engines, the kind with the big fat smokestacks.

Matters of Style

"Styles in money change, just as the cut of our clothing changes, from one period to another," observed Mr. Woodhull. "History, the progress of nations, is clearly shown by the gradual changes in their paper money. Take that old Chinese bank note, preserved under glass in that teakwood frame. It's clumsy, nine by thirteen inches long. Nobody today would carry such a cumbersome thing. Nor would any people enjoy carrying around a bank note that bore such a startling legend. Translated, a part of its inscription says, 'Counterfeiters hereof will be executed. Persons giving information of counterfeiters will be rewarded with 250 taels, and in addition will receive the property belonging to the criminal.' Now that old note is made of a perishable gray paper—maybe from mulberry bark, as Marco Polo said. It carries no pictures at all. Today, however backward China still is in many ways, she uses paper money as good as ours—and made here. We're engraving some now with a portrait of a Chinese statesman. They furnish the design, native characters, dragons, pagodas, or what not, and our artists engrave them."

In methods and quality of output there is, of course, no fair comparison to be made between our modern paper-money making and the art as first developed in China. Yet the Chinese bank-note making, as described by Marco Polo, was based on the very principles we follow now. In Sir Henry Yule's translation we read:

> These pieces of paper are issued with as much solemnity and authority as if they were pure gold and silver; and on every piece, a variety of officials, whose duty it is, have to write their names and put their seals. . . . The chief officer deputed by the Khan smears the seal entrusted to him with vermilion and impresses it on the paper, so that the form of the seal remains imprinted upon it in red; it is then money. . . . The Khan causes every year to be made such a vast amount of this money, which costs him nothing, that it must equal in amount all the money in the world. . . . Nobody, however important he may think himself, dares to refuse them on pain of death. And indeed everybody takes them readily, for wheresoever a person may go throughout the Great Khan's dominions he shall find these pieces of paper current, and shall be able to transact all sales and purchases of goods by means of them just as well as if they were coins of pure gold.

And even as we can redeem our own worn, torn paper money today by turning it in to the Treasury, so Marco Polo says of this early Chinese paper money that "when any of those pieces of paper money are spoilt, the owner carries them to the mint and gets new pieces in exchange. And if any baron, or anyone else soever, hath need of gold or silver or gems or pearls, in order to make plate, girdles or the like, he goes to the mint and buys as much as he list, paying in this paper money."

The story of paper money proves, too, that nations, like individuals, seldom profit by the experience of others. Away back in the ninth century China first used paper money, and in 1160 she suffered from the same inflation that now bankrupts Germany. In six years she put out paper money equivalent in value to 43,000,000 ounces of silver, flooding the whole East with her depreciated notes. Even the Persians had a try at inflation centuries ago, and on their bills was printed the familiar old dream that once they were in circulation "poverty would vanish, food become cheap, and rich and poor be equal!"

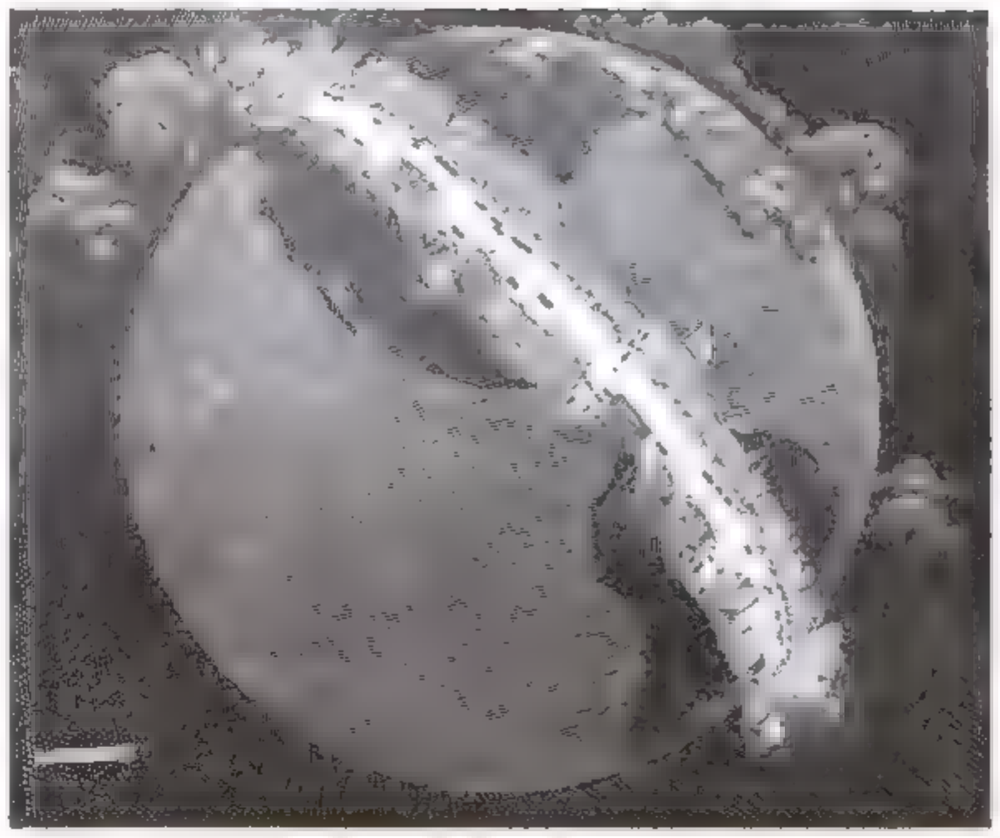
Secret World History

There's a lot of world history stored away in the records of this company. When the Germans had almost reached their objective, an urgent cable came from one of our Allies. Rather than see its mint and engraving plant fall into enemy hands, the cable said, this invaded country was preparing to destroy everything—even its plates. Could this American company then be prepared at once to make and ship a large order of paper money in case the worst should come? Plates were accordingly engraved and everything kept in readiness to start making the money, when the tide of battle turned.

It is in the selling of this money, however, and its safe delivery abroad, that you sense the real romance and adventure of this unusual industry.

For decades agents have roamed up and down the world, braving shipwreck, pestilence, war and revolution, calling on kings and cabinets, taking orders for paper money. Not long ago one of them was in Java, selling money to the Dutch. Came a cable one hot morning saying a ship carrying a big lot of paper money for the government of China had been sunk in a typhoon off the coast of Japan. His orders, tersely cabled, were to get that money—forty tin-lined cases of it, adrift, sunk or gone ashore somewhere on the coast of Japan.

Through a storm season still talked of from Honolulu to Singapore, the bank-note peddler fought his way up the China Seas, coming at last to the scene of the wreck. As the ship broke up her cargo had gone adrift; so it was that the air-tight, tin-lined money boxes went floating hither and yon along the coast of Japan. Some had been stolen by wreckers, others had gone ashore along a hundred-mile stretch of snow-covered beach, and a few cases had actually drifted out to sea, toward the Siberian coast. From the thieves, by threats and subterfuge, the Yankee salesman bought back for a few thousand dollars the big haul they had made. Others he hired, with their fishing boats, to scour the cold, turbulent waters; from along the frozen beach, from among the floating ice, even from far out at sea they retrieved that vast fortune in paper money—money enough for a nabob's ransom. Often in freezing snow and water the Yankee worked, counting money and patching up damaged boxes. Incredible as it sounds, in ten days, and at a cost of but a few thousand dollars, this man actually recovered every note cast adrift in that wreck! And he got away with all intact, in spite of the fact that in the last act—dissatisfied with their reward and amazed at the prodigious pile the money



Broadway around the world

The biggest machines built by the General Electric Company are steam turbine generators of 80,000 horse power, used in great power houses.

One of these giants could generate enough current to run all the street cars in twelve cities as large as Wilmington or Spokane. Ten could light a street as bright as Broadway running around the world.

Compare these huge turbines with the tiny lamp used by surgeons to examine the inside of an ear, and you will realize the variety of G-E products. Between these extremes are lamps, motors, generators, switch-boards and other equipment—all tools by which electricity works for you.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CASH?

MAIL the coupon below, with your name and address, and you will receive the easy cash offer which enables scores of our subscription representatives to earn

Up to $1.50 an Hour

"Made $5.50 in one afternoon," said Mr. F. A. Alter, a busy dyer and chemist, "and never sold anything before." Even though you have never had previous experience, success may still be yours, and *in your spare time*.

MR. F. A. ALTER
of Connecticut

Brings You FREE Booklets

The Curtis Publishing Company
741 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me, but without obligation, how I may make some extra money.

Name

Street

City *State*

Marshaling the Telephone Forces

In the simple act of lifting the telephone receiver from its hook every subscriber becomes the marshal of an army. At his service, as he needs them, a quarter of a million men and women are organized in the Bell System. One skilled corps of the telephone army moves to place him in talking connection with his neighbor in the next block, in the next state or across the continent. Another highly trained corps is on duty to keep the wires in condition to vibrate with his words. Still others are developing better apparatus and methods, manufacturing and adding new equipment, and installing new telephones to increase the subscriber's realm of command.

The terrain of the telephone army is the whole United States, dotted with 14,000,000 instruments, all within range of the subscriber's telephone voice. Even in the remote places this army provides equipment and supplies. Its methods of operation are constantly being improved, that each user may talk to his friends with increased efficiency. Millions of money are spent in its permanent works. Yet its costs of operation are studiously held to the minimum, that the subscriber may continue to receive the cheapest as well as the best telephone service in the world.

The permanent objective of the Bell System army is to meet the telephone needs of the nation—a hopeless task were not its command unified, its equipment adequately maintained and its personnel trained in the latest developments of telephone art.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Charles E. O'Connor of New York

Want Work?

WANT a real job? One which will enable you to build up a permanent business right in your own locality? If you do, we have an offer which you can't afford to overlook. Pays from the very start, even though you have never had previous sales experience, and pays, too, in proportion to the amount of time you can spend. This job is bringing literally scores of our workers today

Up to $50.00 a Week Extra

To establish your own business all you need do is send us the renewals of our present subscribers, as well as new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

The Curtis Publishing Company
744 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me, but without obligation, how I can build up a paying business.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

FREE
Supplies and Sales Booklets
No Experience Needed to Use Them
Send the Coupon

made when all had been recovered and stacked together—the coast people sought to choke him into giving them a bigger cut.

To the people who actually make it, these millions of pieces of money become in time only so much merchandise, to be produced, crated and shipped as per order. But to get the orders, to peddle paper money itself, is far different from selling safety razors or farm machinery. Whether a government issues its own paper currency, or whether a private bank—like the Bank of England—has the sole right of issue, paper money is always under government control. In any country, then, the salesman who sells money has only one customer to see—the government. If he fails to sell it, he has no other prospect to call on. To sell a government calls for the utmost finesse and commercial diplomacy. Wars, revolutions, elections, coups d'etat, *Putsches* and other political upheavals are all factors which affect the sale of paper money. A man selling machinery, for example, usually calls on many of the same old customers year after year. But cabinets rise and fall, new treasury officials come and go, so in selling paper money the cumulative trade value of old acquaintances and established friendly contacts amounts to little.

Sometimes queer proposals, showing scant acquaintance with the rules of public finance, are made to salesmen. One faraway government once wished to buy an issue of bank notes, and naïvely suggested to a Yankee firm that it take the order and simply run off enough extra bills to pay its fee for the engraving and printing! Only the exercise of eternal vigilance saves the world from colossal frauds in paper-money making, and even then it isn't always saved. Not so very long ago a well-dressed, polite and responsible-looking person, bearing certain credentials, came up from a Latin-American land. He was an official of an old-established bank in his home city, he explained, and had been commissioned by it to order a new issue of paper currency. He had with him sample notes to show just the kind of money he wanted, and ample cash to pay for the work. A perfectly legitimate errand, his seemed to be, all in accord with the usual practice among banks that came buying paper money. Yet somehow, warned by some odd intuitive sixth sense, the first concern to which he came—old and wary in this ticklish business—put him off politely from week to week, while it did a little investigating of its own. In the meantime, improving each shining hour, the cultured visitor had found a less finicky firm that would take his money for services rendered and ask fewer questions. So he got his boxes of nice new bank notes and sailed down across the Gulf of Mexico. Easy it was for him, but rough on the bank whose notes he had so boldly copied.

Queer Money

"Often curious offers come to us by mail," explained Mr. Woodhull. "One generous writer in South America asked us to make and ship to him a supply of paper money just like that used in his country. He didn't have any cash to pay us for our trouble, he wrote, but on delivery of the money he would be glad to deed us a certain gold mine."

In a country not a million miles below us a versatile state treasurer, charged with printing some notes, ran off the first official issue, then turned back the numbering machine on the press and ran off a duplicate set for his own use.

In a burst of Latin humor he even boasted to the American banker, with whom he tried to deposit these notes, of his happy accomplishment!

Absurd and ridiculous as it sounds, it is a fact that even the little colored coupons found in some cigarette packages have been passed as money. If you doubt this, the next time you're in Vladivostok just inquire of certain irate *izvochiks*, tavern keepers and other trusting Russians who served the Yankee doughboys during the Siberian expedition. New leather shoe soles, stamped as worth so much, and thus passing as money, were recently used by a certain leather factory in Germany for paying its workmen.

The frequent utter absence of coins or sound paper money in many parts of Europe since the war, now and then brings to light other incredibly odd mediums of exchange; stuff with no value at all, yet it passes. Before me, as I write this, lies a pile of such paper, gathered by a veteran bank-note salesman on a late trip around the world. In it are dead bonds, clipped coupons cashed long ago; soiled squares of red paper I O U's scrawled in pencil and circulated as change by humble cab drivers; old railroad tickets, cash-register slips, pawnshop tickets, and even a sample of the paper money printed and issued by a Russian jockey club for the use of its patrons gambling at the track.

Many of our consuls in Europe, to whom intending immigrants go for passport visas, can tell you of hoarded Confederate money, worthless old American bonds, stocks in companies long dead and buried, and even shinplasters of our Civil War period, being offered in payment of visa fees. Down the Mexican west coast they tell of one adventurer who bought a deerskin drum from a Yaqui soldier, paying him with a membership card that extended to the wild Indian all the benefits and privileges of a certain popular lodge in the United States!

Here, in sound, safe America, where a man cashing a fifty-dollar check would feel imposed on if asked to take big, heavy silver dollars instead of light, portable paper money, few of us can grasp the full measure of calamity which depreciation—and its attendant ills of unemployment, ragged women and starving children—has brought to so many unlucky nations.

Pathetic Faith

Rueful to relate, especially among many Mexican border mourners, Pancho Villa himself once put out a fine, fat issue of paper money, known as billumbiques, which soon hit the toboggan along with other rebel money. Unmindful of this, hugging a roll he'd saved, an Indian strayed into an Arizona border town, sought a barber shop and got a haircut. It took all the cowboy loafers in town to rescue the barber and calm that raving pagan Indian when he'd learned his whole roll of rebel bills wouldn't buy him a twenty-five-cent haircut in Arizona.

Nothing is more pathetic than the blind faith with which a people will cling to their own depreciated paper money, even after the outside world is refusing it. On a letter from Hanover I saw 70,000,000,000 marks in stamps. Had these stamps been paid for with gold marks at par it would have taken nearly all the gold in the world to mail that one letter! The extent to which worthless imperial ruble notes were used in Russia, long after the death of the Czar, affords a striking example of how slow men are to lose confidence in what was once the lawful money of an established government.

Inflation, on the other hand, and shady tricks in paper-money finance, soon give the wabbles to any government. Once in Sonora I saw fiat money issued, backed by decree compelling merchants to accept it in payment for goods or be punished. Soon into court the police dragged a village storekeeper who had refused to sell groceries to a customer for this fiat money. When a fine was imposed on him, the prisoner promptly offered to pay it in this same fiat currency.

"Oh, no," chuckled the judge. "The court can accept only *oro nacional*"—national gold. Whereupon the enraged native threw his roll of fiat bills into the face of the judge, and for this access of choler was dragged to the bastile. A few weeks later the next revolution broke, and that judge smashed all Marathon records to the international line.

Now and then, however, even Uncle Sam's paper money gets the cold shoulder. Down in Peru, when her own paper was badly depreciated, a certain planter out in the Trujillo district brought in a lot of American one and two dollar bills to pay his laborers. Still sore over sad adventures with their own paper money, they wouldn't take the Yankee brand, either, till the planter stamped each bill with his own name, guaranteeing it to be good.

When you think of all the printing presses that are busy the year around turning out money, even the hundreds at work making bank notes for countries where there is no inflation, you wonder why the whole world hasn't choked long ago on one grand overdose of paper currency. Were it not that paper money wears out, just like shirts and shoes, the world would choke. Obviously, the cheaper the money and the poorer the ink and workmanship, the sooner it is counterfeited and the sooner it wears out. In hot, moist, tropical lands, bills of the smaller denominations often wear out in a few months. So the same country is in the market year after year for new, freshly

(Continued on Page 169)

The Famous Lewis 7-Point Protection

Assures You a Home of Lasting Satisfaction in Appearance · Durability · High Resale Value

HAVE you, at some time or another when dreaming of the home you will eventually build, suddenly awakened with an overwhelming realization of its importance to you and to your dear ones?

Has it occurred to you how wonderful it would be to know in advance that when finished, your dream home would be exactly as you had pictured it; that its completed cost would be within your estimates; that those floor plans you have in mind are practical; that maintenance cost would be low—resale value high?

You have positive assurance of all this when you build a Lewis Home the Lewis Way.

For thirty years Lewis Homes have been famous for enduring charm, low maintenance cost—high resale value. The Lewis 7-Point Protection is the positive assurance of complete and lasting satisfaction you have often wished some old established, well rated institution would offer you. It is yours without one penny extra cost over building in some less secure or hope-and-guess method.

The competent Lewis organization serves you not only in the planning of your home but in every step until completed. You are absolutely sure that construction details, lumber, interior finish, hardware, paints and workmanship are of the highest and most lasting quality. Such service means worth-while savings to you. In addition are the savings made for you by volume production and elimination of waste in labor and materials.

Thus before you build investigate Lewis homes—the Lewis method—and the Lewis 7-Point Protection. There are one hundred beautiful designs of Lewis homes—stately colonials, charming bungalows, artistic English cottages—the modern and economical square type.

If you do not know our local service organization in your city write direct.

LEWIS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Bay City, Michigan

This handsome book of Lewis Homes contains more than 100 beautiful photographic views of Lewis Homes, with the floor plans for each one. It will be sent gladly to anyone upon receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps or coin.

Lewis Homes

The Biggest Unowned Market in America

An enormous market for merchandise is available for manufacturers who establish the quality of their goods among farmers—for most farm families buy without knowing brands or realizing the quality back of them. Here is what merchants of Princeton, Illinois, a typical trade center, say:

"Princeton draws trade from as far as thirty miles. We sell 80 per cent of our goods to farm customers, but they ask for only boots and overshoes by brand."—W. T. Cain, footwear.

"From 50 to 75 per cent of our trade is with farmers. They do not ask for clothing by brand, although they buy good stuff; in fact, the best in the store."—Carlson's Clothes Shop.

"Although 60 per cent of our business is with farm people, the trade names on our furniture do not help us in selling to them."—George B. Ehrenger, furniture.

"Our trade is fully 50 per cent rural. A jeweler in Kewanee, near here, was surprised to learn how much sterling silver we sold last year, as he had sold little. He relies mostly on factory workers' trade and could not believe that we had sold to farmers."—Hoffman Jewelry Company.

"About 75 per cent of our business is with farm families. They demand good quality, but our town trade buys more by brand."—J. S. Anderson & Company, groceries.

"If we did not sell mostly to farmers we could not live. I recently hung forty-six fine shades in one farm home and forty-two in another."—A. G. Landahl, general merchandise.

"The biggest thing manufacturers of our cars can do for us is to keep up their advertising to farmers. There is no particular difference in selling to farm or city people. A car that is advertised to either is half sold."—Robert Fraser, automobile dealer.

"At least 75 per cent of both our discounts and deposits are made by farmers. In fact, many of the 5000 people living in Princeton either own farms or are retired farmers."—Citizens' National Bank, which has $1,393,980 deposits.

Princeton, with hundreds of similar trade centers, is representative of the biggest market in America yet to be sold on branded merchandise. Manufacturers who are doing the best job of selling farmers advertise more largely in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *than in any other farm paper.*

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

For the AMERICAN FARMER and HIS FAMILY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Country Gentleman *The Saturday Evening Post* *The Ladies' Home Journal*

(Continued from Page 166)

printed money to replace that which has worn out and been lost or turned in for redemption. The Bank of England, it is said, never pays out the same note a second time.

Besides the great stacks of old bills turned in by banks, scores of unlucky people—all over the world—are running daily to their governments, asking new money in place of the torn or charred fragments of bills damaged by one accident or another. At the Treasury in Washington they showed me a glass goblet melted, when a house burned, into the form of a hollow square. In that goblet the careless housewife had kept her money—fifty dollars in bills. By some odd fluke, the melting goblet had poured down around the money, charring it, of course, but leaving the still-recognizable ashes of ten five-dollar bills plainly visible. They gave the woman fifty good dollars and put the glass in their museum.

"One of the oddest cases we ever had," said Mr. Gates, of the Redemption Office, "was that of a man who kept a goat. Somehow this goat got at a garment in the pocket of which was tucked fifteen one-dollar bills and ate this money. The minute the owner heard of what had occurred, and being familiar with the digestive powers of the goat, he did a quick stunt in mental arithmetic. The goat, he figured was worth $1.50, or only one-tenth of the value of that paper-money repast. Promptly, then, he slew the creature, recovered the chewed bills and sent them to us. We mailed him a check for fifteen dollars, thus cutting his net loss to $1.50."

It costs Uncle Sam practically as much to make a one-dollar bill as it does to make a twenty, or a ten-thousand-dollar note about 1.3 cents each, they told me at the Treasury. So, even were it practicable to use gold, and even if we always had enough, it would cost more through loss by abrasion to use it than to use paper. At that, some $600,000,000 in gold is in circulation, or theoretically so—for most of it is kept in the vaults of banks.

Every day old paper money moves in a steady stream to the Treasury, and new bills move out. More than $1,000,000 a day is destroyed, and of course an enormous amount must be kept on hand to meet new demands. In one small cupboard about three feet square I saw $642,000,000 in paper money—said to be the most valuable pile anywhere.

The Unlucky Two

Our one-dollar bills, being handled most, wear out soonest. Many of the two's turned in have one corner torn off—proof that gamblers and others still believe a two-dollar bill is unlucky, and that only by tearing off a corner is the hoodoo broken.

"A ten-dollar bill," says Mr. Frank Thiel, assistant treasurer, "will last on an average somewhat less than four years. Just how much paper money is lost or destroyed, and never returned for redemption, is difficult to estimate. One guess says that it is not more than one quarter of 1 per cent

"Many people believe," added Mr. Thiel, "that governments profit considerably by reason of lost or destroyed paper money which never comes back for redemption. In theory that is true; in fact, however, under the law the Treasurer of the United States is required to maintain a trust fund consisting of silver dollars in the case of silver certificates and gold coin or bullion against gold certificates issued to the public. Against the $346,681,016 in United States notes or greenbacks outstanding there is a gold reserve fund of $152,979,025.63 in the Treasury. Federal-reserve notes are issued against a minimum of 40 per cent gold reserve; while national-bank notes and Federal Reserve Bank notes are issued against United States bonded obligations held in the Treasury for their redemption. So that, practically speaking, the Government has not cashed in on its so-called paper profits."

American paper money, being of uniform size, is more easily raised than that of Europe, where the varying denominations run in different sizes. Thus a counterfeiter has only to wash off a one-dollar bill to get a perfectly good linen, threaded paper of regulation size whereon to print a larger denomination. There is more counterfeiting now than ever, the wise ones say. Put your ear to the ground, from Boston to New Orleans—wherever the alcoholic acoustics are best—and you'll hear tales of contraband liquor being hastily paid for by the flicker of midnight torches, in phony bills or raised notes. The Mediterranean ports, they say, are full of it—paid to sailors for stuff passed over a ship's side in American waters.

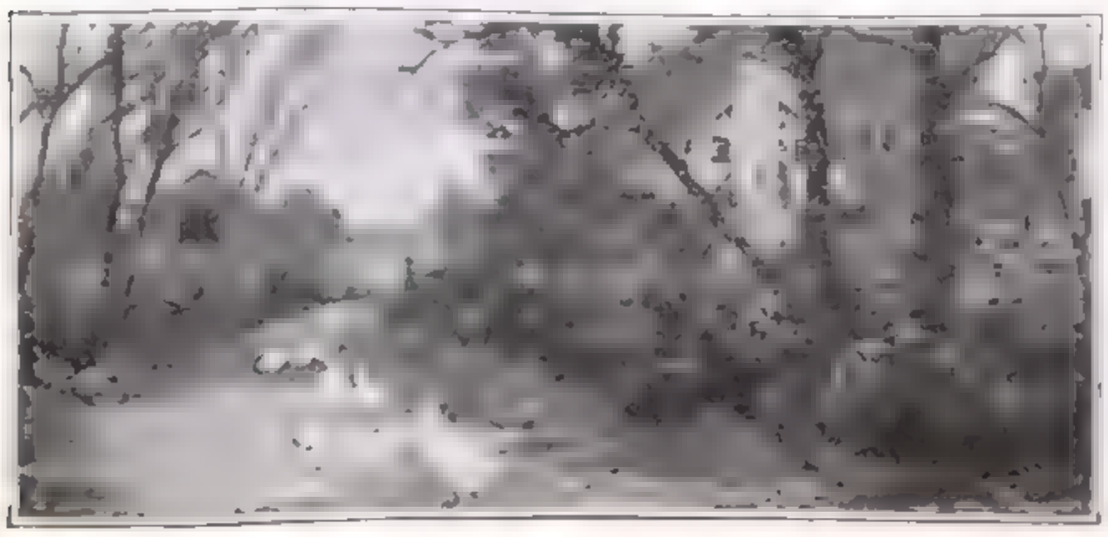
"It's often the public's own fault," declared one old treasury official. "Here, look at that!" He handed me a raised one-dollar bill. Over the "1" in the corner a "5" had been pasted; elsewhere on its face the plain words "one dollar" had not even been tampered with. "Too often," he explained, "when a man pays you with one or more bills, you glance only at the corner to see that the denomination is correct. To be safe, always unfold any bill given you and scrutinize it closely. Few counterfeits are excellent; many of them can be detected by even a cursory examination."

The War on Counterfeiters

Most countries have laws punishing those who counterfeit the money of any government, domestic or foreign. Uncle Sam lately grabbed certain enterprising artists who, in the artistic atmosphere of a Western moving-picture region, were gayly turning out Bank-of-England notes on a grand scale.

"Since the war," one authority told me, "little money-exchange shops have multiplied in all our cities, especially where we have big immigrant groups. Here counterfeit money from China, Chile or Czecho-Slovakia is easily disposed of"

To make and pass bogus bills would seem an easy livelihood. But when you peep into the records of the United States Secret Service and see how many men are caught, and how little of their bogus output they succeed in passing, you wonder why it is the trade still grows so fast. In 1890, for example, 346 men were arrested for counterfeiting, and their product amounted to $26,405.17; 1896 was a better year; about 800 men were arrested whose output that year was $757,531.50. Year after year, the long arm of the law reaches out and pulls them in. Yet business goes on as usual. As each new gang is trapped and goes to jail, it passes the veterans coming out of prison, to resume production. In the past thirty years an average of about 550 counterfeiters a year have been taken, whose output averaged more than $150,000 a year. Lately a rapid increase is seen. In 1922 the arrests reached 1195; during the first eleven months of 1923 the arrests were 1060 men, and bogus money amounting to $662,588.30 was manufactured. To the credit of the secret service, however, it must be said that fully 90 per cent of this was seized before it got into circulation. These figures, however, do not cover the activities of counterfeiters who are making bogus American money in Mexico, Germany and other parts of Europe. In Germany and the countries of Eastern Europe fake American paper money is largely in circulation, it is



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The same principle is being applied which has enabled the United States to produce 82% of all the motor vehicles in use throughout the world.

QUANTITY PRODUCTION OF HIGH QUALITY GOODS.

Write for Miniature Catalogue

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—They tried "Method" in one Department and—

That department showed an immediate increase!

A certain store tried, what to them seemed an experiment. Hat sales were lagging—they requested us to re-design and re-fixture one department—anxiously they waited results—they came. *Hat sales jumped ahead.* Again and again "Method in Merchandising" proves what it can accomplish in actual results.

Profits are there. It only requires attractive displays to make active sales.

The beauty, quality, skillful planning of Welch-Wilmarth store fixtures enhance the value of every square foot of your store—bring sales and profits up—keep sales cost down.

Mail the coupon. No store or problem too large or too small to have our immediate attention.

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GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

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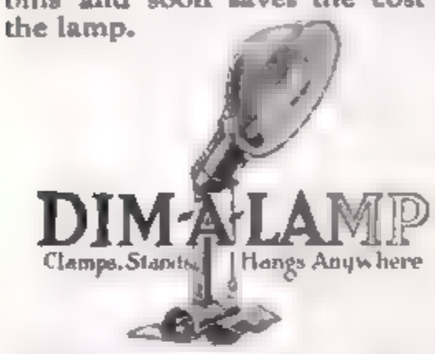
☐ Please have your representative call. Please give full particulars about

☐ Clothing Wardrobe; ☐ Interchangeable sectional Units. ☐ Hat Cases; ☐ Show Cases. ☐ Ready-to-wear Dept.; ☐ Drug Stores.

Use margin to give firm name, executive position and address.

"In The Gloaming"

When eyes and brain are tired—just put an old song on the phonograph, turn DIM-A-LAMP down to a pleasant *glow*, and rest—in the twilight. DIM-A-LAMP won't mar furniture, as the clamp is felt lined. Dimming reduces electric light bills and soon saves the cost of the lamp.



DIM-A-LAMP
Clamps, Stands | Hangs Anywhere

Beautiful, convenient, inexpensive. An ornament to any home. Five changes of light from full-on to out. Three handsome finishes: brush brass, $4.50; bronze or ivory, $5.00, at electrical, hardware and department stores. Or sent direct postpaid on receipt of price.

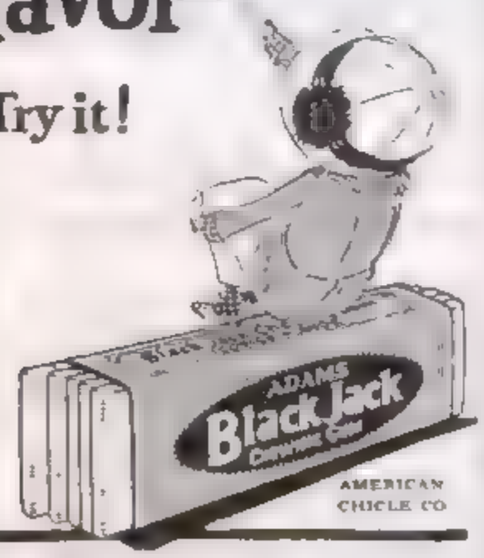
Five Changes of Light
Saves 30% to 80% Current

We also make the Dim-A-Lite Attachment which may be bought for $1.25. Fits any socket—takes any bulb. Your dealer will demonstrate it.

WIRT COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Black Jack
—that juicy mellow gum with the "good old licorice flavor"

Try it!



SEN-SEN to sweeten and perfume the breath.

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant
Valuable for singers and speakers.

SEN-SEN

said, because of the greater ease with which it can be passed.

To make it easier to detect counterfeits, and to avoid the confusion many people now feel in handling so many different kinds of paper money, the Treasury has just begun the issue of certain new and more uniform styles of paper money.

The faces of the new notes carry portraits having a denominational value. For example, the one-dollar bill shows the face of Washington; the five, Lincoln; the ten, Jackson; the twenty, Cleveland; the fifty, Grant; and the 100, old Ben Franklin.

Makers of bogus money are busy today wherever bank bills circulate, but from Latin America comes a story with an odd new twist to it. In a certain city down there counterfeiters were known to be active. In an excess of caution, and not being convinced that all his own sleuths were above reproach, the governor of the province secretly imported from an adjacent country a pair of trained investigators for trapping the counterfeiters. Clever enough they were, and in due course they laid the malefactors by the heels and confiscated a large quantity of beautifully made currency. It was so beautiful, in fact, that it would have broken the hearts of the imported sleuths to give it up—so they kept on going. They sold it, I'm told, in their own country, for far more than the fee the astonished governor had promised them—to a man who took it back to the country of origin and bought with it cattle for export!

Sentiment, habit, prejudice, still influence the movement of paper money, even here in the States. East of the Ohio is what currency sharks call a soft-money zone. Here people want only paper. Coins larger than the fifty-cent piece you seldom see. To the West, silver dollars move around, and on the coast the gold fever still prevails. In India, when the World War upset the trade balance and silver got scarce, the people refused the paper rupees the British offered them. To help out the English, and keep order in India, Uncle Sam melted down millions of silver dollars and turned the bullion over to the British. Shinplasters, printed for distribution in Canada when small change got scarce there in wartime, met a cold reception and were withdrawn. Aluminum disks, put out by the Germans last year and stamped as good for so many paper marks, were cornered by *Schiebers* as the mark slumped, melted down, made into pots and pans and so sold for more than their face value.

When we bid in the Danish West Indies—to keep the Germans out—a Danish bank held a long-time monopoly on paper-money circulation in those islands. They're American soil now, but foreign paper money is in use there because of the terms of the bank's charter.

In Russia, Poland and elsewhere abroad, our Federal-reserve notes often buy more than other American paper money will. Why? Nobody knows—a vagary of this paper-money business. Down in Latin America they're beginning to copy our reserve-bank system. Peru has its new Banco de la Reserva, with a Yankee manager; and in Colombia is set up the new Banco de la Republica. More business here for those who make and sell paper money. Already a commercial diplomat has been on the job, carrying with him a motion-picture outfit, inviting presidents and treasurers to view a film showing how paper money is made, revealing every process from wood pulp to finished money, counted and packed in special tin-lined cases for export. A deft skill even in building these complicated boxes—so made that to extract even one bill the whole case must be smashed to pieces.

A unique industry, this. Probably in all the annals of civilization no other one achievement is so nearly miraculous as man's development of paper money—an innately worthless thing of paper and ink, yet wherewith he buys the luxuries of the earth.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

February 23, 1924

Cover Design by Walter Beach Humphrey

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Fear—*Susan Meriwether Boogher* . . . 3
Rodney Fails to Qualify—*P. G. Wodehouse* . . . 8
Sentence Remitted—*Thomas McMorrow* . . . 10
Rest—*Hugh MacNair Kahler* . . . 12
Ride 'Em and Weep—*Octavus Roy Cohen* . . . 16
Easy Come, Easy Go—*Ida M. Evans* . . . 24

ARTICLES

East is East—*Kenneth L. Roberts* . . . 6
The Great Meaning of Ships—*Garet Garrett* . . . 14
This Paper Money Business—*Frederick Simpich* . . . 18
The London Season—*Mary King Waddington* . . . 26
The Civilization of Business—*Floyd W. Parsons* . . . 29
Uncle Sam and the Tax Dodger—*Fred F. Sully* . . . 40
Taxation in Nebraska—*Wm. H. Smith* . . . 81

SERIALS

The Dollar Chasers (Conclusion)—*Earl Derr Biggers* . . . 20
Rum (Conclusion)—*Ben Ames Williams* . . . 22
Ancient Fires (Sixth part)—*I. A. R. Wylie* . . . 32

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 28
Short Turns and Encores . . . 30
Who's Who—and Why . . . 38
The Poets' Corner . . . 122

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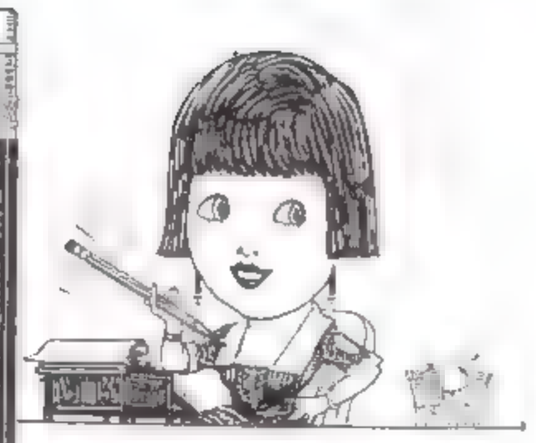

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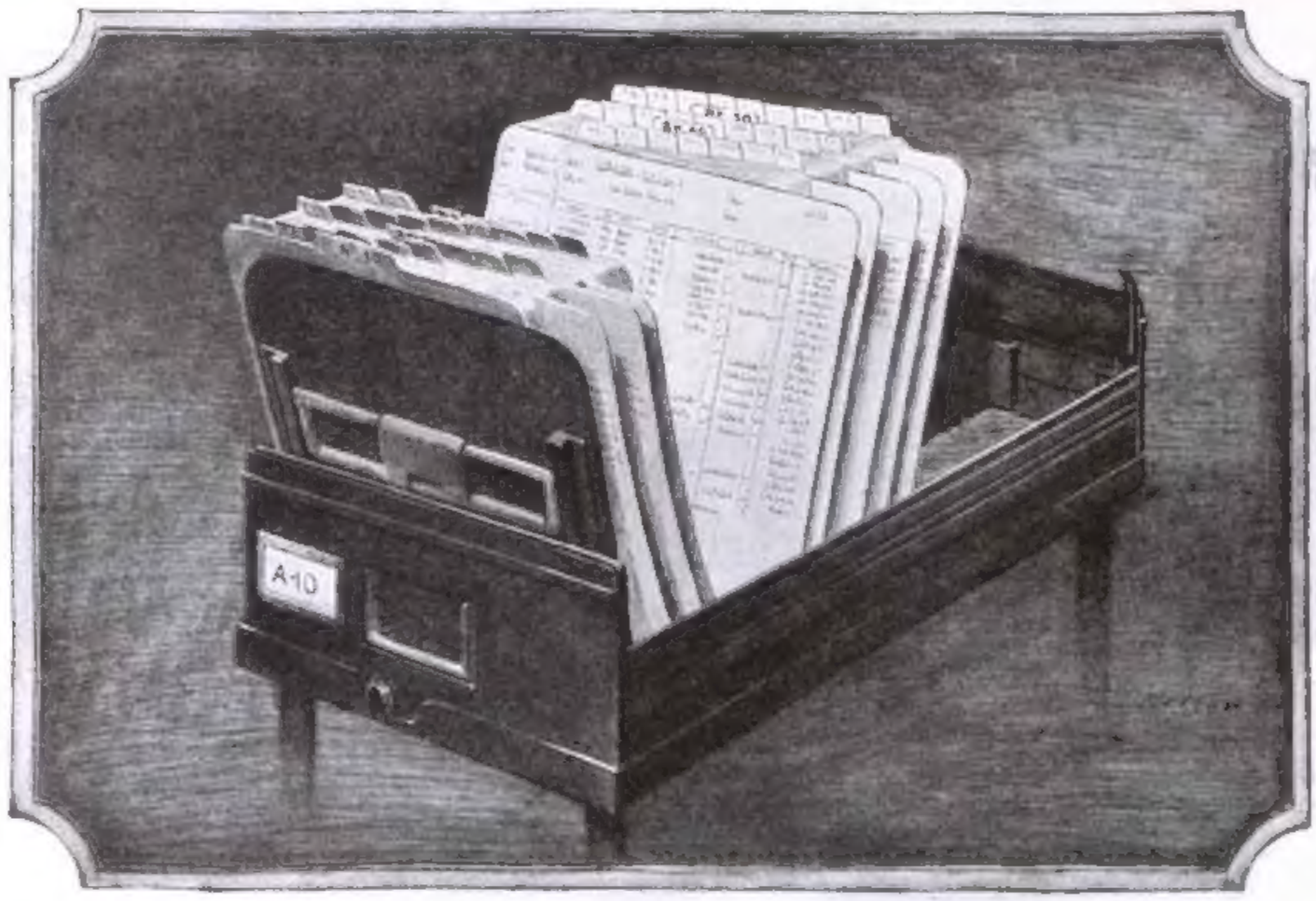

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Far into the night they toiled, exhausted by ledgers heavy as dictionaries; slowed up by reams of giant pages that must be flopped and re-flopped endlessly; yet lashed on by the merciless demands of time.

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Firm Name_____

Address_____

S. E. P. 3-23-24

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Another proof of the Supremacy of Delco

FEW achievements could have better demonstrated Delco's enduring dependability than the famous Oldsmobile high gear, transcontinental trip.

With low, second and reverse gears removed Cannon Ball Baker in a Delco-equipped Oldsmobile traveled 3,674 strenuous miles from New York to Los Angeles.

The road lay over deserts, plains, and rugged mountain passes, over altitudes ranging up to 8300 feet, through temperatures registering far below freezing to 115°, driver and car battling against adverse weather conditions, and pushing through deep mud, snow and sand.

Yet in all of this gruelling, nerve racking grind, Delco ignition performed faultlessly.

The daily experience of owners of Delco-equipped cars has taught them that such performance—such absolute certainty, is to be expected from Delco—the world's foremost starting, lighting and ignition system.

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STARTING LIGHTING AND IGNITION

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for mirrors, etc.

SEE how easily the Bon Ami comes off? And how clear the mirror is?

If you look closely you'll notice there's some of the Bon Ami still on the glass. You put it on with a damp cloth. Then you wait just a minute till it's dry—and whisk!—off it comes with a clean dry cloth.

Try it and see for yourself. It's the quickest, easiest, cleanest and best way to clean mirrors, windows and glass. You'll like doing it.

Remember—Bon Ami comes in both powder and cake forms. Don't ever be without these helpful "partners in cleanliness."

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
Glass Baking Dishes	Tiling
White Woodwork	White Shoes
Aluminum Ware	The Hands
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	Linoleum and Congoleum

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

83% Were Undernourished

THE Department of Health of New York City made an exhaustive investigation among one million school children. Figures given are quoted from Weekly Bulletin, Dept. of Health, City of New York, March 9, 1918.

This is what it found:

That 611,000 of these children, or more than 60%, were "on the borderline of malnutrition"—

That 216,000 more, or more than 20%, were badly undernourished and in need of a physician's care.

That only a few more than 17%, or 173,000, were *without signs of wrong diet.*

And that the children of *the well-to-do* were affected with the rest.

What They Mean

New York is like other towns and cities. It is not peculiar. So these facts and figures, as statisticians will agree, indicate conditions elsewhere in this country.

They mean that *four out of five children (anywhere)* are probably wrongly fed—*one* in every five to the dangerous point of permanently injuring his health.

They mean that *your* child may have but *one chance in five* to develop as he should.

What War Showed

32%, or more than 600,000, of our men examined for war duty also were found to have been affected by malnutrition at some period of life.

And they, too, came from average homes—from all parts of the country.

It behooves all parents, therefore, to give heed to the diet of the healthiest child.

More Raw Foods

"More raw foods—green vegetables and fruits—more foods that aren't cooked."

That is the warning that dietitians and other food authorities are sending out—in Government bulletins, in food magazines, in lectures—everywhere.

"Orange juice for children from three months to ten years of age" is the almost invariable suggestion in the latest, best known "baby books."

What To Do

The thing to do is ask your doctor about the diet of your child. Let him tell you if it's safe—if it does all that it should do.

You cannot expect to know—that's an expert's job.

Ask your family doctor about oranges and other fruits.

Of one thing be absolutely sure—that the diet of your boy or girl has more in it than merely those foods that you regard as good for little folk. There may be other good ones that children need even more.

Mail post card for free book "Feeding the Child for Health" containing many carefully prepared suggestions, feeding schedules and menus.

Let this book help you, or suggest questions for you to ask of your physician.

Look for This Machine

IT is being distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orangeade and lemonade.

The soda fountains using the Sunkist Electric Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and real lemonade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 11,000 Growers
Dept. 102, Los Angeles, California

California Sunkist *Oranges*

Uniformly Good